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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[MARK'S PERIL.]

THE GOLDEN APPLE: OR, CHRISTMAS WITH THE SHERSTONS.

CHAPTER VI.

Tremble, thou wretch,
Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of justice. *King Lear.*

"I hope he improves upon daylight acquaintance," remarked Maggie, brusquely.

"He is evidently very eccentric, and not remarkably gentlemanly in manner, but he is our guest, Maggie; don't let me remind you of that again."

Maggie coloured.

"I know I am wrong, papa, but I took such a dislike to the man for his unfeeling manner last night."

"I dare say he had not fairly regained his senses. He has been asking all about it of me, and praised Mark as warmly as he deserves."

"Then I am sure I shall forgive him heartily. But this unexpected event will interfere with our programme. I shall recall my invitations to the young ladies, or rather defer them a little later."

"I think I must return with this Mr. Kinmouth," said Mark.

"And our pleasant Christmas is scattered to the winds," said Maggie.

"Not at all, only postponed. You will have Jessie to comfort you."

"I beg your pardon, Mark, I shall accompany you to the Manor, if you have no objections," interposed Jessie, her cheek flushing.

"Certainly; I have no desire to hinder your return, dear Jessie, but pray don't go, unless inclination

prompts, for there will be no claim this guest can have upon your society. Stay and enjoy yourself."

"Mrs. Sherston likes to have me at home when there are guests in the house," answered Jessie, hastily.

"So be it, then," retorted Mark, somewhat puzzled by her manner; "now, then, for a visit to the geologist."

Mr. Kinmouth received Mark with another of those singular smiles.

"Good morning, sir, I am glad to find you so much improved."

"Good morning it has proved, young man; they tell me it is all owing to you that I am here, to see the morning at all."

"I did the best I could; so did they all. I admit you had a narrow escape. I am very thankful we were permitted to save so many."

"I hope you won't repent it!" was the short return. "It was a lucky thing I sent my valuables before me, wasn't it? I suppose the ship went down at last?"

"I believe it did; the storm was a very sudden and violent one. I fear we shall hear of very many disasters along the coast."

Mr. Kinmouth evidently had not listened to a word he said. He was drumming on the side of the pedestal with his withered fingers.

Looking up suddenly, he asked:

"How is your father's health now-a-days?"

"Very good indeed; he is not robust, you know, but still, he's seldom ill."

"And his spirits—is he gay and cheerful all the time?"

Mark's face showed his surprise at the question.

"A man's mind gives the true state of his health," explained Mr. Kinmouth; "that is what I was after. You must be rather lonely there. I believe you are the only child. How Mrs. Sherston must sigh for a daughter's companionship!"

"She has a niece of my father's with her. Jessie is like a daughter to her."

The sharp grey eye twinkled.

"Ah, indeed! Is she an agreeable young lady?"

"What a bore! I wonder if he has any more questions on hand?" thought Mark, though he answered him respectfully enough.

"We are all very fond of Jessie; but you will have an opportunity of forming your own judgment. She is already in the house, and will accompany us to Sherston Manor."

He rubbed his hands together, and gave a chuckling laugh, which somewhat astonished Mark.

"I want to be off to-day," said the strange old man, presently.

"Colonel Selwyn has kindly put his carriage at our disposal."

"He is a very good-natured fellow, he has been very kind to me. Well, well, your father will thank him!" and again that disagreeable chuckle.

Mark could hardly control his excessive repugnance, and as soon as possible he made an excuse for leaving.

"How strange my father should have been friends with such an entirely opposite character! It is odd, too, that I have never heard his name mentioned at home," mused Mark.

The carriage of Colonel Selwyn was at the door, and the old man was carefully assisted into it. Jessie and Mark rode on horseback before it. They reached the Manor, therefore, a few moments in advance.



Jessie ran into the house, while Mark, seeing his father in a distant garden path, gave the horses to a groom, and went out to meet him.

"What, home again so soon, my boy," said Mr. Sherston with an affectionate smile, "your mother thought Maggie would get up attractions enough to keep you a week."

"Rather an unexpected incident occurred," replied Mark, determined to satisfy his curiosity in reference to the depth of his father's friendship for Kenneth Kinmouth.

"Why yes, it was very severe; but you certainly had reached the Cliff? We decided there was no question about it."

"Oh, yes, we were safely housed before it burst upon us. But we had a fearful night there. There was a most disastrous shipwreck directly off the Cliff. A great many lives were lost, but we saved a good many, too."

"I have not looked at the papers to-day; where was the ship from?"

"From Australia, and among the saved was a friend of yours. I picked him up myself twice; for he was helpless when our boat capsized. He is coming now up the avenue to visit you; he claims to be an old friend."

"What is his name?" demanded the father, in a hoarse voice.

"Kinmouth—Kenneth Kinmouth."

"Oh, heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Sherston, reeling backward, as if from a deadly blow, "and you saved him,—you, my son, saved him from a watery grave?"

"I certainly did!" exclaimed Mark, alarmed and perplexed at his father's extreme agitation.

Serle Sherston passed his hand over his clammy forehead, and struggled desperately for calmness, but his lips were fairly blue, and his cheek pallid and deathly.

"What is the matter, father? If the man is unwelcome I will send him off. He shall not disturb you. I disliked him from the first minute, but he declared you were old friends, and coolly informed me he should come to the Manor. See, the carriage is just turning to the house, say quickly if I shall turn it back."

"No, no," cried his father in a sharp voice, wringing his hands distractedly; and then, seeing the astonished, anxious looks of his son, he rallied, and said more coherently.

"I am foolishly nervous to-day. Your mother has been telling me for some time that I was ill, I believe it now. The name recalled some painful memories, and the man himself is not a prepossessing person, but there is every reason why he should be civilly received. Go, make him welcome, Mark, my dear, dear boy, while I recover my composure, and try to calm my astringent nerves."

"The old witon was not so far out of the way," muttered Mark, as he strode away; "mystery, perplexity, and distress to come from over the sea. Here it is with a vengeance. Her jargon grows intelligible."

He went along slowly to the carriage. His mother stood in the doorway, evidently much surprised, but welcoming the unknown guest with ladylike hospitality.

"An acquaintance of my father's, dear mother," said Mark, hurrying forward, "one who has been shipwrecked and is something of an invalid still. My mother, Mrs. Sherston, Mr. Kinmouth. She bids you welcome to Sherston Manor," said Mark.

And unconsciously there was defiance and haughtiness both in his tone.

"Ah! so the old one has shown his spirit," muttered Mr. Kinmouth, inaudibly.

"My father will be here in a moment. He was not in the house when I arrived. Come in, and take a little rest."

Mr. Kinmouth's manner seemed to Mark to grow still more offensive after he entered the house. He looked around him scrutinizingly, and with an authority and satisfaction, as though he were rightful master, instead of a transient guest.

When his father at length appeared, without exactly understanding why, Mark's cheek flushed hotly with angry humiliation.

The host wore a humble deprecating air, which seemed almost cringing, while the self-invited guest behaved with all the assurance and patronizing coolness of a prince.

"Well, Sherston, so you see I am here once more; of course you are delighted to see me. But you nearly lost the pleasure. The sea threatened to swallow me, but your gallant son here gave me back to you. I told him you would thank him for the brave deed."

"Yes," answered the host, mechanically, "you had a very narrow escape, Mark told me about it. But you must be anxious to rest after your long ride. My love, will you summon Jean to assist Mr. Kinmouth to his chamber?"

"Pray don't trouble yourself—I am quite refreshed

already. It does me good, you see, to look at an old friend's face once more. You and I have been friends a good many years—let me see, how far back can we count?"

The host winced, choked down a shuddering sigh, and forced his quivering lip to answer, coldly:

"I am not accurate about such things. Did you enjoy your Australian life?"

"Tolerably; I fixed so long to stay, and I should have stood it out had I been ever so disgusted. You know I was never one of your Will-o'-the-Wisp fellows. What I make up my mind to is pretty sure to come out straight. Nobody yet ever accused me of being soft or weak, did they now, Sherston?"

He bent forward, and looked into that gentleman's face with a significant leer rather than smile.

The latter started up and walked to the window to hide his annoyance, and as soon as possible left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

I'm weary of conjectures!

Addison.

For contemplation he and valour formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.

Milton.

THE Christmas week passed, and, as Mark privately declared to his mother, it could scarcely be credited that it was the same household, so completely had the presence of the Australian guest changed the condition of things.

His rough manners were of themselves enough to make such a sensitive and refined person as Serle Sherston quite unhappy, but he seemed to take delight in torturing him by a hundred different methods, which the anxious wife and son could not in the least comprehend, although they were very sadly made acquainted with the result, in the unmistakable agony of the master of the house; his feverish and unavailing desire of concealing it, only alarming his friends the more.

"Mother," said Mark one day, when Kinmouth had been unusually boisterous and tantalizing, carrying himself so authoritatively even the servants resented it, "I am not going to bear it any longer. I shall just give the fellow to understand that unless he wants me to throw him back into the sea from which I pulled him out that luckless night, he had better find other quarters for himself."

"I cannot blame you, Mark," answered Mrs. Sherston, gravely. "It is a perfect mystery how your father can endure him here, when he is so disagreeable to him. He says the man has done him favours in other days, and talks about a host's politeness. For my own part I think there are other duties paramount to mere hospitality, especially when the latter is so thanklessly received. And whatever the old obligation may be, surely you have cancelled it in saving his life. I really shall be heartily thankful to you, Mark, if you will give the unwelcome guest a quiet hint that we are satisfied of the propriety of his leaving the Manor. I would not wound your father for the world, did I not see how this irritating old man is wearing him out. He gets so nervous during the day, he scarcely sleeps at all through the night. We shall have him seriously ill presently. I am confident beside that he will as joyfully bid him adieu, as either of us."

"By the way, mother, it's queer he and Jessie get along so well together. The old curmudgeon is actually gracious to her, and you never hear a word of complaint from her concerning his behaviour."

"Yes, Mark, I have noticed it. But Jessie was always a queer girl; it always seemed to me she had another identity and an inner life sedulously concealed from me. For your father's sake, I have tried to be a mother to her. I have also tried to give to her a mother's love; but Mark, my dear boy, I will tell you a secret till now jealously guarded. I never have loved Jessie, I never could love her—a strange, inexplicable intuition always repelled me."

"You have indeed dexterously concealed it. I think it would grieve my father."

"No," said Mrs. Sherston, decidedly, "it would not—that is in reality; I have no doubt he would try to convince me of it. But I have not been his wife for more than twenty years in vain. He shares the feeling. I have seen him shrink when her hand accidentally touched his. He gives her presents, many affectionate words, but did you ever see him lay his hand on her head in that tender fashion he is so fond of bestowing upon you and me?"

Mark drew a long sigh.

"That fortune-teller again," muttered he; "the lines are growing mixed most decidedly. I must go and learn the rest."

His mother caught but a few words.

"Yes, the fortune-teller said something to Jessie which did not please her. I thought, perhaps, it was something like what I have told you. She would not

tell us about it, we only saw that it was not agreeable. But about your speaking to Mr. Kinmouth, Mark. I am not sure, but you had better give your father a hint of your intentions."

"I will see. Don't look so troubled, mother; it is very annoying, to be sure, but, after all, nothing worth distressing yourself about."

And Mark went away determined to settle the question at once, very indignant at his father's weakness, and extremely wroth with the wilful obstinacy of the old man.

He found the pair walking down the garden path. Mr. Kinmouth was talking eagerly, and somewhat loudly, though the sense of the words did not reach Mark.

But when he saw his father's face, for the first time a sharp fear darted into the young man's mind. It was so wan and woe-begone, so imploring, and frantically frightened as it was turned to that grim old man.

Mark strode forward, made less compunctious and more abrupt by the sight.

"Mr. Kinmouth," said he, "my mother and I were talking just now of a journey to London, and I thought I had better wait and accompany you. I presume you will be going to-morrow or next day, which shall I set it?"

He turned with a hearty laugh.

"Pretty well done, my boy. So, madam and the heir are both tired of me! Well, well, that's a good joke. What do you say, Serle Sherston, shall I go?—shall I take my departure?"

The wretched master turned an imploring glance upon his son, and then answered huskily:

"No, no, of course you won't. Mark didn't mean anything of the sort, did you Mark? We are all glad to have you stay."

"Well, youngster, what do you think of that?" asked their tormentor, turning with a triumphant smile to Mark.

"I think that my father's fear of giving offence deals hardly with his candour. At all events, I must speak for myself. I do think your behaviour here extremely unbecoming in a guest, and it will be a great relief when you are gone," answered Mark, boldly.

"Oh, Mark," cried his father, reproachfully.

Kinmouth only laughed vociferously.

"Let the boy rave, and the little dogs bark, what harm is either? I would inform you, young gentleman, that I don't consider myself a guest at all. I make it my home here at Sherston Manor. I must go up to London pretty soon, to see about my geological affairs, and my drafts, but I shall hurry back just to please you, and your dainty mother, you know."

And he laughed again in the most insolent tone.

"Vile creature!" cried Mark, quite beside himself with rage, "dare you speak in that tone of my mother? Father, in heaven's name have spirit enough to order him out. His age alone saves him from my just anger, or he would be lying at your feet."

Serle Sherston's face was fairly livid with the agitation of his contending emotions, his whole frame shook as with an ague.

"Well," said the old man, folding his arms calmly, "are you going to order me out, or this valiant young man into the house, one or the other must be done."

The owner of Sherston Manor glared one moment fiercely into that coldly glittering eye, but his own slowly sank, the deep-red flush of shame crept over his face as he turned to the youth, standing there, every pulse throbbing hotly with indignation.

"Go in, Mark. I do not wish you to stay."

"Father, have you lost your senses?" cried Mark, in mingled grief and astonishment.

"Go in, if you have any regard to my authority," repeated Mr. Sherston, averting his face from Mark's troubled glance.

Mr. Kinmouth flung him a defiant glare from those steel-like eyes.

"Don't try to interfere with me, young man, and I shall be a good friend to you," said he, sarcastically, "leave me alone, and we shall agree charmingly."

"Would to heaven I had left you alone at our first meeting!" burst from Mark's lips, so irritated and desperate had he become.

"To be sure; there is an old saying which might have taught you better. But I don't want to quarrel with you, boy, I like your spirit any way."

"Go, go, Mark!" exclaimed his father imploringly. Mark walked away with burning cheeks and set teeth.

"How preposterous! how humiliating!" groaned he, "my heart sorely misgives me. There must be some horrible secret, or my father could never have changed so. It was so plain to see it nearly broke his heart to side against me, and yet he dared not do otherwise."

He walked along a little way in silence and then exclaimed resolutely:

"I will go again to the Wizard's Isle. I will compel the old witch to explain, if indeed her prophecy was not an accidental coincidence. It will be a relief to be absent at dinner. I could not swallow a mouthful, after this humiliating scene, either in my father's presence, or with the basilisk eye of that evil old man upon me. I will take my gun, and a box of luncheon, and keep away until evening."

He hurried into the house. His mother met him at the hall door; but Mark was too tender a son to add to her anxiety by the disclosure of the ill result of his mission.

"I think I shall take my gun and go out for the day, dear mother. I don't mean to return till our unwelcome guest has retired, so don't be anxious about me. I promise to be very careful. I won't load the gun until I have left the boat, and I will heed your cautions, all of them; so promise me not to fret."

She kissed him fondly, and went herself to fill his luncheon-box.

As Mark went striding down the avenue, his gun on his shoulder, he met the two gentlemen returning. He was conscious of his father's pleading glance, but was not yet cool enough to meet it.

So carrying his head loftily, and looking straight ahead, he passed on as though entirely ignorant of their vicinity.

But that mocking, taunting laugh came floating back to him, tingling in his ears like the screech of a vulture.

He rushed down to the little cove, where his boat lay, like one driven by the furies.

Rufus White saw him, and rising from the log by the boat-house, where he was sitting mending a net, he went hastily to meet him.

"Anything the matter, Mister Mark? Can I help you any?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Rufe. I'm off for a day's sport somewhere. If I wasn't in the mood for being alone, I'd ask you to accompany me."

"Oh, I've plenty of work at home," responded Rufus, trying to hide his disappointment; "there's lots of traps to be mended, and I want to finish 'em all up. Good luck to you."

"Thank you, Rufe; I'm sure I need it," muttered Mark, as he pushed off.

Once flying over the water, his bitter mood passed off. Nature's own kindly spell soothed and calmed him.

He began to recall now the sweet face that looked up to him from the haunted spring. He had intended to search the island over thoroughly before this time, but the unexpected appearance of the Australian guest had changed all his plans.

He exulted now in the prospect of a lengthy visit to the isle, free from molestation.

The boat seemed to share his impatience, and it flew forward like a bird. The wind was just the favourable one required, and Mark steered directly for the island.

He glanced eagerly along the beach as he was securing the boat, but no sign of living creature was visible.

Straight on toward the haunted spring went Mark without pause or stay. He had nearly forgotten his late vexation and anxiety. Only one thought now filled his mind. Should he see that charming face in the water, or was it only a myth, a dream of his excited imagination?

When he gained the spot, the first hesitation fell upon him. It would be so sore a disappointment to find the vacant shimmer of the glossy surface, so disagreeable a change to see old Marjorie's witch profile, much though he desired to speak to her.

He went over the stones, step by step, with a childish distaste for receiving positive information concerning his hopes and fears.

He stood a moment vibrating on the rim, then bent down, and with momentarily suspended breath, looked into the water.

An exclamation of regret escaped him. On the edge of the out-reaching sprays of moss, the feathered ferns nodded coquettishly to their admirer, but the centre was one blank gleam.

He was turning away peevishly when, like the sudden gliding of a picture from the lens of a magic lantern, the beautiful face seemed to float up to the surface.

"Now I will be cool," said Mark, after the first transport of recognition. "I will know by what arrangement the reflection is dropped into the pool. I will trace the shadow back and find the object."

He stepped back a few paces, and carefully scrutinized all points from which an imaged shadow could be cast into the pool.

He did not use his former hasty general survey, but began in order, and went up patiently from object to object. It was long before his eye brightened. He laid down his gun, and began deliberately to climb up the steepest ascent toward an isolated pine tree.

It was no enviable task, but he was aided by a resolute determination. He swung himself from limb to limb, leaped over rocks, caught at saplings for help, and at last stood triumphant at the foot of the pine.

It was ample reward, according to his ideas, to find on the outer limb, cunningly secured there, a very clear, and highly polished mirror.

From this spot he turned to find the next focus. The bright sunshine was a friendly guide, a roguish sunbeam slid away from the mirror, and kindled a bright flash on another glass still higher up on the opposite side.

Nothing daunted, Mark descended and began his toilsome ascent on the other side.

He had almost gained his second clue, when either his eagerness, or a flash of light from the glass, blinded him. He made a false step, caught at a bush to save himself, the shallow root gave way, and down crashed Mark; not, however, falling to the little glen, but lodging at the root of an old dead tree, half way down. His foot entangled in the vine, he lay, head downward, powerless to extricate himself, for the first attempt gave him such exquisite pain he nearly fainted.

He shouted lustily for help, but felt himself growing giddy with the slightest exertion, and abandoned the attempt in consternation.

It seemed but a few moments even to Mark in his state of torment, before the branches of a low-stunted beech were parted, and from his point of vision, seeming to emerge from the blue ether itself, came forward the sweet girlish face he had seen reflected in the mirror.

It was pale now, and the dark eyes wore a look of wild affright.

"Oh, what can I do to help you? There is no one on the island to call. Are you much hurt?"

"Oh, no," answered Mark, with a strong effort to keep his tones firm from the quiver of pain. "I cannot very well move without risking another fall, even if I were able. I suspect my ankle is broken. If you could drop me something to hold by, I think I could manage to raise myself after a few trials."

She stood a moment irresolute, then unwinding a long scarlet cashmere scarf from her waist, and laying aside a glittering object, in form resembling a Golden Apple, which she carried in her hand, she slipped carefully downward toward him.

"Pray be careful, or you will fall yourself," continued Mark, struggling for mental control, while the rush of blood to his head might well endanger.

She descended with the utmost caution, clinging to tree trunk and down-reaching branch until, pausing, she secured the scarf at one end to a small tree, then taking the other end in her hand, she gave it to Mark's eager fingers.

She supported herself by one hand, passed the other arm under his head, and carefully lifted it, while he pulled himself up.

The movement was exquisite agony for his ankle, but Mark set his teeth into his lip and choked down the groan.

It was accomplished after one or two ineffectual attempts, and then, shuddering with pain and exhaustion, Mark sank in a heap upon the ground, his back against the tree.

The scarlet flash which had suffused his face faded now that he sat upright, into the most deathly paleness.

She looked at him in extreme alarm.

"You are suffering frightfully," said she, in sweet, pitying tones.

Mark swallowed down the sob which rose to his throat, and answered:

"It will be better in a moment; don't distress yourself, I pray you."

"If you could only get a little farther you would rest secure, and I could bring something to help you; if you would lean on me, I am strong enough; I really wish you would try. Won't it grow worse and worse so you can't be moved at all?"

There was something in that; I confess you are right. Did you say you were alone on the island? The—the gentleman or his housekeeper—are neither at home?

"Neither, or I should have called them long ago. And will you really try? Lean on me, I beg of you."

"I don't think I can stand up. I must crawl. Aren't you afraid of my bringing evil to your Eden, fair angel?"

She laughed a little, notwithstanding her anxiety.

"I wonder why you were climbing here, that is all."

"I shall not dare to tell you now," answered he, lifting himself up, and crawling slowly and painfully over the rough and slanting ground.

She followed behind, her eyes full of tears and sympathy.

"I wish I could help you. I know it is torture for you; but only a little further, and you may rest."

She led the way after they left the precipitous side of the high hill, to a little, sunny dell, a higher elevation, but similar to that of the haunted pool.

She gave him time to rest here, for suddenly she paused and stood a moment irresolute.

Mark watched the varying emotions of her ingenuous face.

"Do not take me anywhere to cause any annoyance or disturbance for yourself. I would rather crawl to my boat," said he.

She blushed while she smiled.

"I was debating whether my father would be angry should I take you to my own little nest; for myself I have no hesitation or fear. I know well enough, you would never use the knowledge of my presence here for any harm. But he, my father—the Wizard, the foolish country people call him—wishes to keep that knowledge from every one; he does not dream that any one suspects my existence. But you have known it before this. Alack, it was my fault. It was a wild, mad caprice when I saw you consulting the haunted spring, to send down my image to the water. I thought you were like the rest, and would believe it magic. I was frightened enough when I perceived you judged differently. I recognized you at once, when I saw you securing your boat to the reef, and I had resolved to seek you, and implore your secrecy concerning the whole affair, even before this happened."

"You may rely on me; not a hint of it has passed my lips to any one," exclaimed Mark, eagerly. "You were right; I was sure it was a mortal maiden. I was determined to find you. I was climbing to find the mirror nearest the object when I fell."

She blushed again, and shook her graceful head.

"See what a punishment has come for your foolish temerity."

"Ah!" cried Mark, even while wincing with pain; "if that was the only way to find you, I am very thankful it has happened."

She cast down her eyes, and was silent; then smiling graciously, she exclaimed:

"I shall take you to the nest; there is certainly no other way."

"Yes, there are a dozen in preference, if that course is to draw your father's anger upon you," retorted Mark. "I can crawl down to my boat, or you can roll me over the precipice. I won't be the means of giving pain to you, whatever the alternative."

"And so you don't want to see my little retreat? So you won't venture with me?" asked she, with a pretty, coaxing smile almost irresistible.

"Don't I?" exclaimed Mark. "I am certain it is as dainty and charming as a bird's nest. I know very well I shall think I am in fairy-land, tended by their queen; but it is the compromising you that I reject. If I could take all your father's anger on myself, it would be another thing."

"How absurd we both are!" said she. "Here we stand arguing, while we ought to be attending to the wounded limb—and about a myth too: my father was never angry with me in his life. He won't be angry with you if you refrain from explaining the foolish object of your climbing. Now, you will come, please; as a favour to me, you know."

"Ah, I cannot resist you now," said Mark, and gave his gesture of assent.

She turned instantaneously and led the way across a smooth piece of turf through a cleared path, winding along the underbrush to what seemed an impenetrable thicket of tangled vines, thorny bushes, and matted shrubbery.

But at her touch a little verdant gateway unclosed, and gave them passage.

Within was an open ring of carefully cultivated ground, and a tiny cottage completely covered by trailing vines.

"Welcome!" said his fair guide, with a gay smile.

"Welcome, thou wounded knight, to the Oriole's Nest!"

Mark tried to smile in return, but it was a ghastly effort.

The pain caused by the increased exertion had nearly maddened him, and he was fain to lie panting and giddy at the cottage entrance.

(To be continued.)

At last we have got at the right style and title of the Queen's new son-in-law. The *Gazette*, which announces the contract of marriage between him and the Princess Helena, describes him as his Serene Highness Prince Frederick Christian Charles Augustus of Schleswig-Holstein Sonderburg Augustenburg. Not a bad list of titles for a prince who never had more than £300 a year, and who has lately given up that magnificent income.

An instance of the sagacity of animals is given by the *Propagateur du Nord*. At a farm, near St. Amant, was a colt, three years old, of a very high temper, but peculiarly gentle with a little boy who had been in the

habit of bringing him bits of bread. One day a servant of the farm heard a cry from the yard, and looking out of the window, perceived that the child had fallen into a water cask. She lost no time in rushing to the rescue, but on arriving below found that she had been anticipated by the horse, which had caught up the child by his dress and withdrawn him from the water. The owner now declares that he will never part with the animal.

"ALL FAIR IN TRADE."

THERE was a time when Andrew Leighton had well considered doubts touching the correctness of this doctrine, so widely accepted, that "all is fair in trade."

It seemed to him, when but a few years removed from the period of home instruction, as involving a breach of moral law. But Andrew Leighton had a thrifty vein, and considered wealth as life's greatest good.

In the effort to thrive and grow rich, he found nice scruples touching the rights of others acting, to his view, as hindrances.

Many fine bargains were lost because of hesitation to accept an unfair advantage—a fact that troubled him.

"Every one for himself," he said, at length, with a resolute determination to rise above these hindering scruples. "No one thinks of my interests in a bargain; and why should I trouble myself about the interests of other people?"

From the "every-one-for-himself" rule of action, as understood and accepted by Mr. Leighton, the transition to that other and more extreme rule, "all is fair in trade," was easy and natural, and he took his place among an eager crowd of men, each of whom regarded the world as made for himself alone.

After this period, Mr. Leighton became known as a sharp dealer, who required watching. Merchants who bought of him rarely failed to have his invoices rigidly examined, while many deemed it prudent to ignore his samples, and look into original packages for themselves.

There were times when this manifest doubt of his mercantile honour touched his finer sense; but gain was the leading object of his life, and feeling must be sacrificed to gain.

If doubt touching the strict rule of life crept in, the solve, "all is fair in trade," was ready to still the uneasy motion, and bear him steadily onward in the path that no man treads in safety. He might accumulate natural riches; but, alas! at what a wild waste of treasure, which, once gained, abides eternally. For every pound thus acquired, a loss incalculable by human estimates was made.

Mr. Leighton was in the flush of successful accumulation, under his "all-is-fair-in-trade" system, when a widowed sister, to whom he was warmly attached, sent him her son from a distant city, to be educated under his charge as a merchant.

The boy was sixteen years old, and had been carefully guarded by his mother. He was honest, truthful, and obedient.

Hiram Grant—that was the boy's name—entered upon his duties with an earnest desire to please his uncle. He was quick and intelligent, and these were desirable qualities for one in the position he had taken; truthful and honest also, as we have said.

The former qualities Mr. Leighton recognized as valuable and promising; the latter soon showed themselves as rather troublesome, and acting as defects—for honesty with the boy had not yet learned to be a respecter of persons.

Take an instance. Premising that Hiram regarded his uncle in the beginning as almost a perfect man, and one who would consider falsehood a crime.

To Hiram had been given the task of examining an invoice of ten barrels of beeswax, just received from a foreign consigner. It was invoiced at one and sixpence a pound.

The fact of price was very distinctly impressed on the mind of Hiram. During the day, a customer, seeing the wax, asked its price.

"Two shillings," replied Mr. Leighton.

"Isn't that high?" remarked the customer.

"It cost me one and tenpence," was unhesitatingly answered.

The heart of the listening boy gave a bound; not in surprise of his uncle's falsehood, but in surprise at his error, for such he regarded it.

"The article must be advancing," said the customer.

"It is, and if you wish a supply, you had better secure this lot. There is but little coming in, I understand."

"I'll take two barrels at two shillings, or the whole at one and tenpence," proposed the customer.

"Not less than two shillings," returned Mr. Leigh-

ton. "As I have just said, it cost me one shilling and tenpence."

Now, Hiram found it impossible, under the circumstances, to keep silence. He believed his uncle in actual ignorance of the true price at which the wax had been bought, and in danger of losing a sale in consequence.

So he spoke up, saying, in a clear voice: "It was one and sixpence, uncle; I examined the invoice this morning."

"Silence, sir!" cried Mr. Leighton, in sudden anger and chagrin, staggering the boy backwards as effectually as if assailed by a blow.

Then turning to the customer, he said, with regained coolness:

"The wax cost one and tenpence, as I said. There was more behind the purchase than that forward boy—a green one, as you may perceive—saw in the invoice. Two shillings is the price, and I cannot sell it for less."

But the customer was not deceived. He knew the merchant. So, declining to buy at two shillings, he looked further in the market.

"Never let this occur again, sir."

Mr. Leighton angrily confronted the troubled boy, as the customer retired.

"Here it is," said Hiram, flushed and trembling, as he held forth the invoice. "It is one and sixpence, and not one and tenpence. I thought you didn't know."

"You'd no right to think anything about it," retorted the uncle, sharply; "and next time when a customer is in, please to mind your own business."

Mr. Leighton saw tears in the boy's eyes, and felt that he had done him violence. Softening a little, he added:

"The wax actually cost me one and tenpence, though invoiced at one and six."

"I didn't know that, sir."

There was a tone of relief in the lad's voice, which Mr. Leighton perceived and understood, and for a little while he felt rebuked.

"It did, notwithstanding," said the uncle, with lessening asperity. "And now, Hiram, let me say to you, once for all, that you are in no case to offer any information, or obtrude any suggestion, when I am dealing with a customer. Take it for granted that I know all the ins and outs of my own business, and perfectly understand myself. We do not consider the invoice price of goods the actual cost, bear in mind. Freight, handling, storage, insurance, interest on the capital, and the like, must all be added. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

The boy comprehended this; but at the same time it passed through his mind that his uncle had assumed a large margin on the wax in saying that the cost was one and tenpence. He was not satisfied.

The high respect with which he had regarded Mr. Leighton was diminished.

He had thought him a perfect man, modelled after the high standards of truth and integrity so often held up by his mother.

Ah, suddenly was the lustre of his fine gold dimmed in the boy's eyes. He could not push aside the conviction, that what had been said of freight and charges, had in it more of subterfuge than a just explanation of a suspicious looking fact.

Yet, for all this, the boy's moral sense was, in some degree, obscured by his uncle's too plain disregard of truth and honour. It was clear to his mind, beyond controversy, that in order to get a high profit on the beeswax, his uncle had told a deliberate untruth to a customer.

Turn it over as he would, always his conclusions came back to that unpleasant judgment of the case. The evil to him was a loss of respect for his uncle; and involved in the loss, was diminished respect for that high integrity of which Mr. Leighton had been, in his ideal, the perfect type. So subtly and almost imperceptibly do evil spirits flow into mental impressions with a perverting influence.

Not long after the occurrence of this incident, and while it was still fresh in Hiram's thoughts, he heard his uncle remark, in a light tone, to a gentleman with whom he was talking: "Oh, all is fair in trade."

The gentleman laughed in a peculiar way, that sounded unpleasantly to the boy's ears, but made no reply to the sentiment.

Hiram puzzled himself over this remark of his uncle's. Its meaning was not clear to his mind. Rather, we should say, its meaning, so far as verbally expressed, was clear as noonday; but that meaning could not possibly be accepted by his uncle as a rule of business conduct. Herein lay the puzzle.

"All fair in trade?" He pondered the words as he sat at his desk, as he worked among the goods in his uncle's office, as he lay musing over the day's transactions on his pillow at night—and the more he pondered, the more he became confused. Were there two distinct moral lines—the one social and the other mercantile? Could a thing be right in business

which was wrong in the abstract? Not just in this form did Hiram present the case to himself; but fairly in this spirit. His mind apprehended the distinction.

The more familiar Hiram became with his uncle's business life, the more did that life separate itself, in his regard, from a strictly honest and honourable life. Little subterfuges and falsehoods, used in bargaining, were amongst the commonest of things. No advantage that could be obtained over a customer's ignorance was ever omitted. Errors in invoices, if on their side, were never voluntarily corrected.

"It is not our business to correct other people's errors," he said to Hiram, on being reminded of a mistake in an account about to be settled, and the boy saw his uncle receive twenty pounds more than was justly his due, and balance the account afterwards, by an entry to profit and loss.

"Suppose they find it out in settling their books?" suggested Hiram.

"Very well; it will be time enough then for us to make the corrections," was curtly answered.

The first warmly approving sentence which Hiram received from his uncle was after the lapse of a year. It was in consequence of a bit of sharp practice in dealing.

"You're learning, I see." And Mr. Leighton smiled in a sunny way. The boy was gratified, and encouraged to try his hand farther. His next essay was in this wise:

They had a lot of five barrels of sugar of inferior quality, which Mr. Leighton would have been glad to clear out at threepence. Hiram was showing a new customer from the country, who was about opening a shop, a better article at fourpence. The man, who was inexperienced, turned to examine the inferior article, the colour of which deceiving him, he said:

"This is a different lot?"

"Yes," and Hiram was about adding, "and cheaper," but he was learning to grow chary of his words in dealing.

"A very fair sugar," continued the customer. "Is it the same price, or higher?"

The boy's heart gave a thump. This was unexpected. He thought for a moment or two before answering, then replied:

"You can have either of the sugars at the same price."

Then the man compared the two articles, Hiram wondering that he could, for an instant, hesitate in his choice.

"I like this best," was the final decision, in favour of the worst article.

"How many barrels will you take?" asked Hiram.

"Two will answer."

"Why not take the lot? There are only five barrels!" urged the boy.

The man showed some hesitation.

"It's a fine article!" Poor boy! How natural the transition from cheating to lying. "You'd better secure the whole. Say three and three-quarters, and take the five barrels."

"I'll give you three and a half," said the man.

Hiram shook his head, looked very grave, and murmured. How good an actor he was becoming!

"Three and a half."

The man showed some eagerness to secure the bargain.

"Oh, very well; we never stand with a good customer—and we shall expect to see you again. Take the lot at three and a half, which is barely cost."

Ah, how easy it was becoming to lie in trade!

The bill was made out, and the cash paid down. As Hiram had expected, his uncle was delighted with the transaction, and warmly commended his business tact and shrewdness.

"He'll sell at a profit, and his customers be none the wiser. So no one is harmed, and we are the gainers."

This he offered in satisfaction of any scruples that might possibly trouble the boy's conscience.

But the boy was not troubled. He was learning new lessons in a new school, and showing himself, alas! too apt a scholar. From this time he advanced along the dangerous way he had entered with rapid feet.

At first the doctrine that "all is fair in trade," limited itself in the boy's thoughts to actual business operations, in which the shrewdest and keenest took whatever advantage offered.

Out of the business sphere, his moral sense admitted the force of moral law.

But a false principle, acted upon, is like leaven, soon leavening the whole lump. It was not long before nice discriminations failed.

If an advantage was right in one form, it was right in another. The conclusion was legitimate and irresistible.

By the time Hiram reached his twentieth year, he was a man of business after Mr. Leighton's own heart. Keen, alert, quick, and unscrupulous in grasping at all possible advantage

Already he had begun, in a covert way, to turn small sums of money adroitly into his own pockets; his conscience, blunted and blinded, accepting, easily, the plea that at least a little of the gains his sharp practices won for his uncle might in all justice revert to himself.

A conversation, overheard by the young man, some few months before reaching his majority, checked wholly a system of appropriation which had been going on for some time.

In that conversation, which was with a business friend of his uncle's, Mr. Leighton spoke of the necessity of having a young and vigorous man in connection with him.

"There are a world of interests to watch and look after in a large concern like mine," he said. "Leaks will occur, unless the utmost vigilance is exercised. The complete supervision of one mind is impossible. There are leaks in my business, I know. A great many things look suspicious. But I can prove nothing. As it is, I am dependent on clerks. There is no one in the business who has a personal interest in making the best of everything."

"With a single exception," said the friend.

"Hiram, my nephew?"

"Yes, I should say that he was invaluable."

"And he is."

"Why not give him a limited interest?"

"He is not of age yet; but when he reaches his twenty-first year, I shall in all probability do so. I've turned that thought over and over a great many times, and am observing him very closely. He has qualities that are admirable, and others again that don't just strike me favourably—well enough in a clerk, but not always desirable in a partner."

"What are they?"

"I can scarcely answer that question," returned Mr. Leighton. "Perhaps the idea of a little too sharp may give you what I mean. There is the possibility, you know, of a younger head being too deep for an older one."

"Ah, yes, I see. Wisely considered. I don't wonder that you hesitate."

All this Hiram heard; and from that hour his feet turned away from a dangerous path in which they had been treading. Scrupulously did he abstain from the appropriation of a single shilling, limiting all his expenditures to his small salary. Not from any honest purpose, this.

There was in his mind the idea of a greater good beyond, to be made surer by a denial of self. The very hints which Mr. Leighton had given as to the ability of a young, active, and sharp associate in business, to gain important advantages over his senior partner, opened to his thought a future of success.

Here was the certain road to wealth, and he felt assured that, in due time, his feet would enter therein. And they did enter.

At the age of twenty-three, Mr. Leighton, whose health was beginning to fail, offered his nephew an interest in the business, which was of course accepted. Many little things had occurred during the two years preceding this event, which were regarded by Mr. Leighton as evidences of his nephew's personal attachment, honest principle, and devotion to his interests.

The young man seemed to have no thought for himself. Every energy of his life was apparently in the service of his uncle.

It must be noted as singular that an honest principle was presumed in regard to Hiram, when Mr. Leighton had taught him to lie and cheat, and was aware of almost daily transactions neither honourable nor just. But the evil man is never a wise man. Sooner or later in life the deceiver and betrayer is himself deceived and betrayed.

From the very day that Hiram Grant became associated with his uncle in business, he set himself to the work of gaining, under the connection, advantages never contemplated in their co-partnership agreement.

Before this period he was with his uncle against the world, and ready for any advantage. Now he was with himself against the whole world, his uncle included; and as his uncle was most in his power, and to be most easily and advantageously used in the attainment of his ends, he was most against his uncle.

Thoroughly imbued with the doctrine that "all is fair in trade," Hiram was living up to the lesson taught him in the beginning, and without respect of persons.

The word "trade" involved in his mind no special limitations—did not hold him to simple mercantile transactions, such as the buying and selling of goods.

It expressed to his wider construction all acts involving money or gain between man and man; and the "all is fair" ruling in his premises as much applied to his uncle as to his neighbours, the grocers and provision dealers. And who will say, admitting

the basis of his argument, that his conclusions were not legitimate?

Said a person to Andrew Leighton, about ten years after his association with Hiram, and at a time when certain aspects of his business were perplexing him:

"Your partner holds some valuable real estate."

"Ah, does he? I was not aware of it."

The manner of Mr. Leighton betrayed the surprise which was occasioned by this remark.

"The fine offices occupied by Hendricks and Co. stand in his name."

It cost Mr. Leighton a strong effort to hold back the astonished exclamation that came to his lips.

"Are you certain?"

His voice trembled a little.

"Yes; and so does the Hall in — Street."

Mr. Leighton grew pale.

"How do you know this?" he demanded, in considerable agitation.

"I had occasion to make some searches in the Registrar's Office a day or two ago, and noticed the deeds."

"In his name?"

"Yes, but I had no idea that anything was wrong. I only mentioned the fact casually."

"Wrong!" exclaimed Mr. Leighton, starting to his feet under the overwhelming shock of this appalling disclosure, and betraying alarm and astonishment.

"There's a horrible wrong somewhere!"

Then recollecting and recovering himself, he said:

"Let me beg of you to keep this matter a profound secret. If what you say is true, I have been wickedly betrayed."

The merchant trembled with nervous agitation.

"It shall be sacred as long as you desire," was the assuring promise he received.

An examination at the office of Registrar of Deeds proved to Mr. Leighton the fact declared.

The two properties mentioned, besides another of considerable value, stood in the name of Hiram Grant.

All three had been purchased by the firm; but the negotiations having been conducted by Hiram, he had acted as if for himself alone, and had the deeds executed in his own name, trusting to conceal the fact from his uncle, who was daily confiding in him more and more implicitly, and showing less and less inclination to inquire closely into his actions.

More was involved than the loss of property. Mr. Leighton, since taking Hiram into co-partnership, had suffered a great bereavement in the death of his wife. In the mother of Hiram, his children had found so tender and devoted a friend, that their loss was more in name than in reality.

She had come when all was sorrow and tears, and in the sunshine of her presence shadows had flown away.

Under her care his children were growing up like goodly trees planted by the side of nourishing rivers. She had taught them out of a different book from that in which he had found the lessons given to her son. She was building up their minds by moral and religious truths, while he was destroying all that was in true divine order with Hiram.

More, therefore, as we have said, was involved than the loss of property; and Mr. Leighton, as soon as the first blinding agitation passed away, saw this too clearly. Had he acted on his earliest impulse, he would have ordered the arrest of his nephew. But the thought of his sister, Hiram's mother, turned back that impulse. For her sake, if no other influence had force, he must pause and consider. To lay upon her the knowledge of her son's dishonour would burden her heart with a sorrow that only death could assuage. Mr. Leighton might well pause before doing this. But action of some kind must be prompt.

The day closed, and Mr. Leighton lingered in the counting-room until all the clerks were gone. Hiram usually remained until long after the office was shut. He was, generally, first at his post, and last to leave.

"Hiram," said his uncle, forcing himself to speak while yet uncertain as to the right course, "why was the deed of Hendricks and Co's. office made out in your name?"

The young man's face grew pale with signs of guilt. The question came without warning, and so he was off his guard.

"And that of the property in — Street?" added Mr. Leighton, his manner growing stern, and his eyes full of accusation.

A quick change occurred with Hiram. The paleness and confusion left his countenance. He drew himself up with an air of brave defiance, letting his eyes rest on his uncle's with so steady a look, that the quailing, if any appeared, was not on the side of guilt.

"Answer me!" demanded Mr. Leighton.

There was just a little unsteadiness in his voice, and Hiram perceived it.

"I am not used to being assailed in this style," said

the young man, with an offended air. "If there is any information in regard to our business matters that you desire, I will give that information, provided it is in my power. But it doesn't suit me to be interrogated after this manner."

"You're a bold scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Leighton, losing all self-command.

"Take care, sir, what you affirm!"

Hiram's face grew dark.

The two men glared angrily at each other for a little while. Mr. Leighton first grasped the loose rein of passion. With forced calmness, he said:

"Will you answer my questions touching the title deeds of that real estate? Why were they made out in your individual name, when the purchase was on account of the firm, and your interest in the property, compared with mine, only as one to three?"

"Simply because I wished to own that property in my own right," answered Hiram, coolly.

"Just the thief's argument," said Mr. Leighton.

"Sir!"

There was menace in the young man's eyes.

"Just the thief's argument," repeated Mr. Leighton, resolutely.

A cold smile played about Hiram's lips, as he answered:

"And the merchant's, who, under the rule of 'all is fair in trade,' cheats on steadily through a whole business life-time."

"Silence, sir!" ejaculated Mr. Leighton, who understood this remark as meant for himself.

"Can you draw the dividing line? The thief is bolder, because he works in the face of the law; but is he more guilty than the merchant who overreaches in a bargain, or omits to correct an error that lies against his neighbour? I have failed to see the difference of guilt; but you are older and wiser, and may solve for me the problem."

There was, in the manner of Hiram, something of triumph and something of scorn. He knew, very well, that all business association between himself and uncle must come to an immediate end, and that all advantage growing out of this association, beyond what was now possessed, must likewise end.

Their attitude was now hostile, and only in a bold maintenance of his position had he anything to hope. Mr. Leighton was confounded by the young man's language and bearing.

"An ingrained villain!" he said, speaking through his shut teeth.

"No, sir; only an apt scholar," Hiram replied boldly.

"Silence! Will you have done, sir? You shall not talk to me in this way."

"Then be guarded yourself," replied Hiram. "If I am a villain, so are you; for I have only acted on the lessons you taught, have only practised in the line of your operations. Did you suppose, sir, that after teaching me that 'all was fair in trade,' and commending my sharpness in dealing, whereby others lost and you gained, I would not use the skill acquired for my own advantage, even if it were against yourself?"

An expression of blank astonishment, mingled with fear, swept over Mr. Leighton's face.

"So young, and so lost to all honour and honesty!" murmured the uncle to himself, yet aloud.

Bolder and more rapid, perhaps, not more unscrupulous than the man who first taught him to believe that, in trade, overreaching was a virtue, and whose practice gave daily force to the lesson. What I am, sir, you have made me! And now we might as well clearly understand each other. I helped to build up this business far beyond the poor interest you have thought fit to award me; and helped to do it in the way of sharp dealing and shrewd advantages not well to speak of in public places. All along this was my understanding of the case, and it was but natural that I should lean to the rule of personal advantage in an arrangement not equitably made. I did so, and have taken care of myself."

"I will have you arrested," said Mr. Leighton, angrily. The bold front thus assumed exasperated him beyond measure.

"And ruin yourself!" answered Hiram.

"What do you mean?"

"My uncle is dull of comprehension." The young man's lip curled. "Have I not intimated your danger? With all your wide practice in trade, you have a sensitive mercantile honour, and wish to be thought noble on 'Change? Bruit anything of this, and, by all the fiends, your name shall be a by-word for trickery and false dealing! I know it all, sir, and have not left myself at disadvantage in your hands. If we part now, it must be in an apparent good understanding before the world. The dissolution of our co-partnership must be, so far as seen by others, by mutual consent. You can retain the business, or I will take it. Should you elect to continue, I will start for myself in the same line, and there must not be, so far as your word or act is concerned, a shadow on my name. Throw me at any disadvantage; whisper,

suggest, intimate anything against me, and I will strip you of all disguises. If I fall, you fall! Let the warning suffice."

And it did suffice. Mr. Leighton was subdued by the stern threats of his nephew, and kept silent. In the settlement of their co-partnership business, Hiram had his good fame at so perilous a disadvantage, that only in an equal division of assets was disentanglement permitted.

It was a hard lesson for Mr. Leighton; very hard, and not taken any the more gracefully, in consequence of Hiram's cool, sneering reply to a complaining remonstrance against his dishonest exactions in the settlement of affairs, that few people in the world, so far as his experience went, were "ever satisfied with payment in their own coin." T. S. A.

BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Self-Made," "All Alone," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The storm howls madly o'er the sea,
The winds their loudest anthems sing,
And billows rolling fearfully
In concert with the whirlwind sing.

Rev. J. N. Magill.

For three days the gale continued to blow from the same quarter, the north-east, with unabated violence. The good ship could do little else but tack, and run away before the furious blast. Even in the day, the sky was nearly as black as night with the scudding storm-clouds.

The sea, lashed to fury by the wind, reared in high, shelving cliffs of foam, and struck in thunder upon the deck, as if to dash the ship into pieces, or opened in deep, gaping caverns of darkness, as if to engulf her with all on board.

But the brave ship flew on under the lowering sky and over the stormy ocean, now riding high upon the top of some great billow, now plunging deep into some yawning abyss, now rolling in the trough of the sea, and again flying onward, pursued by the utmost fury of winds and waves, that roared and howled behind her, like spirits of destruction hunting their prey. Yet the gale never assumed the aspect of a hurricane, nor was the ship driven much out of her course. But the captain seldom or never left the deck; the officers were on duty day and night, and the crew were worked almost to exhaustion.

The lady passengers were obliged to remain confined to their cabin.

Miss Conyers had made many brave attempts to go up on deck to witness the war of winds and waves, but had always been baffled and driven back into the cabin, where her fellow voyagers sat flat upon the floor, to avoid being beaten to death by the pitching and tossing of the ship.

And it was a great, secret mortification to woman's proud young champion to find that while the "common enemy" could remain on deck, and contend with the greatest fury of the elements, and be their masters, she and her female companions were compelled by their physical delicacy to seek shelter in the cabin, in ignominious idleness and helplessness—as she bitterly characterized their condition.

And there was Justin Rosenthal, always on the deck giving what aid he could, and often at the wheel, taking his turn to relieve the worn-out helmsmen.

At least a score of times she essayed to go above, but in vain. Her beautiful person was formed to delight the eyes and attract the hearts of that "common enemy" whom she abhorred and renounced, rather than to rival their skill in such feats of masculine strength and marine gymnastics as were necessary to all who might attempt to tread with impunity that stormy deck. After her last futile attempt to go up the cabin stairs, she sat down on the floor in the midst of her companions, and held out her lovely hands and arms, and gazed on them in disgust and resentment, saying sarcastically:

"I wonder what, in the name of spite and absurdity, Nature meant when she put my soul into such a ridiculous body as this, which is of no more use to me in a gale of wind than a ball dress would be to the man at the helm? Really, Dame Nature makes droll mistakes sometimes."

"Oh, Britomarte!" exclaimed Martha Breton, who was almost expiring with fatigue from being beaten about so much, as well as with terror of what all this violent motion might end in; "oh, for goodness gracious sake, do stop with your dreadful blasphemies, for indeed they are nothing better than blasphemies! I am afraid to listen to them in this awful storm! It is as much as ever I can do to live through the mad antics of this lunatic of an old ship! She turns a somersault every five minutes—that she does!—goes heels over head, or keel over deck, or whatever you

call that caper in a ship which would be leap-frog in a man! If I had known what it was going to be to come out as a missionary, I would have trusted the souls of the savages to the mercy of heaven, rather than trusted my body to the madness of the sea—that I would!"

Britomarte laughed at her ludicrous distress, and then Martha Breton cried.

It was at this point of time that Mr. Ely and Mr. Breton were finally driven down into the cabin, which they left no more while the gale continued.

And now that two of the "common enemy" were compelled to succumb, and confess themselves conquered by the elements, and constrained to seek shelter among the women in the cabin, that cabin was no longer a valley of humiliation to woman's young champion. During the continuation of the gale, their meals were served to them there, but very irregularly, and of very badly cooked food, and general discomfort and danger prevailed.

But the gallant ship rode out the gale in safety, and with the close of the third day, the wind, that had risen with the sun three days before, went down with the sun at its setting. In the course of the night the turbulent sea subsided.

The next morning all was calm and bright. The weather was beautiful. The ship was brought to her course again, and with all her sails set, was running before a light, fair wind, at the rate of six knots an hour.

The two young missionaries in the cabin offered up thanksgiving to Him who rules the storm for their preservation from what they supposed to have been a very great danger, and then they helped the ladies up on deck. That morning they met the captain and some of the ship's officers again at the breakfast-table, and exchanged mutual congratulations upon the improvement in the weather. Afterwards they promenaded the deck.

Justin Rosenthal walked forward with eagerness to welcome Miss Conyers there once more.

"How did you bear the gale?" he anxiously inquired, as he took her hand.

"Indifferently, thank you," she answered, briefly.

"The worst circumstance connected with it, to me, was the loss of your society. You did not venture on deck, I think, once after I had seen you down?"

"Yes, I did venture, but not successfully. Falstaff explained his retreat by saying that his 'cowardly legs' ran away with him; I may say with more truth that my own good-for-nothing limbs failed to accomplish the task I set them! My feet slid from under me, and my hands allowed themselves to be torn from their holds!" said Britomarte, looking down with contempt upon her own slight and elegant figure.

"Beauty is not created to serve, but to subject servants. Here are a pair of hands and feet ready to work and walk in your service as long as their owner's life shall last!" said Justin, earnestly.

"I had hoped that you were superior to saying such things to me, Mr. Rosenthal. I want no man to devote, or to profess to devote, himself to my service. It is an obligation which I can't repay, and therefore won't accept; so, if we are to continue to be good friends, you must let me hear no more of that," said Britomarte, firmly.

Justin bowed and smiled, and answered: "Agreed. I am bound and captive, and not in a condition to make terms with my fair conqueror. But conquerors should be magnanimous, and one would think that the most virulent man-hater would take pity on a victim in my wretched plight."

"There again!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing fire, for there was a half-earnest, half-bantering tone in his speech that almost infuriated her.

"I have done!" he exclaimed, hastily, and raising his hand deprecatingly. "Not another word will I say on that forbidden subject. Let us talk of something more congenial to your sentiments. Shall it be—Woman's Rights?"

"Yes, we will talk of Woman's Rights, if you will take up the subject reverently, and not sarcastically, as I sometimes suspect you of doing."

"Then reverently will I approach the sacred theme! And in all good faith I will inquire of you this—Has your experience of the last three days strengthened your conviction that women are constituted to compete with man in all his forms of labour?—in the navigation of a ship in a gale, for instance?"

"No, nor weakened it either. Heaven keep me from such narrowness of mind as would cause me to judge my whole sex by my inefficient self and my timid companions in the cabin!"

"You still think, then, that it is quite possible for women to compete with men in navigation as in other things?" said Justin, with a questionable smile.

"Yes," she answered, her cheeks still glowing and her eyes beaming; "yes! Thank heaven, one brave young woman has given me the power to answer

'yes' to that doubting question! Mary Patton! The ship she was in was about to double Cape Horn, on its voyage to California; the captain, her husband, lay ill and delirious with fever, and one of the mates was nearly useless from his ignorance of navigation, and the other one was highly dangerous from his disposition to mutiny, and she had to contend not only with the frightful hurricanes and fatal currents of that region, but also with an insubordinate crew, led on by the mutinous first mate, who wished to convert the merchantman into a pirate. What did she do? She put the first mate in irons; she suppressed the mutiny; and she, who had learned navigation from her husband as a mere pastime, carried the ship through all the storms around the Cape, and up the Pacific coast, safely into the Port of San Francisco. How did she do it? Ask the Omnipotent. I do not know, for I am one of the inefficient ones; by whom, I tell you, I will not have my sex judged."

How her bosom swelled! how her cheeks glowed and her eyes beamed in enthusiastic sympathy with that brave sister woman, who had borne herself so firmly under circumstances that would have tried the souls of the stoutest-hearted men!

As Justin gazed on her, he saw that she was not indeed one of these inefficient women of whom she spoke.

Though she might fail to keep her feet on deck in the first furious gale she ever met at sea, yet let the time, the duty, and the occasion present themselves, and she could be brave enough to lead an army; firm enough to mount the scaffold; faithful enough to die for the right; yet he would not yield to her what he considered her extravagant ideas of woman's might and woman's right.

"I have heard of Mary Patton. She was a true heroine, but an exceptional case—one in a million," he quietly answered.

"The opportunity was an exceptional case, you mean. Men never give women an opportunity of showing what they can do. Chance does sometimes—say, once in a million of times; and then, lest the heroism of the individual woman who has been favoured by chance with the opportunity of showing what women can do, should reflect itself upon her whole sex, you call her an exceptional case—one in a million! Oh, man, when I reflect how well women have acquitted themselves—always acquitted themselves—in the few opportunities they have had for distinction, I am constrained to believe—heaven knows I am!—that women are capable of much higher things than they have ever yet accomplished, or men have ever dreamed of accomplishing."

"There is one thing," said Justin, with an air of profound conviction, "in which women really do excel us."

"Indeed?—really now?—and upon your honour?"

"Indeed—really now—and upon my honour."

"And, pray, what is it in which you deign to acknowledge that women excel your lordly sex?" inquired Miss Conyers, ironically.

"In out-talking us!" answered Justin, solemnly.

"Oh, what a mean, miserable, little man-like way of wriggling out of an argument!" exclaimed Britomarte. And

Oh, what a deal of scorn looked beautiful in the contempt and anger of her lip!

"And in out-ralling us, too, perhaps," maliciously added Justin, with a smile and a bow, as he left his beautiful foe and went to join Captain McKenzie, who had come on deck to take an observation of the sun with his sextant.

In half an hour Justin came back to her side and reported the result.

"We are within about two days' sail of the Cape of Good Hope, and if we are favoured with fair winds, we may be in as soon as we expected—on the last night of the old year."

"I am glad to hear it, and I thank you for telling me," said Miss Conyers. And she arose to go down into the cabin to smooth her disarranged hair before going to their midday meal.

When she got down she found everything that had been disarranged by the gale made tidy again by Judith; and her two companions were as comfortable and happy as it was possible for them to be on ship-board.

Britomarte told her friends the good news—namely, that the captain hoped to reach the Cape of Good Hope before the morning of the New Year.

At dinner the captain confirmed the news, and at the same time informed his passengers that he should be obliged to remain three or four days at the Cape to deliver freight, and to lay in a fresh supply of water and provisions.

The next two days were beautiful; and the sky was clear, the wind light, and the sea calm. The last day of the old year the passengers remained on deck from morning till evening, watching for land and for the approach to the Cape.

There was a man stationed aloft with a powerful

telescope in his hand, on the look-out for land; but long before it was possible for him to see it, even with the aid of his powerful glass, our little party of missionaries imagined that they could discern it with their naked eyes. Every light line of vapour on the south-eastern horizon they supposed to be the coast of Africa, and they called out to each other to announce the discovery; but when line after line of the imaginary shore melted away and made itself "thin air," and nothing remained in sight but sea and sky, they began to grow discouraged.

"It is just the same with the Cape of Good Hope as it was with the Cape Verde Islands; the coast recedes and recedes before us as we advance, and it may be days before we reach it!" complained Mrs. Breton.

"Oh, but we got there at last, and we shall get here presently," smiled Mrs. Ely.

And just at that very moment, when there was not the thinnest line visible to them that might be taken by the wildest fancy for land, the man aloft once more sung out the joyful words:

"Land ho!"

Up went Mr. Breton's telescope, but he could see nothing; his glass was not so powerful as that of the man on the look-out, nor was his position so commanding. He passed his telescope along to his companions, and one by one they tried it, but in vain.

"I don't believe there is any land in sight!" grumbled Mrs. Breton.

"Oh, yes; the man could not be mistaken, and we will see land presently," smiled Mrs. Ely.

"There for ye, ma'am. Ye'll see the coast iv Cape Colony presently. Sure it's the Fore-Top Tom himself that's aloft; and he nivr made a mistake in his life, except when he made me a print iv that squaking baste of a bird!" said Judith Riordan, who, having nothing else to do, was also on the look-out for land.

Judith prophesied truly. In an hour, with the aid of their little glass, they made out Table Mount, and in two hours they could see the whole line of coast, with its bold headlands and deeply indented inlets.

A few hours more of sailing brought them to the entrance of Table Bay, under the shadow of Table Mount.

The ship dropped anchor just as the sun touched the horizon. The sailors were all busy with the rigging.

The missionary party hurried forward to view the novel scene; but Miss Conyers, though belonging to them, walked aft, and leaned over the taffrail, to bid good night to the last sun of the old year, as he sank beneath the wave.

Justin Rosenthal followed her, and stood by her side for a few minutes, watching in reverent silence the rich crimson light fading from the western horizon; and then he said, quietly:

"It is gone! Will you please to take my arm, and allow me to lead you forward? The captain will not send a boat on shore to-night; but to-morrow morning we shall all have an opportunity of visiting the colony. In the meantime, the view of the town and its vicinity, from this anchorage, is well worth looking at. Will you come?"

"Thank you—yes," said Miss Conyers; and she permitted him to draw her hand within his arm, and take her forward, where all her companions were grouped together, gazing upon the new sights before them.

The view, as Justin Rosenthal had truly said, was well worth looking at.

First of all, the bay into which they had put was vast enough to accommodate any number of ships, and, indeed, a very considerable number rode at anchor within it.

Before them lay Cape Town, nestled at the foot of Table Mount, whose perpendicular sides rose up behind it; while on either hand, like giant sentinels to guard the entrance of the port, stood the barren crags of Lion's Head and Devil's Peak.

A little back from the shores were sunny green hills and shady groves, among which, half hidden, stood beautiful villas, built in the old Dutch style, with flat roofs, and painted walls, and broad terraces.

The newly-arrived voyagers remained on deck, gazing on this scene with never tiring interest, until the short bright twilight of those latitudes suddenly sank into night, and the stars came out in the purple black heavens, and the lights shone in the streets and houses of Cape Town.

Then they went below to the supper that had long been waiting; and afterwards they turned in for the night.

As soon as they were awake in the morning, the whole party arose and dressed, and hurried up on deck to take another look at the harbour, the shipping, the town, and the mountain.

"So this is Africa!" exclaimed Mrs. Ely, gazing in open-mouthed wonder upon the scene before them; "and only think—as long as we have been expecting

to get here, now that we are here, I feel as if I was in a dream. Africa! Why, law, you know, though I always studied the map of Africa at school, and read about it in geography, I never seemed to realize there was such a place. It always seemed to me only like a place in a story, just as the Happy Valley, or the Cave of Despair. And I am sure it is as strange for me to be standing here, looking at it, as if I suddenly saw before me the Island of Calm Delight, or any other place that was only in a book. How queer! Africa!"

"I think your feeling is a more common one than would be generally acknowledged," replied her husband. "Until it is presented to our senses, the real, like the ideal, only exists for us, in our imaginations."

"What astounds me," said Mrs. Breton, "is to see here, at the most southern extremity of the most barbarous grand division of the earth, a town with houses, and a harbour with shipping, so much like the seaports of our own Christian and civilized native country. Why, law, only for that great mountain behind the town, and those two great rocks to the right and left, that stand like Gog and Magog to guard the port, one might think we were looking in upon some seaport of the old country."

"Yes," said Mr. Breton; "for harbours and shipping have a certain general resemblance all over the world. So also do seaport towns. And this town, with its peculiar style of building, does certainly resemble some of the older portions of our own country. But it resembles still more the seaports of Holland, with canals running through the middle of all the principal streets, as you never see in ours."

"Oh! canals running down the middle of the streets; how queer! Like Venice."

"Oh, no, not Venice; for the streets of Venice are all canals—the walls of the houses rising straight up from the edge of the water. But here the canals only run down through the middle of the most important streets, and there are beautiful sidewalks, well shaded by lofty trees, before the rows of houses, each side. But you will see all these things when you go on shore. And there is the breakfast bell."

While the others talked, Miss Conyers and Mr. Rosenthal stood side by side, perfectly silent, and letting their eyes rove over the sea and land. And now they turned and followed their companions into the saloon.

While they were breakfasting, the sailors were getting out the yawl boat, so that when they came on deck again they found it waiting. They made haste to prepare themselves, and were soon ready. The gentlemen handed the ladies carefully down into the boat. The captain, who was going on shore with his passengers, joined them; and the sailors laid themselves to their oars, and pushed off the boat.

"In African waters—only think!" said Mrs. Breton, who did not seem to be able to get over her astonishment at finding herself in such a—to her—mythical place.

They rowed cautiously past British men-of-war, past East India merchantmen, past Dutch traders, past Chinese junks, and the shipping of all nations that rode at anchor in the harbour; and then past the fortifications, and past the custom-house, near which they landed.

As they brought nothing into the town but what they wore on their persons or carried in their hands, they had no business with the receivers of duty; so they went on into the town.

First they found the usual crowd that day and night haunt the piers of sea-ports—only in this place the crowd was smaller as to number, and greater as to variety, than is commonly to be met with—for here were English, Dutch and Portuguese colonists, and Hottentots, Kafir and other natives, besides a sprinkling of strangers and visitors from all parts of the world.

Through this crowd they went up a narrow street, and turned into a broad avenue, beautifully shaded with poplar, oak, and pine trees, and built up on each side with handsome houses in the Dutch style of architecture.

Here the captain paused to point out to them the way to the South African College, and left them, and went in pursuit of his own business.

Mr. Ely and Mr. Breton had letters of introduction to the chief professor of that institution, and thitherward the whole party turned their steps. It was a long but pleasant walk.

The novelty of everything around them, and the strangeness of seeing so many old familiar objects of their own native land and home mixed up with so much that was new and foreign, beguiled the time so that they were unconscious of fatigue until they reached the college building.

The professor was within, and received them in his private study—a comfortable room, carpeted, curtained, and fitted up with chairs and tables, desks and book-cases, like any European or English gentleman's library.

The professor was a pleasant little old man, in a

dressing-gown, cap and slippers. And very cordially he arose and welcomed the party to Africa.

"To Africa!" echoed Mrs. Ely, who seemed in a chronic state of amazement—"it seems like saying, 'to the Moon.'"

"Well, my dear young lady, it is rather an outlandish place, and in the same quarter of the globe as the Mountains of the Moon!" said the professor, who was something of a humorist.

He offered them refreshments, consisting of the rich Constantia wine of the colony, and biscuits, cold fowl, cake, fruit, and so forth.

And when they had eaten and drank and rested, he showed them over the college—into the library, museum, class-rooms, refectories, and dormitories.

And when they returned to his study he sent a messenger to procure a carriage, to take them round the town.

CHAPTER XXV.

'Tis sheltered by the silver tree, 'tis mantled by the vine;
The orange sheds its yellow fruit from fragrant thickets
And flowery meadows from the door stretch till, they meet
The sky.

FROM the South African College they drove out of town in the direction of the Wynberg Hill, to a beautiful villa in the English style of architecture, closely shaded with the brilliant native trees of the colony, grouped with the imported old familiar trees of the mother country; and surrounded with gardens laid out in the English fashion.

To the owner of this lovely home, the Rev. Mr. Burney, of the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Ely bore letters of introduction for himself and his whole party.

And when their carriage had rolled through the beautifully ornamented grounds, and up the poplar-shaded drive to the front of the villa, he left his companions in their seats and alighted and went in to present his credentials to the master of the house.

He was welcomed by Mr. Burney with that cordial hospitality which must be peculiar, I think, to colonists all over the world; but it is, perhaps, most peculiar to those of the Cape of Good Hope.

He insisted that Mr. Ely should immediately bring in his whole party; and to enforce the execution of his plan, he went with that gentleman to the carriage and put his head in at the window and shook hands with all its occupants, and then had them all out of it and in his own drawing-room, before they knew what they were about.

Then he sent for his wife and daughters and presented them to his visitors.

"Mrs. Burney, Miss Burney, Miss Mary Burney."

And then he presented his visitors to his family:

"The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Ely, my dears. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Breton. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal."

"Miss Conyers—the young lady's name is Conyers," whispered Mrs. Breton, in a panic.

But of all the hurried low-toned explanation the unfortunate host heard only the names, and he corrected his mistake and made matters worse by exclaiming:

"Bless my life and soul, yes! I beg your pardon, sir and madam." Then turning again to his family group, he presented the young people over again as—"My dears, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Conyers."

Britomarte's cheeks were scarlet. But Justin smiled with perfect self-possession and some little amusement as he shook hands all around, saying as he did so:

"I am not so happy. The young lady by my side is Miss Conyers; but it is not the fault of Justin Rosenthal, at your service, that she is so."

The good minister uttered another "Bless my life and soul!" And then he laughed and stretched forth his hand, saying: "But you see the mistake was so natural on my part. Here is a party of missionaries on the way to India! And here is one young couple and here is another young couple; and here are two more young people, and what so natural as to take them for a third young couple? But I beg your pardon, Miss Conyers, I am sure."

"And he won't do so no more!" will you, papa dear?" said Miss Mary, who seemed to be the privileged romp of the family.

"Indeed I will not; until you give me the right," laughed the minister.

Miss Conyers responded by a grave, severe bow; she could not easily recover her equanimity.

But Justin begged to assure his host that he for his part suffered under no sense of injury.

Mr. Burney laughingly replied that he should imagine he did not.

And so the affair passed off.

When the party were all seated comfortably in the easy chairs and on the sofas of the drawing-room, that looked so exactly like the drawing-rooms at home that they could almost have supposed them-

selves transported by magic back to England; their host, with his hand upon his knees and his head bent eagerly forward, said:

"Your ship will be in port here some days, I hope?"

"No. We sail on Saturday."

"Bless my life and soul!" exclaimed this good man, who was given to imploring benedictions upon his own head. "You sail on Saturday, and this is Thursday. Well, well, you must make the most of your time, and we must make the most of you. You must remain with us while the ship is in port. Not a word now. I will take no denial."

The two young wives looked at their husbands for direction—a mark of homage to their liege lords, which Britomarte immediately resented by promptly rising to follow Miss Burney from the room.

"Yes, do so, my love, since our kind friends make a point of it," said Mr. Ely.

—And as Mr. Breton also assented to the proposal, the two ladies arose to leave the room in the wake of Miss Conyers and her conductor.

The three gentlemen then took a temporary leave of the Burneys, and entered the carriage to return to the town to go on board the ship; not only for the purpose of bringing off what they required for themselves and party, but also to inform the captain of their plan of spending their time while in port at the Poplars, as the Rev. Mr. Burney's villa was called.

The three ladies, meanwhile, followed Miss Burney, who conducted them up two flights of stairs to a large hall in the third story, from which four doors opened into four spacious bedrooms, all fitted up in the style of English chambers. She showed the three ladies into three separate rooms, and explained that the fourth room was occupied by herself and her sister, and that her parents and her two brothers had the apartments on the second floor below them.

"Oh, Britomarte! only to think of being in Africa—barbarous Africa!—and having a nice house with Brussels carpet, and Brocatelle curtains, and spring mattresses, and Marseilles counterpanes, and ruffled pillow-cases—all in civilized style! Isn't it delightful?"

Martha Breton was reeling to and fro, complaining indifferently:

"Oh, dear me, girls, how queer it does feel to be walking on a floor that keeps still where it was laid! But do you know, I have been so long used to walking on the rolling floor of the cabin or the deck of that tiny old ship, that I am in danger of falling and breaking my neck every minute on this stationary floor? You see, I either lift my feet too high and almost dislocate my limbs, or else I set them down too low, and strike the floor with a bump that jars to the very top of my head! It is awful, trying to get used to walking on a motionless floor after being accustomed to a rolling deck! And oh! Britomarte, do you think there is any danger of the horrid natives rising and massacring us all while we stay here?" she inquired anxiously.

"Not the smallest, I do assure you," answered Miss Conyers.

In a little while Mary Burney came to show them down into the drawing-room, where, in the course of an hour, they were joined by the gentlemen of the mission.

After the early three o'clock dinner, as their time was so short, and they had to make the most of it, Mr. Burney ordered his carriage and pair, and also two saddle-horses, and took his guests for a ride and drive around the beautiful environs of Cape Town. Mrs. Burney and the three missionary ladies and Mr. Ely rode inside the carriage, Mr. Burney on the box beside the coachman, and Mr. Breton and Mr. Rosenthal on horseback.

They went to the foot of Wynberg Hill, where they alighted and began to ascend the hill by the newly made spiral walk that led to the summit, where they stopped to view the magnificent panoramas spread out beneath them—the harbour, and the town, Table Mount, Lion's Head, and Devil's Peak, on one hand, and the great sandy plains stretching away to the distant chain of mountains, on the other.

When they had got enough of this view, they descended the hill by the same spiral walk, winding around and down its sides until they reached the bottom, where they found the carriage and horses still waiting.

"Now I could take you to our Zoological Gardens; but, in fact, you would see there nothing more than you have often seen in your own country—a wild beast show. However, we will drive there if you would like to go," said Mr. Burney.

But his guests assured him that they preferred not to go. So they all returned to the Poplars, where the two young ladies had tea ready in the drawing-room, and where they found also the two young men of the family, who had come home from their place of business in the town, and who were now duly introduced to the missionary party.

They all passed a very delightful evening, especially when Mrs. Ely let out the secret of Britomarte's gift for dramatic reading.

Mr. Burney brought out his Shakespeare; and Miss Conyers, as ever, delighting to exercise her talent and to please her friends, selected the play of *Macbeth* which she read with great power and effect.

That night, when all the ladies had retired to rest, and the two missionaries had followed their wives to their rooms, Mr. Burney and Mr. Rosenthal remained alone in the parlour.

"What an amazing dramatic talent your young friend has," said Mr. Burney, reflectively. "I had rather hear her read a tragedy than see it performed, even if it were proper for me to witness such a performance; for even in the best managed houses, I suppose, one would only get two or three parts well acted; whereas when she reads, we have every part equally well rendered. What a voice she has! how powerful; how full-toned and varying it is; how it rolls and swells in thunder in some of the passages; how it vibrates and melts in sweetness in others. And her face! What a marvellous command of countenance she has! In reading some of those passages in the part of Lady Macbeth, she is absolutely appalling. Who was her teacher of elocution?"

"Nature, I think," replied Justin Rosenthal. "She had, indeed, a professor of elocution, who trained her in some of its elements; but she so far excels her master, or any other master I ever knew of, that he can scarcely take credit for her proficiency."

"If, now, I had any very strong personal interest in that singularly-gifted young lady, I should dread this power she possesses."

"Why?"

"Lest it should tempt her into that field—that most fascinating and perilous field—where it can be the most displayed."

"You mean the stage?"

"Yes."

"Your misgivings are groundless. She will never be tempted to exercise her talent in that way. She is going out as a missionary to Cambodia."

"Ah! to marry and nurse some bilious brother of ours, I suppose."

"No, not to marry any one there."

"Then, perhaps, you are the happy man. If so, I congratulate you with all my heart; for you will have a very beautiful and brilliant young creature for a wife. But, bless my life and soul, what a droll mistake that was of mine, to be sure! calling you two Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal, and then to make matters worse, trying to correct my error by calling you Mr. and Mrs. Conyers!" said the old man, laughing at the recollection of his joke.

"I repeat, that I could not feel myself very much aggrieved by that mistake! But I should advise you, Mr. Burney, that I am not the happy man you take me for," said Justin, rising, as if to break up the conversation.

Our little party of travellers did not wish to lose one hour of the short and precious time in which they had to enjoy all that was possible in this strange and pleasant land. So they arose very early in the morning, and issued almost simultaneously from their chambers out into the common hall, upon which their doors opened. After exchanging the greetings of the morning and congratulating each other upon the glorious day before them, the next mutual question of course was:

"How did you rest?"

"As for me, I didn't rest so very well! I missed the motion of the ship, and seemed to want somebody to rock me to sleep," said Mrs. Ely, laughing.

"Well, dear, we will see if Mrs. Burney has got a big old cradle put away somewhere in her lumber-room, and we'll beg the loan of it for you, and I will rock you to sleep to-night," said her husband, with mock solemnity.

"For my part, the rocking of the last three months has made such an impression upon my nerves of sensation that I believe I shall feel myself rocking for the remainder of my natural life! I am sure the bed swayed from side to side when I laid down, just as the floor rises and falls with me even now!" said Mrs. Breton.

At this moment Miss Burney came out of her room and greeted the guests, and invited them down into the breakfast-parlour, where the morning meal was ready, and where the remainder of the family awaited their visitors.

Mr. Burney advanced and shook hands with the whole party cordially, while Mrs. Burney, bowing and smiling all around, prepared to make the tea.

"What is the programme for to-day? You must make the most of the time, you know," said Mr. Burney, when they were all seated around the table.

"We were thinking of visiting the schools. I am informed that the provision for education is very liberal, and, indeed, munificent, and that the institu-

tions of learning here are among the very best of their kind," said Mr. Ely.

"Well, yes, we may visit the schools if you please; but I warn you that schools are very much alike all over the world, and ours do not differ materially from others. There are some objects of interest, however, that you cannot see out of the colony. Table Mount, for instance. Suppose this morning we take a drive to the base of Table Mount. There are some curious specimens of Cape vegetation to be seen in that vicinity," proposed Mr. Burney.

The ladies immediately cast their votes in favour of Table Mount.

And directly after breakfast Mr. Burney ordered the carriage, and the party went to prepare for their drive.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Burney were at leisure to go out this morning; but Miss Burney accompanied the party, who set out in high spirits—all the ladies riding inside the capacious carriage, and the three gentlemen on horseback.

"How pleasant is the motion of a carriage rolling along through these shady roads, after the motion of the ship," said Mrs. Ely.

"Yes, but I feel the motion of the ship always and everywhere, even now and here," said Mrs. Breton.

"Is that the silver tree?" inquired Miss Conyers, referring to a gigantic tree that towered above the other trees of the woods through which they were driving, whose light, shining, and delicate bluish-green leaves glistened in the sun as if they had been really silver-frosted.

"Yes, and it is much the largest tree we have. It grows to an enormous size in some parts of the colony. We have some on our place, but they have not yet reached their full maturity."

"Oh! what a splendid bird! Do look," exclaimed Mrs. Ely, in delight, pointing to a brilliant creature that was balancing itself, and trimming its plumage, upon a sapling near them.

"It is the scarlet flamingo, one of the handsomest birds we have," said Miss Burney.

"That is the *protea cynaroides*, I suppose," said Miss Conyers, indicating a strange specimen of Cape vegetation that grew on the side of the road, and bore a variegated flower as large as a wash-basin.

"Yes, and I believe it is found nowhere else on the face of the earth. And the nearer you get to Table Mount, the more you will see. They grow in great abundance there."

At this moment, a scream from Mrs. Breton drew everyone's attention towards her.

A Cape monkey had leaped from the trees on one side of the road, chattering, upon her shoulders, and then, with a second leap, had cleared the distance to the bushes on the other side.

There was no harm done, and her companions laughed.

"Oh, he only took the liberty of making your shoulders a half-way station to break his journey across the road," said Miss Burney.

"Then I wish he hadn't done it!—frightening me out of my senses! I'm sure I thought it was a wild cat!" said Mrs. Breton, half crying.

"We've no wild cats here. But lest you should be frightened again, we will have the carriage closed, if you like."

"Oh, I should like, please!" A panther might be leaping on my back to break his journey across the road next thing!"

"Not likely! the wild beasts of prey retire before the settlements, you know; we have few or none in this vicinity, and they are never seen by day. Even this monkey I fancy to be a tame one, belonging to some of the colonists?"

"But I thought that lions, and panthers, and hyenas, and all sorts of horrid beasts, abound in the colony?"

"So they do, but they are farther back towards the inland. Shall I have the carriage shut up?"

"Oh, no, if you are quite sure that we shall not have a wild cat or a hyena, or something of that sort, leap into it."

"Quite sure," laughed Miss Burney, and they went on as before.

(To be continued.)

LORD DUDLEY was shooting with the Emperor Napoleon, recently, when he inquired from M. de la Panouze, the inspector on duty, why the crowd was not allowed within the circle. "Hélas! my lord," replied the inspector, "if we did not take this precaution, we should miss many a head of game." Whereupon Lord Dudley went up to a peasant who happened to be among the crowd, and taking him by the hand, broke through the line of gendarmes, and left the astonished man among the group of ambassadors, princes, dukes, &c., much amazed at this interference with the Emperor's arrangements, and at the independent spirit of the British nobility.



[LEOPOLD I., LATE KING OF THE BELGIANS.]

THE LATE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

It cannot be said that the death of King Leopold was not long expected, nor that it has taken us by surprise. The aged monarch was endowed with a strong constitution, it is true, and had lived a temperate life—only a short while ago, moreover, he was here in apparent vigour, and a still shorter period since he was engaged in healthful sports in the forest of Ardennes—but, on the other hand, the illness under which his robust constitution gave way was well known to be of a most serious character, and no one, probably, thought that he would survive it. Intelligence of his death was expected for some time, and when it came, though painful, it was not surprising. That it is an event of grave moment is apparent to all. It would be so were there no other reasons for anxiety beyond the fact that Belgium has lost in King Leopold a ruler who has not only been free from blame, but one whose course has been so sagacious and so eminently useful to his country as to place him in an exceptional position among his class. Out of our own country, no sovereign has been so truly constitutional in his government as King Leopold, and although the Belgians may be blessed with a monarch as good, they can never hope to have a better.

Leopold, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Margrave of Meissen, and Landgrave of Thuringia, was the third and youngest son of Francis, late reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and born at the ducal capital of Coburg, December 16, 1796. He was fortunate in both his parents, his father being a man of great intelligence, culture, and political sagacity, and his mother—a princess of the ancient and celebrated House of Reuss of Plauen—a

woman of varied accomplishments, fine taste, rare elevation of mind, and great strength of character. All her powers were devoted to the education of her children, and the peculiar attachment which in after life subsisted amongst all the members of the Coburg family is justly attributed to her influence.

The young Prince Leopold received an excellent education, and distinguished himself so much by his attainments in science, literature, and art, that he early acquired the reputation of being one of the most accomplished princes in Europe. He embraced the profession of arms, to which his elder brothers were already devoted, and which was, in fact, in the then disturbed state of Europe, the only course open to a titled youth of spirit and ambition. Indeed, not only his brothers, but his uncles were all military men of mark, one of them, his uncle Frederick, having a few years before acquired a European fame. It was almost impossible for a youth of courage and ability like Prince Leopold to avoid taking part in the great struggle in which the leading members of his family had been for years engaged. Before, however, entering on the active duties of his profession, he had to bear political and domestic responsibilities of a far worse and more painful kind.

The political convulsion which, in 1806, involved the whole of North Germany, was attended with consequences peculiarly calamitous to the House of Coburg, and during these calamities Prince Leopold was the only stay of his father, Duke Francis, then almost too ill for any active exertion. The events of that terrible crisis, the advance of the French into Saxony, and especially the storming of the Castle of Saalfeld, in which he and his family had taken refuge, were too much for the duke's enfeebled frame, and he expired before the end of the year. At the early age of sixteen Prince Leopold was thus left to

comfort and support his bereaved mother, and watch over the interests of his family, during a period of the utmost confusion and distress. There can be little doubt that this severe experience had a powerful influence on his character, tending to deepen the tones of gravity, firmness, and moderation, and to strengthen the spirit of self-reliance, by which his conduct even as a boy had been distinguished. The administration of the duchy, which devolved upon him soon after, during his brother's absence, still further increased his acquaintance with public affairs, as well as his knowledge of men.

Being at length free to pursue his military career, Prince Leopold, in the year 1808, accompanied the Emperor of Russia and his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Constantine, to the interview with Napoleon at Erfurt. The marriage of his sister with the Grand Duke had decided him, some years before, to enter the Russian service, and he had in fact been made a general in the Russian army as early as 1804, when he had been little more than a year in active service. Napoleon, who kept a keen eye on the Coburg princes, and watched with peculiar jealousy their proceedings, formally demanded that Prince Leopold should quit the Russian army.

Prince Leopold hastened to Paris to remonstrate in person against this demand, but he was told that if he hesitated any longer to comply, his uncle's possessions would be seized. He accordingly left the Russian army silently, retaining his rank, by permission of the emperor, till he might be able again to assume it publicly. Meanwhile, he assiduously devoted himself to business, to study, and to travel. At first he assumed his place in the management of the duchy; in 1811 he negotiated with the King of Bavaria a future treaty of great importance to the principality of Coburg, and in 1812 made a tour through Switzerland and Italy.

At the commencement of 1813, the three brothers of the House of Coburg exerted themselves, as far as their situation permitted, to prepare for the emancipation of Germany; Leopold in particular devoting himself with the greatest ardour, but at the same time with characteristic caution, to the spread and organization of the movement.

The declaration of war against France enabled him to resume his position in the Russian army, and as a general of cavalry he greatly distinguished himself in the campaigns that followed. He was present and took an active part in the various engagements that marked the progress of the allies, at Lutzen, Bautzen, Kulm, and the more terrible and decisive battle of Leipzig, where he displayed not only signal coolness and courage, but great military talent. His distinguished services were acknowledged by the allied sovereigns, and for the part he had taken in these engagements he was decorated with the Orders of St. George and St. Marie-Thérèse.

After the campaign of the ensuing spring, he entered Paris with the cavalry reserve, and subsequently accompanied the allied sovereigns to London, being specially attached to the Emperor Alexander. It was during this visit that Prince Leopold attracted the notice of the Princess Charlotte. That the prince should have made a deep impression on the heart of the princess, and that a strong mutual attachment should have speedily sprung up between them is certainly not surprising. The Princess Charlotte united to rare purity and elevation of mind a charming person, and a deeply affectionate nature, while Prince Leopold had almost everything that could recommend him to such a nature—youth, manly bearing, rare accomplishments, sterling sense, as well as sentiment, high spirit, and a military reputation won by distinguished services in the field. He protracted his stay in England some weeks after the departure of the allied sovereigns, and though his proposal for the hand of the princess was at first rejected, she being at that time, in fact, affianced to the Prince of Orange, he left with a strong hope of ultimate success.

In September he repaired to Vienna in order to protect before the Congress his own rights and the interests of his family. The return of Napoleon from Elba, however, suddenly recalled him to his post in the army, and he rejoined his corps on the banks of the Rhine. After the battle of Waterloo he proceeded on family business to Paris, and thence to Berlin, where the invitation of the Prince Regent reached him, formally intimating the preference he had gained in the affections of his daughter the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The prince accordingly proceeded forthwith to England, and on the 26th of March, 1816, a message of the Prince Regent to both Houses of Parliament acquainted them with the approaching marriage of his daughter, which took place on the 2nd of May. The prince had been previously naturalised, created Duke of Kendal, and invested with the rank of field-marshal. The estate of Claremont, in Surrey, was purchased for the royal couple, and Marlborough House, Pall-mall, was assigned for their town residence, with an allowance of £60,000 per annum, which in case Leo-

pold should survive his consort was then to be reduced to 250,000.

Though the country was at that moment watching with intense jealousy over the national expenditure, public opinion having taken a strong and decisive turn in favour of rigid economy, this munificent sum was voted almost by acclamation. The marriage was hailed throughout the country as a public blessing, and the most sanguine hopes were entertained respecting it. These hopes were suddenly and terribly blighted. On the 6th of November, 1817, the princess expired in childbirth. This terrible calamity plunged the whole nation in deep and universal grief. The virtues of the princess had so endeared her to the hearts of the people, that her premature death excited not only the profoundest sense of public loss, but the deeper and more poignant emotion of private sorrow. The bereaved husband suffered intensely with the bereaved nation, and his deep and tender grief found, among other forms, local expression of a peculiar and striking kind. In the apartments commonly used by himself and his royal consort every article remained for many years by his direction precisely as her own hand had left it, and a small Gothic building erected in the grounds at Claremont, and destined for the purpose of pleasure and recreation, was converted by him into a monument to her memory. For many years Prince Leopold continued to reside at Claremont, but in great seclusion and retirement, taking hardly any part in public affairs.

In 1830 he again emerged from obscurity. In February of that year, he was offered the kingdom of Greece. He accepted it on certain conditions, which we need not recapitulate, as it was impossible to comply with them. The result of non-compliance was that he remained in retirement at Claremont. It has been asserted that when he thus declined the crown of Greece, he had some knowledge of the better fortune which was awaiting him. This, however, is quite impossible. The Greek crown was declined on the 21st of May, and the revolution at Brussels did not take place till the following September. When that revolution broke forth, it was not until after the claims of the Duke of Leuchtenburg and of the Duke of Nemours were interdicted—the former by France and the latter by England—that the Belgian people turned towards Prince Leopold. In June, 1831, he was elected their king, and in July he solemnly swore to observe the Constitution, and to preserve the independence and integrity of the country.

He had first, however, to fight for his crown, for the Dutch had not yet consented to the severance of Belgium. King Leopold had to fight the Dutch, he was beaten at Louvain, and he was compelled to seek the assistance of the French. An army of 50,000 men came to his relief, and the King of the Netherlands withdrew his troops. In September, King Leopold opened for the first time the Legislative Chambers, and then commenced the most arduous of tasks, the organization of a new kingdom. In less than a year the nation was constituted, an army of 90,000 men was ready for the field, credit was established, and a national loan of 80,000,000 florins was negotiated.

In order still farther to consolidate his position, the king married, in August, 1832, the Princess Louise, eldest daughter of King Louis Philippe. In the same year, the Netherlands being still reluctant to acknowledge the independence of Belgium, active measures were taken to enforce a recognition, and Leopold, with the assistance of a French army, laid siege to and recovered Antwerp. The result was that in May, 1833, a provisional treaty with the Netherlands was signed, though it was not made final and definite till some years afterwards.

Henceforward the king devoted himself unceasingly to the development of the internal resources of the country, and with what success those who know the high position Belgium now holds in manufactures and in commerce can testify. In 1834 the vast network of railways now covering Flanders was projected, and in 1837 the National Bank was established. The birth of two sons—one in 1837, the other in 1840—gave assurance of the stability of the dynasty, and the good government of the country is proved by the tranquillity it has enjoyed.

He had a remarkable aptitude, partly natural, and partly acquired, for perceiving the various changes of popular feeling; in a word, for interpreting public opinion, as well as a supreme tact in meeting popular requirements before they became unpropitious. Of this unflinching tact a dozen examples might be quoted, but one of the best known will be sufficient. The king safely tided over the difficulty of 1848 by an act of courageous deference to popular feeling, of daring confidence in the goodwill of his subjects. The revolutionary excitement reached Brussels, and there was a clamour amongst the disaffected for a republic. The king immediately came to the capital, and declared himself ready to surrender the crown if

his people wished it. This public and unexpected announcement at once dissipated the threatened storm, strengthened the feeling of order, and established the king more firmly than ever in the affections of his people. It was by this remarkable fidelity to the popular cause and interests, this rare constitutional patriotism, that Leopold overcame all difficulties, gained the enthusiastic attachment of his adopted people, and has died in a good old age, eminently and universally respected, beloved, and revered.

On assuming the crown of Belgium, Leopold married, as we stated, the Princess Louise of Orleans, daughter of the late Louis Philippe. The children of his second marriage are Leopold, Duc de Brabant, who now occupies the throne, born April 9, 1835; the Comte de Flandres, born in 1837; and the Princess Charlotte, born in 1840. The Duc de Brabant led to the altar, in 1853, an Austrian archduchess, daughter of the late Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary. There are two children by this marriage—a daughter, born in 1858, and a son, who in the course of nature will be Leopold III., born June 12, 1859. King Leopold sought an Austrian alliance for his daughter as well as his son, and she was espoused, in 1857, by the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, brother of the reigning Emperor, and himself, at the present moment, "Emperor of Mexico."

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

It was New Year's Eve, and Mary Leigh sat by the window, in the suburbs of a great city. The fire burned low, and the room grew cold and cheerless. The outdoor prospect was still more gloomy. A cold December wind came in fitful gusts against the windows, tossing the dead leaves across the gravel-walks, and sighing mournfully through the leafless branches of the trees.

But Mary Leigh was not at all affected by it; indeed, she scarcely glanced out, except to note, at intervals, how low the sun was getting, and calculate how long a time intervened before the supper-hour.

There was a shade of anxiety and care resting on her pale features, changing sometimes to a look of vexation. It was the eve of a holiday; but life had no holiday for her.

The table before her was heaped with pieces and patterns. A coat, much worn, ripped in places, and pressed carefully, was laid before her for consideration. She thought it would make a winter jacket for Johnny, her youngest boy, who needed it sadly. But it would not do. She had turned it every way, and the patterns were laid on, again and again, to no purpose. There was a thin place here, and a spot there.

"It is no use," sighed poor Mrs. Leigh; "it is too scant a pattern."

She leaned her head heavily on her hand, and the tears gathered in her eyes.

"I have been all my life," she said, "at least ever since I can remember, trying to make one shilling do the duty of three—trying to make something out of nothing."

Her thoughts went back to her earliest recollections of her childhood; to the patient widowed mother toiling, day after day, far beyond her strength, uncomplaining, accomplishing so much, and yet receiving so little credit from the hard-judging world.

She thought of the school-room where she had sat, oh! so wearily, trying to learn lessons far beyond her comprehension, with no guide save the textbook, which she could not understand, and the indifferent teacher, who kept school because she must do something for a living.

She thought of all the long, weary struggle to fit herself for the world—to become an ornament to society; of the yearning and thirsting for more knowledge, and the half promise of assistance from friends.

She thought of her fond anticipations as she had looked forward to the joyous days, when her bright dreams should be realized. When school life should really begin, and countless books unlock for her their hidden treasures.

She thought, too, of the sudden death of that beloved mother, that had put all pleasant anticipations far away from her thoughts.

She had been left alone. None cared to aid her now; she was not theirs, and bitterly the orphan felt it. Going to school was out of the question now, with no home, and her limited means. She must teach for her living, they said.

She did not choose her vocation, there was no choice left her. Naturally delicate, with feeble strength, and an ambitious mind, she could think of nothing else; longing to do something for others, yet not able to help herself.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, who shall judge? her place in the teacher's desk was soon vacant. Mr. Leigh, one of the committee, thought Mary Morton would be an ornament to his cottage home, left deso-

late when his mother died; and he asked her to be his wife. So Mary Morton became Mary Leigh.

Gossiping mothers said the school-teacher had done well, for Arthur Leigh was a fine man, full of energy, and would be rich, too, some day. Poor orphan Mary! She was grateful for his love; and she poured out for him all the hoarded affection of her heart. Hers was no stinted gift, but an overflowing love, garnered through many lonely, weary years.

The world said they were happy; and the bright tears gathered in Mary's eyes, as she often asked herself why she was not.

As years passed on, three little children were given to them. Two sturdy, roguish boys, and a blue-eyed fairy, that bore the name of Lily. But the sweet baby-girl was too fair a blossom for this cold world, and was soon transplanted to heaven.

"Because we are not worthy,"

And Mary's tears fell fast on the little unconscious sleeper. Not so much for her loss, as for the knowledge that she was not worthy to train that sinless babe for heaven.

Mrs. Leigh's thoughts had wandered back over all these weary years, noting every heartache, every new trial.

Her efforts for improvement had passed unnoticed, her thoughtful love and care had not been appreciated; and worse than all, her love seemed thrown away on her thoughtless husband, who should have shielded her from petty trials and vexations.

"Yes," she said, softly, "I have tried all my life to make something out of nothing, and I have failed. These little cares and troubles may be trifles, but they are very hard to bear."

The worn pieces and little patterns were pushed aside hastily, and the weary head was bowed on the table, while sob after sob broke the stillness of the room.

The clock on the mantle struck the hour of five, and she started up nervously.

Hastily putting aside her work, she bathed her face and swollen eyes, then descended to the kitchen. She kindled a fire, and began to prepare the evening meal.

The children came in from their out-door play, clamorous for their evening meal. Alfred had torn his jacket and lost his knife. Johnny was half crying, half scolding, and holding up a bruised hand. He had stumbled and fallen on the hard frozen ground, and though he was a brave little fellow, the tears would come.

The wants of the children were kindly attended to, and the tea-table laid with its snowy cloth. The biscuits were light and nice. The preserves were brought from the cool cellar, and the pie put near the grate to warm.

There was only one maid-of-all-work, and that was Mary Leigh herself. She tried to recover her wonted cheerfulness, as she prepared the fragrant tea in anticipation of her husband's speedy arrival.

He came soon, greeting his pale, patient wife with a careless smile; but his children with kind words and kisses. Arthur Leigh was not an unkind man; "only thoughtless," his friends said. Yes, thoughtless he certainly was; and if the truth must be told, selfish, too.

He did ample justice to the viands placed before him, while his wife, unnoticed, helped the children and sipped her tea, too weary and worn to care to eat anything.

She followed her husband to the sitting-room, after putting aside the tea-things, and setting the room in order.

Mr. Leigh had just finished the evening paper, and was preparing to go out as his wife entered the room.

"Mary," he asked, anxiously, "have you spent that money that I gave you yesterday? I have run short to-day, and I will borrow it of you if you do not need it now."

Need it! He had given her a pound, reserving twice as much for himself; and she had been revolving in her mind, for the last hour, what to do with it. Other families had money, even if a little, for New Year's presents to the children; but Arthur said that New Year's presents were "a humbug."

If she could get the necessities of life for her family, she was thankful. So she had been considering whether she should take this money for a pair of shoes, long needed, or buy a jacket for Johnny, which garment was indispensable for the cold weather.

"I had thought of getting cloth for John for a jacket," she answered, timidly; "but if you need it, I will wait."

"John a jacket! I don't see why you cannot make over Albert's clothes for him, I'm sure. Because it is little more work, I suppose. Mrs. Somers never buys new cloth for her boys; and he took the money she handed him, and went out hastily, shutting the door, by no means softly, behind him."

"I did try hard to make the old clothes do," she said, "but they were completely worn out."

Tears came now; she had kept them back with a strong will while her husband was speaking; for if there was anything that Arthur Leigh hated it was to see a woman cry. He had told her so repeatedly; and the brave woman, dreading nothing so much as his anger, had conquered herself, and sat down to her sewing in silence.

Arthur Leigh strode down the street, soliloquizing to himself:

"I do wish Mary was not so easily discouraged. She is always down-hearted about some trifle. Something went wrong to-day, I suppose. I'm sure she has everything she needs; but women are never contented."

As he spoke thus, he encountered the friends who were to meet him. He had wanted the money to pay his share of the evening's pleasure. He could keep New Year's Eve, even if his family could not.

And yet it was not without a twinge of conscience that he thought of his wife at home. Mr. Arthur Leigh was not wholly bad, he was only selfish.

His wife sat alone all that evening, stitching wearily. The children were in bed, their little cares and sorrows forgotten in sleep. Mary Leigh sighed audibly. There was no one to chide her now.

"I do not see why our children have better clothes, and look as well as other people's," she thought to herself. "If we were very poor, it would be different; but with Arthur's salary we ought to have things comfortable, especially as I do my own work. I surely am not extravagant in dress. I am almost ashamed to go to church now, my clothes are so shabby. If I mention it, Arthur says, 'stay at home then.' If you only go to show new clothes, it will not do you any good. I don't see but what you look well enough." Sometimes he says, "Oh, yes! you must have this or that. I'll give you the money next week." But he forgets it, and I cannot bear to keep asking for money. Poor Arthur! I wonder if anything has gone wrong to-day. If he would only tell me about his business, and let me know his trials and disappointments, how much better I could sympathize with him!"

And with a heart softened towards her husband, she took up her little Bible, sure of finding something to comfort her.

"Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not on thine own understanding." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Yes, if she could only do that, and she had tried.

Ever since she had kissed baby Lily good-by, she had longed for that "peace that passeth all understanding;" and that "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

How insignificant, how trifling seemed the petty disappointments and annoyances of the past day! The memory of them could no longer vex her. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him." The words came to her with new meaning.

When her husband came home, an hour later, irritated with himself and disappointed with his evening, he wondered silently at the cheerful, happy look on Mary's pale face. He felt keen remorse.

"I shall have some more money soon, Mary, and you shall have it to get yourself and the children some clothes," he said, in a softened mood, as he bent over his wife, and kissed her pale cheek. "And to-morrow, as it is a holiday (we don't often keep New Year's Day, but will for once), we will go and see Uncle John. A ride will do you good—you are growing thin and pale, darling."

He had noticed lately how patiently and uncomplainingly she had borne his teasing words, and the children's waywardness; how careful she had been not to irritate or provoke him when weary; and though he scarcely acknowledged it to himself, it had had an influence over him.

From that New Year's Eve, too, he began to be a different man. As days went by, and he witnessed his wife's constant patience and cheerfulness, as he saw that she possessed something to which his own heart was a stranger, imperceptibly his conduct changed toward her. He became more thoughtful of her comfort—more ready to supply her wants.

Gradually he even began to practice economy in his own expenditure, and was surprised to find how many things he could do without, which he had once thought indispensable to his comfort.

Mary Leigh never forgot that Bible lesson, learned on that New Year's Eve, when her heart was bowed down beneath an accumulated burden of trifling cares and disappointments. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." C. B. H.

HEAT IN INDIA AND AFRICA.—The temperature of the Zambesi had increased 10 deg. since August, being now 80 deg. The air was as high as 96 deg. after sunset; and the vicinity of the water being the coolest part, we usually made our beds close by the river's brink, though there in danger of crocodiles. Africa

differs from India in the air always becoming cool and refreshing long before the sun returns, and there can be no doubt that we can in this country bear exposure to the sun, which would be fatal in India. It is probably owing to the greater dryness of the African atmosphere that sunstroke is so rarely met with. In twenty-two years Dr. Livingstone never met or heard of a single case, though the protective head-dresses of India are rarely seen.—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries.* By David and Charles Livingstone.

A DAUGHTER TO MARRY.

By the Author of "Bulter Burke at Eton," &c.

CHAPTER I.

What dire offences from amorous causes spring!
What mighty contests rise from trivial things!

Pope.

THE passages in the Tax Office were something awful to contemplate. There was no end of them, and no end to them. They dovetailed into one another with a marvellous, not to say mysterious, precision, and so neatly druggeted were they, that the traveller might have fancied himself in the midst of the Sahara, for his foot-falls were noiseless.

Oh! those passages in the Tax Office! How tortuous, how winding, and how bewildering! Who designed ye?

There was a young man of weak geographical ideas and slender topographical instincts, who never could do his work on account of his being lost every day of his life in a vain endeavour to find his way to his room. This young man's life became a burden to him, and he eventually went mad, declaring that he was a great traveller, and had discovered the Sources of the Nile.

Now and then Michael met silent figures gliding away like shadowy ghosts, but he forbore to ask his way, until, utterly disheartened, he sat down on a door-step, and awaited the advent of somebody to enlighten his darkness.

At length some one approached him. He rose and said:

"Will you kindly tell me the way to the Accountant-General's department?"

"Go straight on," replied the young man to whom he had addressed himself. "It is somewhere up that way."

"What is this?"

"This? Oh! The Commissariat."

"Thank you," replied Michael, who might have added "for nothing."

"I shall never get to the place where that man Fenwick is," he said to himself. "It is no good going back, because I don't know my way. I didn't take any land marks. This is certainly a most discouraging place. It is the first time I ever called upon a man in the Tax Office, and I solemnly swear it shall be the last. I had better push on. I must come to an end somewhere or sometime or other."

So he pushed on, and met a grey-headed man, who unfortunately was deaf.

"Do you know where the Accountant-General's is?" said Michael.

"Eh? Speak up, my good sir."

Michael repeated his inquiry in a loud voice.

The grey-headed man shook his head.

Michael shouted.

"Sorry I can't oblige you," said the grey-headed man, "your voice is so low."

Michael gnashed his teeth and walked along, wishing the Tax Office was at the bottom of the Thames.

Presently Michael met somebody else, who, in reply to his question, said:

"Straight on and turn to your left."

This was something definite achieved, which was a great consolation. Going straight on and turning to the left, Michael came suddenly upon a chair, in which was seated a messenger reading a newspaper, which one of his patrons had generously given him.

"This is the Accountant-General's Office," he said.

"Whom do you want?"

"Mr. Fenwick."

"No, 7."

"Where?"

"Opposite."

"Will you call him out?"

"It ain't part of my duty, but—"

"Oh, never mind," cried Michael, advancing to No 7, and pushing the green-baize door open.

He found himself in a large room, in which were twelve or thirteen men, all busily engaged in writing, copying, or cataloguing accounts. He had little difficulty in singling out Maurice Fenwick, to whom he advanced.

The eyes of the other men were raised inquiringly for a moment, and then lowered, but one or two of

the idle and inquisitive leant their heads upon their hands and their elbows on the desks, while they gnawed their pens and cast restless glances upon the intrusive stranger.

Fenwick got up, and said:

"Ah! how do you do?"

"Do you happen to be disengaged?"

"For half an hour?—Yes."

Maurice went to his chief and spoke half a dozen words, and then led the way out of the room. He was followed by Michael. When they were outside upon the landing, Maurice said:

"I am glad you found me out. I wanted to see you. You must not be offended at my offering you money the other night."

"Don't mention it," replied Michael. "My family hate me, and you were with Mortimer; therefore, I resented what I thought an impertinence dictated by him."

"Your sister——" Maurice ventured to remark.

"I must make some little exception in favour of my sister. I believe she loves me. They say sisters always love scampish brothers. She gives me money when she can, and sends me letters full of good advice, hoping that I shall settle down some day, but I never shall. If a miracle were to happen I might, but I have Bohemian blood in me."

"I think Miss Saville is a most charming girl."

"You know her?"

"Oh, yes; not intimately, but sufficiently to be very much pleased with her."

"She is a little too conscientious, if anything," said Michael, "but she is a dear, good girl. My people want her to marry that Hadlow Castle fellow—what's his name?"

"Do you mean Valentine Bridgeman?"

"That's the man. Well, they want her to marry him, but I'll lay something she doesn't. I don't think she'll ever marry. Felicia's one of those girls who go into convents."

Maurice Fenwick registered a vow that Miss Saville should not go into a convent if he could help it.

"I hope," said Maurice, "that if I refer to the subject of money, I shall not be offending you."

"Me! not at all, my boy. I don't mind borrowing your money, now I know you. I have put all my friends under contribution, and so many have cut me in consequence, that I can't be very particular."

"Will ten or twenty——"

"Better make it twenty; lump that with the other ten, and I'll give you an I.O.U. for thirty."

"Oh, no," said Maurice, "acknowledgments of that sort are totally unnecessary. If you say you will pay me when you have an opportunity, or when it is convenient, I shall be perfectly satisfied. I could not think of taking your signature to a bit of paper."

Michael stared at him as if he were receiving different treatment from that to which he was generally accustomed, and replied "Very well, my dear fellow, if you like to be so doosed good-natured, Michael Saville's the last man to disappoint you. If Fortune smiles upon me as she ought to do, I'll pay you with compound interest."

"Hang the interest!"

"What do you want, then?"

"I'm not a money-lender and don't care about interest."

"In what way can I serve you?"

"There is a way."

"Put a name to it."

"Strictly between ourselves!"

"Yes."

"Your sister is—that is to say, you might——" Maurice stammered and broke off.

"Might what?"

"Why, say a good word for me. I don't know how to put it, but Miss Saville is very lovely, and——"

Michael Saville leant back against the bannisters and laughed a loud hoarse sort of laugh, which startled the slumbering messenger from his propriety.

"So you are smitten with my sister, and you lend me some money on the principle of love me love my dog. Well, I'll do what I can for you, Fenwick; but you must keep your eyes open, or the Hon. Valentine will be one too many for you, and carry her off to Hadlow."

"Do you really think so?"

"It won't be my mother's fault if he doesn't, and she is as clever as she is determined."

"You surprise me."

"Why should it? We are nobodies. If my father is making some money and connected with the banking interest, it wasn't always so. People who are nobodies always want to make themselves somebodies, more especially if they hail from the city. We are no exceptions to the rule, and the Hon. Valentine would be an acquisition to the family; don't you see that?"

When Michael received the money he wished Maurice good-by, and went away, to return to his associates, Amen Corner and Mr. Diphthong. Before he went, he once more assured the young Tax Office

clerk that he would do all he could for him with his sister, and chuckled to himself as he thought that he had found a banker to supply his wants whenever an emergency occurred.

Time fled by, and Felicia learnt to regard Maurice Fenwick with affection. She was perfectly well aware that he admired her, because he sent her innumerable presents of jewellery and flowers, all of which she duly sent back again, because her mamma told her that it was improper for her to receive them.

She did not love Maurice at first, but one day she happened to overhear a conversation between her mother and Mortimer. The former was upbraiding the latter for not having removed Maurice from London.

"Why trouble yourself with him at all?" said Mortimer. "I believe myself that Fenwick is harmless enough."

As the name of Fenwick fell upon her ears, Felicia, who was in the conservatory, attending to some calceolarias, at once became interested. She wondered what could make her mother anxious for the ruin of the young man whose only fault had been rescuing her from the ice on the moat at Hadlow Castle. If that was a crime, by all means let his sin be visited upon him; but in her eyes it was no crime. It was an act of heroism. She thought that she was justified in overhearing her mother's remarks, and she continued snipping the dead leaves from the plants, and exposing the buds, as if she was utterly unconscious of her mother's presence.

"I am positive," said Mrs. Saville, "that Mr. Fenwick loves Felicia."

"I am perfectly aware of that," replied Mortimer. "Well, are you not afraid?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because Felicia does not love him."

"I am not sure of that."

"I am. She loves no one."

"Grant that it is so," said Mrs. Saville, "who can tell what may happen? I defy you, with all your cleverness, to say that you will keep her heart whole if this young man is allowed to lay siege to it. We want her to marry Valentine Bridgeman, but the time has not yet arrived. When the season commences, we shall have many opportunities, and if Felicia will only co-operate with me, I feel positive that we shall succeed in catching him. What is the use of being more clever than other people if we don't turn our cleverness to some account?"

"What do you want me to do?" asked Mortimer, driven to bay.

"I want you to get rid of this fellow Fenwick."

"How?"

"Oh! I don't know—any how you like. Send him back to weigh medicines in his father's shop."

"It is all very well to say do this, and do that," grumbled Mortimer. "I have made one or two attacks upon my bird, but I find him shy, though he is a young man from the country; all I can promise is that I will do my best."

"Very well, I rely on you," replied Mrs. Saville.

Mortimer went away to walk to his office, and Mrs. Saville entered the greenhouse, in an inadvertent manner, hardly knowing whether her wandering footsteps were conducting her.

The first object she saw was Felicia, who stood scissors in hand, with flushed cheeks and heaving bosom.

"You here, Felicia?" she cried in a voice of astonishment.

"Yes, mamma."

"How long have you been here?"

"Long enough to overhear your conversation with Mortimer."

"In-deed," said proud Mrs. Saville, gathering up the skirts of her dress.

"Why should Mr. Fenwick have incurred your resentment?—Just because he loves me! I have never in any way encouraged him. You cannot accuse me of unmaidenly or unladylike conduct. I have never been anything but commonly civil to the man. I had not the least inkling that he was attached to me until I heard you say so to Mortimer just now. Why cannot you be candid with me, mamma?"

"My dear child," replied Mrs. Saville, with one of those oily smiles which were peculiarly her own, "you must know that I have your welfare at heart."—here she laid her hand upon her daughter's shoulder. "You are my only girl, and it's a mother's pride to see her children well married; but if it is a pride to marry a boy well, it is doubly and trebly a pride and a triumph to marry a daughter to a man of rank and position. You understand that?"

"Oh, yes!" murmured Felicia.

"Has Mr. Fenwick either the one or the other? He is, to begin with, the son of a shopkeeper; he is a Government clerk, without a penny either present or prospective; he is, strictly speaking, neither a gentleman by birth, education, nor position."

"But, mamma dear, I don't care about him," inter-

posed Felicia. "Maurice Fenwick is nothing to me!"

"I know that, perfectly well," replied her mother, with a smile. "I give you credit, dear child, for better sense and more perception than perhaps your father does. I wish to guard you against a possible peril. The man saved your life, after a fashion, if you remember, when you fell into the water at Hadlow, and he has a plausible way with him which might impose upon some shallow girls."

"Possibly."

"I love you, my child," continued Mrs. Saville, into whose eyes the tears forced themselves or were forced.

"I love you, and if you were to throw yourself away upon a worthless man, my heart would be broken for ever. You know all the antecedents of our family?"

"I wish I were ignorant of them."

"That is a vain wish," returned Mrs. Saville, a little severely; "you know everything, and you must be fully aware of the necessity existing for our doing something to consolidate the family and fix it on a firm basis. To do this, I look to you. Mortimer is lazy and indifferent; yet he has a chance. Michael is worthless, and will never do anything but disgrace us. Who have I to fall back upon but you?"

"I have never intentionally given you a moment's uneasiness, mamma."

"No, my dear, I fully admit that; but you must forgive me for being jealous of you and putting myself upon my guard."

When Felicia was alone, she could not help thinking of Maurice Fenwick, who was to be attacked and ruined simply because he loved her.

She began to pity him, and everybody knows that pity is akin to love. If she had never heard her mother's injudicious remarks, the chances are she would never have taken any interest in Maurice.

She hoped that he would defy her brother's efforts to ruin him as he had hitherto done; and she thought that she should only be doing her duty if she wrote an anonymous letter, warning him of the peril in which he stood. The idea was slightly chivalric, and perhaps a little rash, but young ladies never stop to consider such trifles, and sitting down at a table, she opened a writing-case and wrote in a feigned hand:

"A friend advises Mr. Maurice Fenwick to be on his guard against a particular friend of his, the first letter of whose name is S. Mr. Fenwick's ruin is intended by this false friend, and it is the earnest hope of the writer that his sinister designs may be frustrated."

Having folded this note up and directed it, she sealed the envelope and was preparing to put it in her pocket, when a voice at her elbow exclaimed:

"Feely!"

She looked up and saw her brother Michael.

"Who are you writing to?" he asked.

"Oh! a friend. No one you know."

"Shall I post it for you?"

"Can I trust you?"

"With anything," returned Michael.

Felicia thought a moment, and then gave him the letter. He glanced at the superscription and said:

"Fenwick! Is that Fenwick in the Tax Office?"

"Yes."

"He is a friend of my own, and I came here to-day to mention his name to you."

"Really?"

"He is in love with you, Feely, and he asked me to tell you all about him, and see if I could not make some impression upon you. He is really a good fellow, and—"

"Yes, yes! I know all that. If you are acquainted with Mr. Fenwick, you can post the note and hold your tongue. If I ever hear a word about the matter that you have given wings to, I will never speak to you again. The note is simply to warn Mr. Fenwick against Mortimer—and now you know all about it."

Michael pleaded his friend's case to the best of his ability, as he had promised, but Felicia said nothing in reply with the exception of a few commonplace remarks, which were of no value whatever for reparation.

In spite of her seeming indifference, Felicia Saville was beginning to love Maurice Fenwick. If her mother had not interested herself so much about the young man, and if no disturbance had been made about him, the new feeling would never have been born. The germ had been sown, and it not only grew, but flourished, until her thoughts were exclusively occupied with the tall figure of the handsome volunteer who had saved her life at Hadlow Castle.

(To be continued.)

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—The frequent recurrence of railway accidents, and the difficulty of obtaining medical and surgical appliances, although doctors may be at hand, point out a strong necessity for the establishment by every railway company, at all small and

outlying stations especially, of a medicine chest properly fitted with such means and appliances (medical and surgical) as are requisite to meet the exigencies of these too frequent accidents.

SILK-WORMS.

M. BERLANDIER was born at Barbentane, in the Arrondissement des Bouches du Rhône, near Avignon, in 1826. Having lost his property by an inundation, and seeing the country around him ruined by the continued and successive failure of the silk-crop, owing to the worms being attacked by a disease analogous to that which in the same year destroyed the vine, he conceived the idea of going to Japan to obtain eggs of a new species of silkworm.

It was a difficult task, for besides having no funds wherewith to undertake so long a voyage, there is a law which forbids the Japanese to give away silkworms' eggs to any stranger under pain of death.

What will not perseverance effect? M. Berlandier obtained credit and funds. He started, accompanied by a young man, Léon Convers, originally a baker, for Hong Kong, in 1860. Having maintained themselves there for some time by honest industry, the two companions started for Tien-tsing, where poor Léon Convers died in consequence of the hardships they had undergone. Berlandier, whose frame was more robust, succeeded in reaching Yokohama, in Japan, in 1863, and in bribing a Japanese to procure him silkworm eggs.

Fearing the heat of the sun might hatch them on his homeward journey, he travelled through Russia and Siberia to France, and the result was that almost all the eggs were frozen when he arrived, in 1864. Noways discouraged, he again obtained credit and pecuniary aid, and started on a second voyage to Japan, after having obtained instructions from one of the best French naturalists how to preserve the precious eggs.

This time he was entirely successful, and in March, 1865, he returned with a considerable quantity of eggs of the much-prized Japanese silkworm, and succeeded in giving to his country a new and valuable article of commerce.

But happiness is not the destiny of man. M. Berlandier was married, and the father of two little girls. His poor wife just lived to see him return, and to learn his success, dying a fortnight afterwards. He is thus left alone in the world with two young orphans to maintain, and heavily burdened by the debts he has incurred in those distant and costly voyages. France has given him a gold medal and other honours, but she ought to do more for him who has given her so rich a gift. She ought to settle on the adventurous traveller a sum which would provide sufficiently for his children, and guarantee to himself a life of ease and tranquillity after so much hardship.

This Japanese worm must not be confounded with the alanthus, which also comes from Japan. The insect brought by Berlandier feeds on mulberry leaves, and requires the same care as the old French silkworm, but produces at once the finest and the strongest silk.

The silkworm which feeds on the alanthus is said to require no care beyond placing on the tree, where it takes care of itself until it becomes a cocoon, and the silk produced is of a strong but coarse kind, and is used in Japan chiefly for the garments of the poorer class, and for articles requiring strength of texture. It is said to be almost impossible to wear out silk made from the alanthus, but it does not seem much in favour at Avignon.

My kind informant concluded by offering me some of the eggs. Had I been returning to England I should gladly have accepted them; as it was, what could I do with silkworm eggs? He was M. Berlandier's agent at Avignon—Over the Pyrenees into Spain. By Mary Eyre.

AN AFRICAN SLAVE DEALER.—It is an entire mistake to suppose that the slave-trade is one of buying and selling alone; or that engagements can be made with labourers in Africa as they are in India. Mariano, like other Portuguese, had no labour to spare. He had been in the habit of sending out armed parties on slave-hunting forays among the helpless tribes to the north-east, and carrying down the kidnapped victims in chains to Quillimane, where they were sold by his brother-in-law Cruz Coimbra, and shipped as "free emigrants" to the French island of Bourbon. So long as his robberies and murders were restricted to the natives at a distance, the authorities did not interfere; but his men, trained to deeds of violence and bloodshed in their slave forays, naturally began to practise on the people nearer at hand, though belonging to the Portuguese, and even in the village of Senna, under the guns of the fort. A gentleman of the highest standing told us that, while at dinner with his family, it was not uncommon to see

for a slave to rush into the room pursued by one of Mariano's men with spear in hand to murder him. The atrocities of this villain, aptly termed by the late governor of Quillimane a "notorious robber and murderer," became at length intolerable. All the Portuguese spoke of him as a rare monster of inhumanity. It is unaccountable why half-castes, such as he, are so much more cruel than the Portuguese, but such is undoubtedly the case. It was asserted that one of his favourite modes of creating an impression in the country, and making his name dreaded, was to spear his captives with his own hands. On one occasion he is reported to have thus killed forty poor wretches placed in a row before him. We did not at first credit these statements, and thought that they were merely exaggerations of the incensed Portuguese, who naturally enough were exasperated with him for stopping their trade, and harbouring their runaway slaves; but we learned afterwards from the natives, that the accounts given us by the Portuguese had not exceeded the truth; and that Mariano was quite as great a ruffian as they had described him. One expects slave-owners to treat their human chattels as well as men do other animals of value, but the slave-trade seems always to engender an unreasoning ferocity, if not bloodthirstiness.—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries. By David and Charles Livingstone.*

FATIMA, THE BEAUTIFUL. A TALE OF THE EAST.

CHAPTER I.

IN the days when the stately old orient city Aleppo rejoiced in the title, Haleh el Shabba—Aleppo the Grey—the Caliph Mohammed Ebu Berkook possessed a lovely daughter, who was the pride of his heart and the boast of all the realm.

The most famous diamonds of the Indies were not brighter than Fatima's eyes; the cleft heart of the pomegranate, whose rich fruit ripened in her father's gardens, was not veined with warmer red than her soft cheeks, nor were its scarlet blossoms more vivid than her lips; her dark hair, soft, luxuriant, and of wondrous length, shaded shoulders marble-fair and smooth; and her slender, perfect form was the embodiment of grace and beauty.

Indeed, she must have possessed rare loveliness in that land where all maidens are "fair to look upon" to have won a pre-eminent title—for everywhere was she known as Fatima, the Beautiful, and the theme of her praises was sung as often in old Aleppo as the prayers of the devout Mussulmen arose from its mosques, or market-places.

It cannot be supposed that the lovely star of Aleppo could long remain unwooed in the palace of her old father.

On the contrary, suitors were constantly at her feet; from the grave, bearded nobles who assisted the caliph in dispensing the affairs of state, down to the gay, handsome young pages who loitered around the palace to catch a glimpse of her bright eyes.

But Fatima, left free by her father's indulgence, smiled alike on all; until her admirers, from each imagining himself the favoured one, began to believe their fair enchantress found her chief amusement in trifling with all in turn, and each only vowed to bow at her shrine no longer, while every succeeding day found him still her slave.

Matters went on after this manner, until, suddenly, Fatima grew as stiff, grave, and quiet, as she had formerly been capricious and coquettish; and all in the palace said:

"Our beautiful mistress is ill. We hear no longer the sound of her laugh like the soft south wind, and the rose is dying from her cheek. Woe to our good caliph if the flower of his heart should be transplanted to the gardens of Paradise!"

The most skillful medicine men of the great city were summoned; and the old caliph hung anxiously upon their decision.

"Thy daughter hath no disease, but she needeth less restraint than the close confines of thy city palace. Send her to thy summer seat without the city gates—give her the freedom of its spacious halls and blooming gardens, and let a party of young friends accompany her, to divert her mind with the gaieties of youth. Change and pure air will restore her."

So delighted was old Mohammed at the decision of his doctors, and so relieved was his mind from the fear lest his Fatima was in danger of falling a prey to the same disease of which her mother—best beloved of his wives—had faded, that he gave immediate orders for her removal to his beautiful country palace, and bade Fatima select a train of her young companions whom she might invite to enliven her visit.

With more interest than she had shown of late, Fatima named a list, then added carelessly in closing:

"And there is thy new secretary, young Osman,

who playeth the zel with wondrous skill. I have a mind that he go thither also, to assist us at our musical feasts in the gardens—provided thou canst spare him from thy side, dear father?" and her eyes were timidly uplifted with her request.

"Spare Osman? By the beard of the Prophet, wert thou to ask for our prime vizier to call back the roses to thy cheek, thou shouldst have him, Fatima!" answered the fond sire. "Osman and his zel shall go in thy train; and thy old father himself will throw aside the cares of his empire now and then, and run down to see how thou art enjoying the bright summer hours. See to it, daughter, that thou keep'st up a perpetual Feast of Roses in the gardens of our summer palace."

"Twas wonderful how speedily the roses began to bloom upon Fatima's cheek when she received this permission from her doting father; and while the preparations for the summer festival progressed, and all the palace was astir, little dark-eyed Lilluli, the left-handed waiting-maid, flitted to and fro, busily packing her mistress's wardrobe, with a peculiar smile upon her lip, murmuring now and then to herself:

"The Prophet deprive me of a lover if it do not come out that there are other songs whispered beneath the myrtle and pomegranate trees in my royal master's summer garden than the nightingale's or bulbul's notes."

CHAPTER II.

IT was a regal summer—that passed at the caliph's country palace—rich in festive gaiety, mirth, music, song, and bloom.

Day by day, at the command of the Princess Fatima, entertainments passed like a gorgeous panorama before the guests; and youth, beauty, wit, and wisdom met in the cool marbled saloons and halls, or open courts and flower-scented gardens.

Like a golden dream, the long, bright Feast of Roses glided by—each day and night crowded with enjoyment; *fete upon fete* marked the weeks that followed; and now the princess determined to eclipse all by the splendour of a gala-night, which should serve as the closing entertainment to her guests.

Like magic the preparations sped; and when the evening came, a perfect fairy-land of beauty enraptured the eye, while every sense was steeped in luxurious gratification within the charmed precincts of the palace grounds.

Upon a raised platform in the centre of the large saloon, seated upon a dais whose cushions were of that rich, woven gold stuff for the manufacture of which her native Aleppo is, to this day, so celebrated, the princess, surrounded by her ladies, received the homage of her guests, and when each had paid court, they were left free to follow their own bent, and seek pleasure for the evening wherever led by "their own sweet wills."

The attire of the peerless Fatima was most superb. A rich robe of blue Damascus silk, heavy with gold embroidery, a scarf of Tyrian dyes about her slender waist, a veil of Syrian muslin depending from a tiara of jewels that spanned the perfect arch of her white brow, scarlet pomegranate blossoms in her silky hair, and blazing jewels upon her throat, bust and rounded wrists—this has been the costume of many an Eastern princess besides, yet none wore it with such a royal air as the peerless queen of the festive night, Fatima, the Beautiful.

"By Mahomet, the stars pale beside the gleam of our princess's eyes, and the flowers droop for shame at the glow of her cheeks!" said her nobles as she moved through the halls; and when, later, her light feet twinkled in the dance, there were not those wanting to affirm that her grace of movement had been bestowed as a special gift.

But all this time—while the dance went on, and the sound of mirth fell on the air—the dark-eyed Fatima moved among her guests with the air of one whose heart was elsewhere; and, at length, at a little signal from pretty Lilluli, her maid, she glided away from the brilliant hall with its paved floors, columns of porphyry and gold; flowers, light, and music, and stole rapidly along the corridor and across an open court, where the silvery rain of a fountain tinkled in a marble tank, and there stole out into the cool, evening air.

Coloured lamps, suspended from the trees, illumined the garden, underneath whose gleam groups were walking through the perfume-scented aisles; but carefully evading all, Fatima glided into the secluded path, at the extremity of which was a small bower entirely draped with thick myrtle vines, and shaded by a thicket of olive and mulberry trees.

There, the rays of the lights and the feet of straying guests did not penetrate; and as she approached the sequestered retreat, Fatima threw off the air of caution she had worn, and hastened onward. Hardly had she gained the threshold of the bower, when a manly

figure sprang forward to her side, and an arm was tenderly thrown about her, drawing her to a seat within.

"Star of my heaven and soul of my dreams! Lilluli told thee I awaited thee, then!" exclaimed the young man eagerly.

"Yes, Osman," replied Fatima in as tender and caressing a tone as he had used, "but it was long before I could steal away from the crowd—and thou knowest I am forced to use caution now, lest some prying tabbler or envious rival bear the tale to my father's ears."

The brow of the listener darkened, and bitter thoughts crossed his mind.

"And must it ever be thus?" he said impatiently.

"Can the hour never dawn for me when I may dare go into thy sire's presence—ay, before all his nobles in open court—and say I love thee, Fatima? What meant the old astrologer when he assured me that my star was in the ascendant, and the time would come when I might win a princess. Have I suffered my love for thee to lead me into credulity? Am I the dupe of a false hope, and only leading thee toward what must prove thy ruin; for surely terrible would be the caliph's wrath did he know his humble secretary dared to love his daughter! Ah, Fatima, this has been a long bright summer dream, but it must fade as all dreams do, and thou wilt learn to forget me!" and his tone was full of despair.

"Never, Osman!" exclaimed the princess, softly caressing the hand that held her own.

"Do not deem me fickle as the winds that rove through these bowers. Ours has been a long bright summer dream in truth, but dreams often find glorious fulfilment, as ours must and will. No prince of my father's realm shall ever draw one breath of love from my lips. No other fealty shall ever win me from thee. So cheerly drooping heart, my Osman, and trust me still in the agony which has inspired thee hitherto. Thou sayest thy parentage is a mystery. Who knoweth but a light may break upon it, which will show thy birth to be on a level with any noble at our court? And, even should this never come to pass, do not I know thee to be above them all in that true nobility of heart and soul for which I have loved thee ever since thou didst enter my sire's service? Let us hope bravely, my Osman, for a happy future awaits us!"

"Never for thee, as the bride of a low born beggar, ingrate daughter of a race of kings!" thundered a voice in startling proximity; and in an instant more Fatima lay swooning at her enraged father's feet; while the old caliph, white with passion, would have struck the secretary, had he not stepped aside from the blow. "Is it thus thou repayest thy benefactor? Is it thus thou stigst the hand that clothed, and fed, and warmed thee?—by robbing an old man of his daughter with thy specious tales of love, and lying babblings of future rank and greatness. Thou shalt lie low in the deepest dungeons of our prisons, while the wedding rites of thy princess with the highest noble of our land shall be celebrated! And get thee hence, lest thy foul breath poison the air that would come back to this poor, fond, foolish girl's lips!" and the old man, still shaking with passion, set himself about the restoration of his daughter.

For many minutes Fatima lay prone and senseless as a marble statue where she had fallen; and when at length she was sufficiently aroused to listen to the reproaches of her incensed sire—who had left the city with the intention of giving his daughter a happy surprise, and sought her throughout the palace grounds only to be surprised in turn, by over-hearing her converse with her lover—no words, either of excuse or determined purpose, passed her lips. Silently she suffered her father to lead her back to the palace and to her guests.

And when, next morning, the visit to the summer seat was ended, and all returned to Aleppo, the young secretary, Osman, was not among the number; and thenceforth, though none knew wherefore, he was missing from the caliph's court.

CHAPTER III.

A YEAR had gone by; and still the old caliph ruled his realm with his wonted vigour and power, still those nobles came and went through his halls and courts; and still his peerless daughter was known throughout the land by her olden title, Fatima, the Beautiful.

And of a truth, even now more than of old, might that title be merited, for the passage of the twelve months had added new lustre to the princess's charms, softening and chastening them as by a magic veil enfolding her.

Still, as of old, amiable homage was laid at her feet, and the caliph would have been well pleased had she chosen from the illustrious of his court a lord who should be fitted to sustain the heritage of honour and succession which should come upon him at his decease; but Fatima manifested such apathy upon the

matter that he was sorely angered, and often exclaimed:

"I believe the girl hath only vowed she will go husbandless to her grave, since I would not suffer her to bestow herself upon an unknown low-born scribe. Of old, Fatima was my joy and pride, and now she getteth silent and dull, and I know not how to win her consent to my plans for her happiness. The Prophet blot it out as a sin if I say that this causeth me anger, and I have a mind to command her obedience into marrying one of my nobles."

But, notwithstanding this determination, the old caliph could not really find it in his heart to fulfil it. Fatima's passive demeanour and gentle sadness completely disarmed him, and he would go from her presence, muttering:

"By the beard of the Prophet, but the girl has a way of making me feel as if I had done a mean thing in breaking up that low attachment. The violet was wonderfully wise and handsome, I must confess, but a secretary, a scribe of obscure birth, to woo the daughter of the caliph! By the tomb of Mahomet, it was not to be pardoned! Let the girl go her lonely way," then he added, pettishly, "she will not get a husband after she grows old and homely, unless he who vanished so mysteriously in his babyhood, her cousin Feridji Pasha, who, had the Prophet not called him from us, would have succeeded me in the caliphate—unless Feridji come back from his grave to claim her!" And venting his anger in his soliloquy, the old man walked away from his daughter's apartment.

Hardly had the caliph left Fatima's presence, when the dark-eyed Lillith hastily entered, disturbing her mistress's sad reverie with the air of one who has a piece of tidings to communicate.

"There is a fruit-vender in the court-yard, my lady, who hath a basket of wondrous ripe nectarines, which, strange to say, he will offer to none but thee. He saith the fame of the Princess Fatima, the Beautiful, hath reached him in his vineyard-home, and he hath walked miles to have a glimpse of thee. Therefore, lady, prithee, go down; for this fellow is bold as his fruit is rich and rare!"

Smiling at the importunity of her little maid, who seemed strangely interested in the new-comer, the princess arose and descended to the court, where she beheld a stout young Turk, heavily-bearded, and carrying a large pannier well-laden with rich fruit, peeping from amidst the screening foliage. In one hand he held a pair of scales, in which he was deliberately weighing several of the choicest plums.

"Buy my fruit, beautiful princess!" exclaimed the vender, as she approached. "Tis sweet and ripe, and the dew of the morning lay on it when 'twas plucked scarce six hours ago!"

And he held up the tempting nectarines to view.

"Fair, soft, and smooth I thought them, but fairer, softer, and smoother they check! Rightly art thou named the Beautiful, my princess," he added, with respectful homage.

With a smile, Fatima bade the fruit-vender leave his wares, and drawing a purse from her girdle, bestowed upon him several golden coins in payment.

"My princess is too generous," said the vender.

And with a singularity of movement uncommon in his class, he thrust back all the coins save one, and with them also a folded and sealed paper.

"Let the princess count her money when alone and unobserved!" he said, in a low, significant voice; then with a low obeisance he departed, leaving the paper in her hand.

When Fatima had gained her apartment, she opened the note; wondering greatly what might be the purport of that which had been conveyed to her possession with such an air of secrecy.

But a single line was there, yet that sufficed to call the warm blood to her cheek and a new light to her eye.

"Osman is near thee; and the astrologer's prediction seems about to be fulfilled."

CHAPTER IV.

On the following morning, the old Caliph Mohammed Ebu Berkook sat in the apartment of his daughter. He was in a gentler mood than usual, for it was the anniversary of the death of his favourite wife Zuleika, Fatima's mother, who had died in her youth and beauty; and though the scarlet pomegranates had scattered their blossoms for many summers upon her grave, yet was the heart of the old man still alive to the memory of the one romance of his life.

Therefore was it that as he sat beside his daughter, his softened heart loved to note her resemblance to her mother; and he began to feel more leniently towards her than at any time during the past twelve-month: since the unhappy occurrence at his summer palace.

In the midst of this happy interview, a messenger

came from court, stating that the vizier had just received an important communication, which he desired to impart to his sovereign.

"Bid him bring it hither," said the caliph; and turning to Fatima, he added, with a laugh: "Daughter, since thou wilt not get thee a husband to assist thee in bearing the burdens thou must assume when thou comest to manage the affairs of the kingdom, I have a mind to commence inducing thee into thy share of them beforetime."

Fatima retorted in a lively strain, and while the conversation was going on in this mood, the vizier was announced.

"Thou hast important matters, I am told, good Harret. Of what treat thy? War news, or tidings from those Damascus servants who are coming thither to buy stores from our bazaars? I must order a set of jewels of them for my Fatima," he said, with an indulgent smile.

"Nay, my master; neither news of thy hostile tribes nor of profitable merchandise; but that which, if I mistake not, will bring more thankfulness to thy heart. Have I not often heard thee tell of the disappearance of thine infant nephew, Feridji Pasha, who, had he lived, would have been heir to the caliphate?" asked the vizier.

"Yes, and not only heir to the throne, but thy husband, my Fatima," replied the monarch. "He was the last male of our race; but when only a babe, he disappeared most mysteriously from the palace. You would not raise hopes that you could not sustain, Harret?" he said, looking eagerly and searchingly into his minister's face.

"No, my master. I am armed with simple facts which are substantiated. Your nephew was stolen by a Koord robber, whose compatriots you had sentenced to the bowstring; brought up until his fifth year in his mountain haunt; then, at the robber's approaching death, he was placed in the home of a good recluse who lived among the Lebanon passes, and there instructed in the use of the pen and the art of letters. When of age, he entered the service of a great man as a scribe; and while there, an astrologer foretold the young man that he should one day rise above his present condition; a prediction which he could never believe wholly false. Time passed; he was discharged from the service of the great man. A year went by, he revisited the home of the old recluse, whom he found upon his death-bed, and who delivered into his hands a letter which had been entrusted to his care when he had received the boy from the robber with the injunction that it should not be read until he had attained the years of manhood. That letter revealed his birth; and then he came hither. Indeed, he now waits but to be admitted!" and the vizier opened the door, to give ingress to Feridji Pasha—Osman the Secretary!

"Tis needless to record the surprise of the caliph, or the astonishment and joy of his daughter; but old Mohammed was overheard to mutter, laughingly:

"Said I not that Fatima would find a husband when my nephew came out of the grave to claim her?" And the loves of the faithful pair—are they not written in the chronicles of the East, which tell of the wise reign of the great Feridji Pasha and his queen, Fatima, the Beautiful? C. H. W.

EVA ASHLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

When the two delinquents drew near the door of Mr. Ashley's apartment, Wentworth found that his companion was in so great a flutter of excitement that he paused in the corridor, and firmly clasping her hand, said:

"Do not attempt to go in till you are more composed—Evelyn. Should your father see your perturbed face now, he might suspect something of what has lately occurred between us. We cannot be too careful for a season, love."

"It is not so much the fear of encountering his anger which has thus unnerved me, for I am used to the outbreaks of his temper. I am agitated by the singular conduct of that stranger. If he should follow me, or attempt to make my acquaintance in any way, papa will say that I did not obey him by keeping my veil around my face. He thinks that I am fond of admiration, and he says such cruel things sometimes, that I can scarcely bear them. Oh! Frank, it is dreadful to stand in such servile fear of one's own father!"

"My darling, sustain your courage with the thought that this condition of affairs cannot last much longer. I will rescue you from my uncle's violence at all hazards. Trust to me, Evelyn, and compose yourself, for every additional moment we remain here will only increase his wrath."

After a strong effort at self-control, Evelyn subdued her outward tremor, and they drew near the door they dreaded to unclose.

As Wentworth was about to place his hand upon the lock, it was violently thrown open, and Ashley, in his dressing-robe and slippers, was rushing out, in spite of the efforts of his frightened wife to arrest him by clinging to the skirt of his outer garment.

"Let me go, madam. How dare you attempt to stop me when I am but doing my duty by my daughter," he loudly cried; but, arrested by the appearance of the culprit exactly in his path, he recoiled a few steps, and furiously said:

"So you have come back at last, have you? You are a pretty pair to trust out of one's sight, I must say. An hour, was it, that you had leave of absence, miss, and here it is past midnight!"

Frank here interposed and respectfully said: "It was entirely my fault, sir. The scene was so novel to both of us, that we forgot the lapse of time. Besides, we have not overstayed the limit you named more than half an hour, and that is nothing. I insist that my cousin shall have nothing more on the subject said to her."

Ashley glowered on him, and he angrily retorted: "And who are you, that you should presume to speak to me in such a manner, sir? I will tell you that I will say what I please to both you and her, and nobody shall dare to—"

What further he had intended to say was cut short by the approach of the same stranger who had so abruptly accosted Evelyn a short time before. He was coming down the corridor, attended by a servant, evidently on his way to his own apartment. The lights from the open door streamed on his features, and the purple hues which intense passion had called to those of Leon Ashley, faded suddenly away. He tottered and would have fallen, had not Wentworth sprang forward and offered him the support of his arm. He faintly gasped:

"Shut the door—I—I am ill."

Though unconscious of the cause of his sudden attack, Mrs. Ashley hastened to obey him, and the door was closed just as the stranger made a slight pause in front of it, as if in doubt and surprise. After a moment of hesitation, he passed on, muttering:

"It must be he—it must be; but this is not the time to solve my doubts. Dead, was he? A convenient ruse that, to escape the rope he so richly deserved."

Frank carried his uncle to a sofa, and Evelyn hastened to bathe his face with eau de Cologne. He presently raised his head and reproachfully said:

"See to what condition your willfulness and disobedience have reduced me. Dr. Blomberg says that excitement is the worst thing for me, and yet my own daughter deliberately does what she knows will produce it, and throw me into this state of suffering. I must say that it is extremely unkind."

"Indeed, sir," said Frank, bluntly, "I think it is more your fault than Evelyn's. If you will not put any constraint upon your temper, how can she, or any one else, prevent you from suffering from its effects? After coming all this distance only for the purpose of assisting you; after doing everything in my power since I have been with you to spare you annoyance, I scarcely expected such treatment as I have received for merely detaining my cousin a few moments beyond the time named by you. It was all my fault, and Evelyn was not to blame, I assure you."

The free, outspoken manner of his nephew never offended Ashley, and it even had much effect with him in his most irascible moments, possibly from its contrast with the abject submission to which he had reduced the vassals of his own household.

He regarded Frank a few moments as if debating in his own mind what reply he should make to him. Finally, concluding that it would be best not to push matters too far, he said:

"If it was really your fault, I forgive my daughter for this time for such flagrant disobedience. You are not under my authority, and I have no right to chide you for neglecting my commands; but I have the right to rule my family in my own way, and I wish Evelyn to understand that this is to be the last offence of the kind of which she is to be guilty. If she takes to promenading in public with young gentlemen till after midnight, I shall return her to the convent, and take measures to keep her there."

Frank turned away, and abruptly said:

"Good night, sir; I shall not stay to hear one of my own sex threaten and browbeat a woman because she happens to be in his power. As to my cousin, if she is put in a convent for life, the next heir to the Arden estates will be apt to put in his claim to them."

With this parting shaft, and a sweeping bow to the ladies, the young man escaped from the room.

Ashley, choking with rage, raised himself to a sitting posture, and impatiently shook his clenched hand at the door through which his nephew had disappeared. He hoarsely said:

"Wretch! how dare he speak thus to me? What rebellious ideas has he been putting into your head? You are a nice specimen of a delicate and refined young lady, flaunting out in public with that impertinent lad, and no doubt trying to attract the attention of every man you met by showing your face."

He paused for lack of breath, and Evelyn tearfully exclaimed:

"Oh, papa! how can you have so little respect for me as to talk to me in this dreadful manner."

"Respect! Hey-day! When did that idea get into your head? I thought that respect was due to elders, and obedience from children; but Master Frank has doubtless taught you to reverse the natural order of things. Come to me, and tell me what passed between you and my nephew to-night. Mind—I will hear everything, and if I hereafter find that you have prevaricated to me, it will be worse for you."

Poor Evelyn, trembling in every limb, with tears streaming over her agitated face, was slowly approaching him, when a knock upon the door was heard.

"Who is coming here at this hour of the night?" exclaimed Ashley.

And again growing pale with apprehension, he sank back, and motioned to his wife to go to the door.

Mrs. Ashley obeyed him, and the fat and smirking face of Dr. Blomberg appeared. He spoke in the soft and insinuating tones he had assiduously cultivated for professional use:

"Mr. Wentworth met me in the hall just now, and informed me that Mr. Lorne is suffering from a sudden and violent attack of his late malady. He hurried me off to his assistance, for the young gentleman understands that your husband is in a most critical condition, madam; just oscillating between health and chronic ailment for the rest of his life. I must see him as speedily as possible if I would be in time to do him any good."

A little frightened by this fluent address, but glad of any diversion in their favour, and internally thanking Wentworth for the ruse he had practised in sending the physician to the rescue, Mrs. Ashley courteously invited him to enter.

Her husband no sooner saw him than anger usurped the place of his late fear, and he brusquely said:

"What brings you here, Blomberg? I do not need you, nor did I send for you."

The physician, with his fat, good-natured smile, made his way to the side of his patient, seized his pulse, and coolly said:

"Mr. Wentworth was a better judge of your condition than you yourself are, sir. Your pulse is at fever heat, and all the inflammatory symptoms which my treatment had banished from your system are ready to turn. It is a very serious thing, Mr. Ashley, for if you are thrown back again at this stage of your recovery, there will be little hope of permanent amendment."

Much as Ashley abused his health, it was one of his weaknesses to be easily alarmed when he was really suffering from any derangement of his system. He listened to the doctor's words as to those of an oracle, and submissively said:

"I have foolishly permitted myself to become much excited, doctor, and perhaps I shall need a sedative. Give me some of your globules, and I shall get along very well."

Blomberg gravely shook his head—for Frank had dictated to him the course of treatment necessary on this occasion, and promised an additional fee if he would compel his patient to follow it. He fully entered into the spirit of the scene before him, and gravely said:

"The mischief you have done yourself, Mr. Ashley, can only be remedied by your submitting to be packed at once, and you must remain in the wet sheets till the fever in your blood is entirely overcome."

"Good heavens! do you put people in wet dabs of linen for merely getting into a passion? I shan't submit to any such nonsense."

"Very well, sir," said the physician, with a sudden assumption of dignity, "if you refuse to follow my prescription, I must resign your case. You know whether my treatment has benefited you since you have been here. A prettier case, nor a more rapid recovery, I have never managed than yours has been; but if you prove stubborn now, I must leave you to your own devices and those of the quacks who will soon undo all that I have accomplished toward effecting a cure."

This long speech, uttered with solemn gravity, had a great effect upon the invalid. He knew that Blomberg was the most successful physician at the spa, and fearful that he might carry his threat into execution, Ashley reluctantly said:

"If you choose to play the tyrant, I suppose there is nothing left for me but to submit, though it is a deuced uncomfortable way of spending one's night."

"Habit—all habit, sir. You will soon find yourself comfortable, and in your present state you will sleep more soundly in the pack than you possibly could in your bed. Since you are now reasonable, I will call in the attendants to look after you at once, for the febrile symptoms are really alarming."

Much to the relief of the harassed wife and daughter, the man so imperious to them was taken off in as weak and submissive a state by the ministers of hydropathy as if they had been the agents of Fate itself.

His effervescing wrath was cooled by the damp mists arising from the steaming body, and he did penance for the outbreak of his temper by laying several hours stretched out as rigid and immovable as if already dead, the wet linen clinging to his body, and the recollection of the grey-whiskered traveller seething in his brain.

Altered as the man was, Ashley knew him at the first glance, and something in the face of the other also assured him that he was himself recognised, though under his change of name he deviously hoped his old acquaintance would fail to identify him.

He bitterly censured his own imprudence in retarding his recovery by the passion into which he had fallen; but for the release with which the doctor had threatened him, he would have made his arrangements to leave Babon the very next day, and even a meeting with a man who might insult on knowing him in spite of his incognito.

In the new dread that assailed him, Ashley forgot Evelyn's delinquencies, and when they met on the following morning, he seemed in an unusually good humour. At breakfast he said:

"I do not believe that I feel worse than I did yesterday, but I may thank Blomberg's promptness for that. At first I was inclined to be offended with that officious scamp, Frank, but I now believe he saw the danger that menaced me, and sent Blomberg to the rescue. If he had called this morning, I must apologise for my treatment of him last night. Only I must tell you, Evelyn, that you are not again to go out with him, or any one else, while we remain at Vienna."

When her father spoke of Frank so kindly, Evelyn had brightened up; but at the last words her face clouded, and she said:

"Mamma promised my cousin that I should walk with him every day. If it will not annoy you for me to leave you an hour or two, I shall be very glad of the permission to take exercise in the open air. Indeed, papa, I feel the need of it, or I would not ask you."

"Oh! nonsense! You only want to flaunt yourself out among the other butterflies, in the hope that you can eclipse some of them. You are looking as fresh as a rose, and as to exercise—if you feel the need of that, you can open the doors of communication between all the rooms we occupy, and walk up and down them. I will warrant that you will soon have exercise enough in that way. As to what your mamma promised Frank, that is nothing. My word is the law in my family, as you have had reasons to know before this."

Mrs. Ashley made no reply to this disrespectful reference to herself; she silently poured out the tea, and Evelyn dared utter no further remonstrance.

She trusted that Wentworth would soon come in, and use such influence as he seemed to have acquired over her father to induce him to alter his decision.

But the day passed on, and Frank did not make his appearance.

At an early hour Dr. Blomberg came in, expressed his delight at the summary manner in which he had arrested the symptoms which might by this time have taken a fatal turn; he prescribed a few globules to be punctually taken every four hours, and took his leave.

The day passed wearily enough to Evelyn; her father kept her in constant attendance upon himself, and she read to him till her throat ached, and the lines dazzled before her eyes.

With a sneer at her hoarseness, he then ordered her to lay her book aside, and find some other means of amusing him. She then played chess and backgammon with him, always permitting him to beat in both games, till her brain seemed bewildered and her forbearance almost exhausted.

Listening, listening through all for that step which by this time had become familiar, and now was beloved.

But it was never heard throughout that long, long day, and as sunset flamed in crimson and gold, the poor child stood beside her window with tears of weariness and disappointment trembling in her eyes.

Her painful reverie was interrupted by a light crash, and with a startled glance she looked around, and saw a small roll of paper tied to a pebble, which had fallen at her feet.

In another moment it was in her hand, and she was eagerly perusing the following lines traced by Wentworth:

"I would not come to-day, Evelyn, nor will I come to-morrow, nor the next day, to be lectured by my uncle, and to see you insulted as you were last night."

"Some bills have been sent in to him which he cannot settle without me, and I intend to make him feel of what consequence I am to him. When he has learned his lesson, he will be less brusque in his manners, not only to me, but to you and your mother."

"But I cannot dispense with seeing you, my precious Evelyn, and at ten to-night I shall be near your window, watching for your appearance. It opens to the floor, and if you will exercise a little courage, you can take the evening walk so necessary to the preservation of your health."

"I can easily lift such a mite as you are over the balcony in my strong arms; and I hope that kind of yielding will agree with you as well as Blomberg assumes me your father's did with him. As you may not understand the play on the word, I must tell you that in homely phrase, in my grandfather's land, to 'pack' means to carry. Ever yours,

"FRANK."

Evelyn dried her tears, laughed over the pun, and blushed at its explanation.

With her eye she measured the distance between the railing of the balcony and the terraced walk beneath it, and decided that the feat of lifting her slight form over it, and depositing her safely on terra firma, would be by no means a difficult undertaking for a tall young man like her cousin to accomplish.

But she had by no means decided that she would permit him to do such a thing, much as she wished to ramble through the grounds again, and listen to his cheering hopes for the future.

Lost in thought, she stood leaning over the balcony, unconscious that any one was observing her, till a movement among the tall shrubs which grow near it, caused her to turn her head, expecting to see Wentworth, but her eyes met those of the grey-haired stranger, fixed on her with an expression of intense interest.

He carried a book in his hand, and loitered slowly through the walks, as if merely pursuing his own pleasure.

Evelyn hastily retreated, without returning the low bow he made, and she sat down in some perturbation till she was summoned to supper.

Who was this man and why did he regard her with that earnest look in which eager questioning and mournful interest were blended?

She could be nothing to him, but she feared to inform her father of the presence of this stranger, or to ask him if he could furnish a clue to the words he had addressed to her on the previous night.

As soon as supper was over, Ashley, to her great relief, declared that he felt himself in need of immediate repose, and he retired to his chamber, bidding his daughter to hold herself in readiness to go to him, and read him to sleep when he was comfortably established for the night.

This was a duty always exacted of Evelyn, and it was her neglect to return in time to perform it on the previous night that had so enraged him.

On this evening he took a fancy to have Dante's *Inferno* read aloud to him, and the many strange and horrible punishments imagined for the wicked, excited him so much that the clock on the mantel chimed the half-hour after nine before he succumbed to the soothing influence of his voice, and fell into a sound sleep.

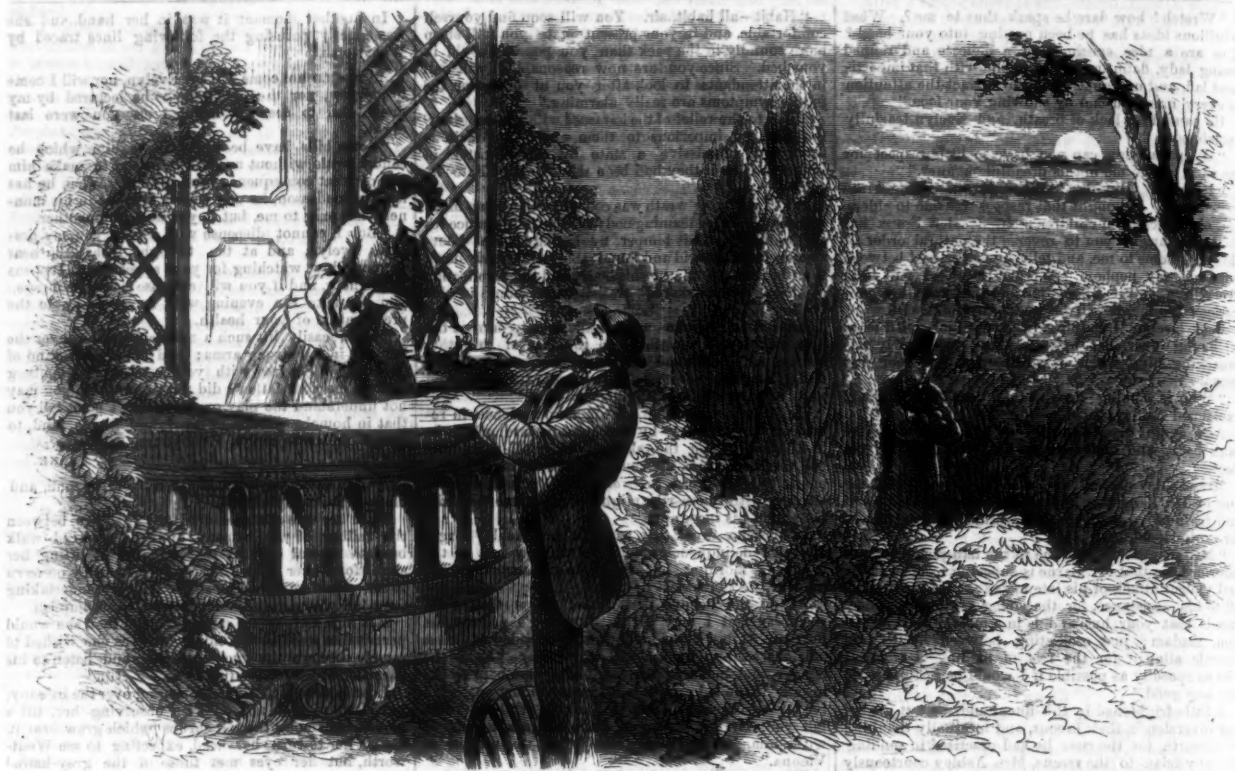
She paused a few moments, listening to his heavy breathing, and assured that she was at last free for a few hours, Evelyn tripped lightly from the room. She spoke a few words to her stepmother, who was sitting in the drawing-room yawning over a new novel, informing her she would retire at once to her own room.

Quite unsuspecting of any underplot, Augusta nodded her acquiescence, and the young girl gained her apartment, in which she found her nurse waiting her appearance.

Jane had grown robust and rosy with the progress of all these years, but she did not look materially older than when she first came to Mr. Ashley as nurse to his deceased child. She had never been more than good-looking, and time had dealt gently enough with her in some respects, though it had only hardened her resolution to keep the secret of the exchange of children which had been suggested by herself.

When her young lady came in, she arose and said:

"I have been waiting for you, Gipsy, for some time," using a pet name she always gave to her nursing when they were alone. "Why can't the mistress read to Mr. Ashley sometimes, in place of making such a slave of you? I declare, of late, you hardly get a moment to speak to me."



[FRANK'S PLAN FOR GIVING EVELYN EXERCISE.]

"Papa prefers my reading to mamma's, Jane, and that is why I am so constantly called on. I am quite willing to do what I can for him, but I sometimes feel as if I am tired enough to lie down and give up. I am afraid that I am not good, or I should not weary of my duty as I do."

"You not good, child! eh? You've got all that's in this family, any how, except what may be found in me, and I don't think that's much to brag of. The mistress put's everything on you, and gets out of the way of your pa's frightful temper as much as she can. She don't care how much you have to bear, if she is only screened herself. But I do say it's a shame to put so much on a young girl like you."

"Dear nurse, don't try to make me feel hardly towards my parents. They are all I have to look to, and it does no good to point out to me what I must see, and feel for myself."

The faithful woman took her in her arms, as she would have done a tired child, and more gently said:

"I know that I should not do it, my pretty; but my temper will get the better of me sometimes, and I say what I should not say. But you have a fortune of your own, Gipsy, and these people have no right to treat you as if you are their slave. I mean to speak up before long, and give your pa's and ma a piece of my mind."

"No, you won't, dear nurse," said Evelyn, coaxingly, "for that would only make things worse for me. Papa might get angry, and send you away altogether; then what should I do without you to pet and console me when I am tired and sad?"

"Send me away! I should like to see him try that game," said the woman, scornfully. "I am as firmly fixed in this family as you are, Gipsy, and father nor mother, nor a dozen more to back 'em, shall ever set me adrift while you remain with them. Oh, no, they had better not attempt such a dodge as that, I can tell 'em. It will be the worse for them, if they do."

Jane so frequently expressed herself in a similar manner, that Evelyn, occupied with other thoughts, scarcely noticed her vehemence now.

She was silent a few moments, and sat with her head resting upon the faithful breast on which all her childish sorrows had been wept out, and in her heart she felt the assurance that the strong good sense of her nurse would be her safest guide in the difficulty before her.

She presently extricated herself from Jane's clasp- ing arms, and blushing rosy red, said:

"I am glad that you are here, nurse, for you can

settle a dilemma in which I find myself. My cousin Frank is indignant at the way I am kept mowed up, and he insists that I shall take a promenade through the grounds with him after my father has gone to sleep. Do you think it will be very wrong? for I admit that I am strongly tempted to do as he wishes."

The nurse oracularly replied:

"Mr. Frank is a very clever young gentleman, and I do not believe that he would ask you to do anything that could bring blame on you from anybody, except them as thinks that you ought not to have any pleasure that other girls of your age enjoy. I only say this, Gipsy: If Mr. Wentworth was my cousin, and he was to ask me to take a little walk with him, I shouldn't be apt to say no to such a reasonable proposition. But you can do as you please, my dear."

Evelyn had been in the habit of confiding everything to her nurse; but she remembered Frank's caution, and she turned her head away that her face might not betray that she had a secret to conceal. She quietly said:

"I am glad that you do not object to my going, for I feel the need of a good walk. Frank must soon be here, so I will get ready at once."

Happy to be able to disengage Ashley in any way, and really anxious for the welfare of her darling, Jane officially brought her young lady's mantilla and draped it artistically about her petite form.

A few moments later a handful of gravel was thrown upon the balcony, warning them of Wentworth's arrival, and Evelyn passed through the open window to find him standing on a garden chair, with his head rising above the level of the iron network which enclosed the balcony.

She stopped the words upon his lips by stooping and whispering a warning that Jane was within hearing.

The next instant, the head of the nurse bowed beneath the window frame, and she quietly lifted the young lady in her arms, and placing her in those of Wentworth, briefly said:

"I know all about it, Mr. Frank. The poor child can't get her proper exercise with the consent of them as has her under their hands, but we'll get the better of 'em this time. I told her she had better go with you, Mr. Wentworth, for I know that you'll bring her back safe and in good time."

"I shall certainly do that, Jane, and I cannot tell you how much we both thank you for your consideration. There, I have your young lady safe now, and in an hour from this time you may expect us back."

"I shall be ready to take her in, sir. But I hope you have made sure that the little cantankerous rattle-

pate, her brother, won't be up to spy out what you're doing, for he'll be sure to tell on you."

Frank laughed as he replied:

"I took good care of that by seeing Maitland in bed before I came for Evelyn, and Gretel has strict orders not to let him get up again to-night."

"You're a sharp one, Mr. Frank, for you think of everything. I know what I wish might come to pass, if it wasn't wrong to think of such a thing."

Her words were partially lost to the young couple below, who, by this time, were safe on the terrace, and Wentworth took the precaution to conceal the chair he had used in a neighbouring clump of shrubbery, where it could be reclaimed when they returned from their walk, and restored to its proper place in the grounds.

Jane watched the retreating forms till they turned into a lighted alley, and then returning into the room, she closed the blinds, and prepared everything for the return of her young mistress.

From long habit her mind had become so familiar with Evelyn's state as a great heiress, that she had completely set at rest every doubt as to her perfect right to enjoy the wealth of the dead child whose place she had innocently assumed.

Jane never troubled her head with fears of any discovery, for she considered the fraud too cleverly consummated to dread detection, and she regarded Evelyn's future as secure as any earthly lot could be.

She liked Frank; she had been told that he would be rich, without learning the condition attached to the enjoyment of his inheritance, and she regretted that his previous betrothal should have prevented her darling from making her position quite sure by marrying into the family into which she had been surreptitiously introduced.

While Jane mused over the changes a few years might bring to the object of her tenderest affections, another individual was thinking no less earnestly upon the two who had evaded the commands of the tyrannical father.

Wentworth and his fair companion had scarcely disappeared from beneath the window, when the dark-eyed stranger sat himself down upon the chair the young man had concealed, and muttered:

"I will watch for their return, and after the girl goes in, I must stop the young man, and question him about her. She must be her child, though she is darker, and a trifle smaller, than my poor darling was. I must and will find out if my suspicions are correct."

(To be continued.)



[THE LOVERS' MEETING.]

THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

By W. E. CHADWICK.

CHAPTER XXVII.

When lovers meet in adverse hour,
 'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower;
 A watery ray an instant seen,
 Then darkly-closing clouds between.

Rocky.

The next day after the meeting at the theatre, Walter Loraine proceeded, at the hour appointed by the Lady Geraldine, to the residence of the Earl of Montford. To the bliss of finding that his betrothed had remained true to him, and that her love for him had in it no element of change, had succeeded stern and grave reflections in regard to the deception that had been practised upon him in connection with the ring. He realized that he had a powerful enemy at work to prevent his marriage with his betrothed, and it did not take much reasoning to convince himself that this enemy was the earl. That his lordship could be so unscrupulous and unprincipled, he found it difficult to believe, and yet his enemy could be no other. He had never particularly liked nor admired Lord Montford, deeming him haughty and purse-proud, but he had always deemed him a man of honour and a gentleman in his nature, until the present revelation.

Having decided that the earl was his enemy, Walter speedily suspected that his lordship had in the countess an able and active assistant in his designs. It was her ladyship who had told him that Geraldine had received his letter, and he began to suspect that this statement was false, and that both his letters had been intercepted. He resolved to speedily know the truth in regard to them.

If, as he feared, the countess abetted the designs of the earl, her guardianship and home were unfit for the maiden, as well as unsafe; and Walter began to think seriously of urging Geraldine to a speedy marriage—with or without her guardian's consent.

It seemed to him that his betrothed was like a lamb in a den of lions, and he longed to take her away to a quiet home of their own, where, as her husband, he could shield her from every ill.

Busy with these thoughts, he looked very grave as he ascended the marble steps of the Montford mansion and raised the massive knocker.

The door was immediately opened by the liveried footman.

"I wish to see the Lady Geraldine Summers," said Walter, extending his card to be carried to the maiden.

"She is engaged!" replied the footman, in an insolent tone.

"What do you mean, fellow?" said the artist, haughtily. "I call by appointment—"

"Can't help that, Mr. Loraine. Our orders are not to admit you, now or at any time!"

Walter put out his hand as if to thrust the lacquy aside and advance to the drawing-room, but the fellow continued:

"You had better go, sir, quietly. You won't like to be put out by force, but I have orders to put you out if you attempt to enter. There's people in the drawing-room as you may not like to see you—"

Walter turned abruptly on his heel and departed. As the door closed behind him with a crash, Geraldine glanced from the bow-window of her boudoir, securely sheltered behind the Persian blinds, and saw his form rapidly passing down the street.

"He must have been here just now," she thought. "Can it be that he has been refused admittance?"

Fired by the thought, she sprang up and hastened to the library.

As she expected, her uncle was there with his wife.

"Uncle," she said, "has Mr. Loraine been here just now?"

"Well, yes, Geraldine, I believe so," replied the earl, languidly, sipping a glass of iced sherbet, the heat being great.

"But why has he gone?" demanded the maiden.

"I made an appointment with him at three."

"He is not a proper associate for you, my dear child," responded the earl, "and I have forbidden him the house!"

"Forbidden him the house!" ejaculated Geraldine.

"What do you mean, uncle? Do you mean to restrict my list of visitors? What right have you to forbid Mr. Loraine my presence?"

"The right of your guardian, my dear," said his lordship, quietly. "I cannot allow you to receive such an improper person in my house. This Loraine is simply a fortune-hunter, and I am but doing my duty in forbidding him access to your presence?"

"He is no fortune-hunter, uncle," declared the maiden, with spirit and resolution. "He is my betrothed husband, and has a right to see me!"

"Don't get in a passion, my dear Geraldine," said the earl, in a most tantalizing tone. "The weather is so very warm, although it's only early May. Won't you have a glass of sherbet, as your aunt and I are doing?"

Geraldine made no reply to the invitation, but said:

"It is true that your lordship is my guardian, but that fact gives you no right to interfere with my choice of a husband. My father, in his will, constituted you simply the guardian of my person until my marriage or majority, but he gave you no control over my liberty, and no right to force me into a marriage that is repulsive to me. To prevent all misunderstandings between us, allow me to say that I shall keep my betrothal vows to Mr. Loraine!"

"It seems to me that, for an English lady of high birth, the Lady Geraldine Summers is rather bold in the expression of her opinions," said the countess, with a barely perceptible sneer. "I always thought that English maidens were so delicate and modest. I hardly expected to find one so eager to pursue her own headstrong way that she would insult her guardian—her own uncle too!"

Geraldine blushed with vexation, and the earl remarked:

"I hardly expected to see my niece—the gay and courted belle—so deeply in love with a low painter that her pride could overlook his coldness. Allow me to prove to you, Geraldine, that your Adonis is only a fortune-hunter. He proposed to you at Rock Land, but I met you on the shore, discovered the fact of your engagement, and threatened him, etc. The effect of my words was that he feared I could keep from him your fortune. Since then, you haven't heard a word from him. He neglects you. He came to-day to see you—you say by appointment. The appointment, I suppose, was made at Rock Land?"

"On the contrary," said Geraldine, "it was made last evening. I had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Loraine at the theatre, and an opportunity of explaining that the ring he received yesterday was not the one he gave me, and that the letter he received at the same time, signed with my name, was a base forgery."

The earl trembled with anger and dismay on hearing this remark, and his glass of sherbet, which he had just replenished, was partly spilled upon the carpet.

The countess coloured with chagrin at the failure of her plans. She had given Walter a knowledge of Geraldine's whereabouts the previous evening, expecting that he would go to the theatre, see the maiden in Rosensbury's company, believe the letter, and forsake his betrothed and his country without delay.

The Lady Geraldine was not long in remarking the emotion of her relatives at her communication, and continued:

"Of course, I can judge to whom I am indebted for this interest in my welfare; but I am willing to over-

look it on consideration of a different course towards me in future."

"You will never receive that Lorraine in my house!" declared the earl, emphatically. "As to your insinuations in regard to the ring and letter, I do not understand them. As your guardian, I shall be upheld by society in refusing him my house!"

"Then I shall see him elsewhere," was the undaunted reply. "I am willing, even anxious, uncle, to obtain your consent to my marriage, but I shall never sacrifice my happiness, and that of Mr. Lorraine, from a mistaken sense of duty. I will wait a reasonable period in the hope of gaining your approval, and then, with it or without it, I shall marry!"

"We'll see about that!" said the earl. "You are not of age yet, my lady, and the law may give me more power over you than you imagine!"

Geraldine replied only by a smile, and swept from the apartment.

Anger and indignation struggled for the mastery in her gentle breast as she regained her room.

That her lover should have been refused admission to the house, perhaps even treated with disrespect by the lacquey, filled her soul with emotions to which she had hitherto been a stranger.

She flung herself upon a couch, giving way to a burst of tears, which relieved her aching brain, and then she arose, wrote a brief note of explanation to Walter, and attired herself for a walk.

She would not order the carriage, lest the earl, in his present state of excitement, should countermand her order. She resolved to drop her letter in the nearest letter-box, and then hasten to Lady Rosebury for counsel and consolation.

Her simple street-toilet was soon completed, a lace shawl draped her slender figure, and her pale face was concealed by a veil, and with the letter in her pocket, she descended the stairs.

In the corridor below she was met by the earl. "I thought you intended going out," he said, grimly. "Perhaps you are going to your lover's studio?"

Geraldine flushed, answering: "I have not lost my delicacy, uncle, if you have. I am going to see Lady Rosebury."

"Ah, very well," responded the earl, moving from her path. "I am glad to hear that. It is true, I suppose, that Lady Rosebury likes Walter Lorraine? But she cannot prefer him to her son, let Rosebury say what he will. And Rosebury is at home to-day, I believe. Go on, child, but do not go without attendance."

"I prefer going alone," replied the maiden. "I need no attendant, the distance being short."

She bowed formally, and left the house. Meanwhile, the indignant artist had wended his way to the Rosebury mansion, where he found Lady Rosebury awaiting his arrival.

"Ah, Walter," she said, rising to welcome him, "I thought you had completely forgotten me. You have been home two whole days, at least, and yet have not come to see me until now!"

"I have not been in a mood to intrude upon you, dear Lady Rosebury," replied Walter. "I have been anxious and troubled."

"But you used always to come to me in your boyish troubles, my dear Walter, as if I had been your own mother. But what can trouble or annoy you now? I supposed that you and Geraldine were the most blissful of mortals. Come and sit down by me, Walter, and tell me all about it. Do your troubles spring from a want of 'the root of all evil'? If so, you know well that my purse is at your service. You will only be drawing upon your own future stores, my dear boy, in taking from my purse!"

Walter pressed her ladyship's hand to his lips, and said:

"I am not worthy of so much love and kindness—"

"You must let me be the judge of that," interrupted her ladyship, with a bright smile. "So, the trouble springs from a want of money? And you suffered two whole days of anxiety to pass without coming to me—your adopted mother?"

She said the last sentence reproachfully.

Again Walter pressed her hand to his lips, and he answered:

"I have not needed money, dear Lady Rosebury. If I had, I should not have hesitated to come to you. My trouble was about Lady Geraldine."

"What, not a love-quarrel, Walter?"

"No, your ladyship. I will explain to you the whole affair."

He proceeded to do so, detailing the remarks he had made when giving the ring to Geraldine on the rocky coast by the sea, and relating the events of the preceding day.

"And that was the cause of your paleness, Walter, last evening," said her ladyship. "No wonder you

looked ill. The affair looks plain to me. Doubtless the earl listened behind the rocks and heard you tell Geraldine that she had only to send back the ring to be freed from her engagement. He had a ring made, the fac-simile of Geraldine's, though how he obtained hers is a mystery. Perhaps Geraldine might enlighten us on that point. You must be guarded against any attempts at estrangement in the future."

"And your ladyship really approves of our engagement?" asked Walter. "I have feared once or twice that you might deem me presumptuous in aspiring to the hand of an earl's daughter."

"You are worthy of her!" declared Lady Rosebury, with some emotion. "You are fitted for each other, and will be very happy together. How Lord Rosebury used to love you. Somehow, he and Raymond never got on together, any more than I got on with Raymond now."

The door of the boudoir opened abruptly, and Rosebury entered. He paused just within the door, surveying the group, with a countenance convulsed with baleful passions.

The sharpest pang that rent his heart, as he stood there glaring upon them, was caused by his knowledge of the holy but unsuspected relation existing between them—the knowledge that they were mother and son.

Had he but been the rightful heir, and Walter Lorraine only the son of the gardener, Rosebury would not thus have cared how much affection her ladyship bestowed upon the artist. But as the case stood, every affectionate word that was uttered by one of them to the other, seemed to threaten the discovery of their rightful relationship.

For several moments he stared at them, unable to control his rage sufficiently to speak; but at length he said, in a sneering tone:

"I beg pardon for intruding upon such a delightful scene. I had supposed that Mr. Lorraine was devoted to the Lady Geraldine Summers—high as she is above his reach; but I had really no idea that he had become the lover of the immaculate Lady Rosebury."

Walter sprang to his feet, quivering with indignation, while Lady Rosebury, overwhelmed with astonishment, silently trembled at the dastardly insult.

"Lord Rosebury," exclaimed Walter, "how dare you insult her ladyship in this manner? Remember she is your mother."

Rosebury sneered. "What do you mean, Raymond?" said her ladyship, finding her voice. "I cannot imagine why you should act in this unfilial manner."

Her ladyship could only look at her son in simple wonder, as she remarked:

"Take care, Raymond. You are talking to your mother. Did I ever fall in my duty to you—in my care and love for you, that you so cruelly insult me?"

"Go, I say!" cried Rosebury, advancing fiercely upon the young artist, who looked much less strong than himself. "I won't trouble the servants to put you out. I'll do it myself!"

Walter's eyes flashed, but he said, quietly: "We will not fight, Lord Rosebury—at least, not in her ladyship's presence!"

"Sit down, Walter," she said, "Raymond must be delicious. I do not see how he can so insult his own mother, if he is in his right senses!"

Rosebury looked abashed. He was really ashamed of his late conduct, or sorry that he had made such a manifestation of his feeling, but he was rejoiced that something had occurred that might possibly prevent Walter from seeking Lady Rosebury's society.

"I spoke before I thought, mother," he said, after a brief silence.

"Make no more apologies, Raymond!" interrupted her ladyship, with flushed cheeks. "We will endeavour to place a charitable construction upon your late conduct, if you say nothing! But now go!"

Rosebury hesitated, glanced from one to the other, and then bowed, and departed.

"I think he is not in his right mind, Walter," said her ladyship, when he had gone. "Promise me, my dear boy, that you will never be drawn into a fight with him. Promise me!"

Walter readily promised. He had no wish to fight the son of his benefactress.

Her ladyship's pale countenance and trembling frame showed how deeply outraged her feelings had been by Rosebury's late conduct, and Walter exerted himself to soothe and comfort her.

He had barely succeeded in the effort when the Lady Geraldine Summers entered the boudoir, unannounced.

Both Lady Rosebury and Walter arose to meet her, surprised at her opportune appearance.

"Walter here!" exclaimed the maiden, with a blush and start. "I did not expect to see him here."

Lady Rosebury smiled, well knowing that if Geraldine had suspected him to be there, her delicacy might have prompted her to remain away.

"Oh, Walter," said Lady Geraldine, after greeting her friend warmly, "can you forgive the shameful treatment you have received at my uncle's hands?"

Walter signified that he could. "I had a conversation with the earl before coming here," continued the maiden, "and we have arrived at an understanding, although it is very unfavourable to us. He is determined that I shall marry Lord Rosebury!"

"Heaven forbid!" breathed her ladyship, with a vivid realization of the recent scene.

Geraldine gave her friend a grateful look.

"Tell me, darling," said Walter, anxiously, "how did the earl get your ring to copy from?"

"I do not know," was the puzzled reply. "I have been trying to think all day, but I cannot decide. The night before last, I fell asleep just after dinner, in the drawing-room. It was a strange thing for me to do. Perhaps he took my ring then. It was the only opportunity he could have had!"

"Could he have dragged you for the purpose of removing your ring, my dear?" asked Lady Rosebury.

Geraldine started at the suggestion, and exclaimed: "Oh, Lady Rosebury, do you think he would be guilty of such an act?"

"I think he would do a great many things to carry out his plans, my dear?"

"He might have dragged me," said the maiden, thoughtfully. "Certainly, my sleep at that hour of the day, and in that place seems unaccountable."

"Geraldine," said Walter, "did you receive either of the letters I wrote you since my return to town?"

The maiden replied in the negative.

"Yet the countess assured me that you had received the first one! The remark shows that she must have been a party to this deception!"

"And yet she has been very kind and sympathizing with me until this afternoon!"

"I do not like to judge any one hastily," remarked Lady Rosebury, "but I do not like Lady Montford. When I called for you last evening, Geraldine, she seemed altogether too affectionate in her manner towards you for so brief an acquaintance. Be on your guard against her, my child. But," she added, arising, "I will leave you a little while to your explanations, as I wish to see Raymond."

She withdrew, leaving the lovers to indulge in the tender converse in which they were too timid to engage even before her.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say—the dog is dead.

Shakespeare.

LADY ROSEBURY was absent from the boudoir nearly an hour, and during that time she had conversed with Raymond, who had apologized to her for his late insulting remarks, but who abruptly refused to make a similar concession to Walter. He seemed to think that under the present state of circumstances, the artist would pay very few visits to Rosebury House, and there was nothing he so much desired as to bring about a rupture of the friendship existing between mother and son.

Had he possessed but a little more cunning, he would have seen that his present conduct could only serve to bind them the more closely together.

At length, pale and wearied with her unsuccessful efforts to bring Rosebury into a different frame of mind, her ladyship returned to the lovers, and derived comfort and pleasure from the sight of their innocent happiness.

"How long you have been absent, dear Lady Rosebury!" exclaimed Walter, who had been entertaining some anxiety in regard to her interview with Rosebury.

"What! You have missed me when Geraldine was with you?" said her ladyship, with a smile.

"We have both missed you!" remarked the maiden, blushing. "We want your advice about—about our future."

Her ladyship seated herself beside the young couple, and begged them to state the point upon which they desired counsel.

"It is in regard to our marriage," declared Walter, frankly. "I am anxious to remove Geraldine from her present home. The earl has proved himself an active enemy to our interests, and I have no faith in the friendship of his Italian bride for Geraldine. We have been talking over the matter, and I have been urging Geraldine to consent to a speedy marriage, but she objects, and has finally agreed to abide by your decision."

Lady Rosebury looked thoughtful, and remained silent.

"I cannot feel that she is safe with the earl and countess," continued Walter. "Do you not think, dear Lady Rosebury, that we had better be married quietly, and go abroad until the earl gets over his first anger?"

"What does Geraldine say?" asked her ladyship. "I do not like a stolen marriage," replied the maiden. "I should prefer to wait a little longer, until I become perfectly sure that my uncle will never relent. He is my guardian, and my father loved him tenderly. I owe him a reasonable obedience, and though I shall marry Walter, yet I do not know but that, by a brief exercise of patience, I may gain my uncle's consent!"

"Geraldine is right, Walter," said Lady Rosenbury. "A little longer waiting can do no harm, and may bring you both much good. You are both proof against further schemes for breaking your faith in each other, and the earl will not dare to resort to violent and coercive measures. When he sees that his designs are hopeless, he may relax his opposition. Geraldine is his niece, the only child of his only brother, and he certainly must cherish some affection for her. I advise you to wait a little."

A shadow of anxiety crossed Walter's face, but he made no reply.

"I have other reasons for my advice," continued her ladyship. "I am thoughtful of Walter's reputation. Should you contract a private marriage, the world would say that Walter was a fortune-hunter, or that you, Geraldine, were infatuated with him, or ashamed of your choice. Of course, you could afford to laugh at what the world said; nevertheless, if disagreeable remarks can be avoided by the exercise of a little patience, it would be well to avoid them."

"You are right, dear Lady Rosenbury—as you always are," responded Walter, his look of disappointment vanishing.

"As to Geraldine's home," resumed her ladyship, "it will be easy for her to avoid unfriendly relatives. By the way, my dear," she added, "is not this a very singular marriage of the earl's? We never saw his bride in society, and he has so often declared himself a confirmed bachelor, that it is a universal surprise to learn that he is at last married!"

"I believe he loved his present wife years ago, long before he came home from his travels," replied the maiden. "She is an Italian, you know, and has been faithful to him all these years. The fact of her long faithfulness made me regard her with sympathy."

"Then, if she is devoted to him, she will hardly be devoted to you, my dear," said Lady Rosenbury. "You both think, then, you will wait a little longer?"

The lovers assented. "But shall we never meet except as strangers?" demanded Walter. "I am forbidden the earl's house, my letters are intercepted, and I shall never know when Geraldine is well or ill!"

"As betrothed lovers, there can be no harm in your meeting," observed her ladyship. "Since Geraldine has no home of her own in which to receive you, mine is at her service. Even the censorious world can find nothing to blame in your meeting at my house."

Walter was overjoyed at this arrangement, and Lady Geraldine, who placed implicit confidence in her friend, thanked her for her thoughtful kindness.

"Such meetings will not be long required," said Lady Rosenbury. "After a reasonable period of waiting, should the earl persist in his opposition to your marriage, you can have a quiet wedding and I will give your wedding breakfast. I simply counsel a resort to mild measures first!"

Her ladyship's advice commended itself to the sense of the lovers, and they cheerfully acquiesced in her decision.

She was proceeding to give them more elaborate counsel, when the door opened and Lord Rosenbury again made his appearance.

There was about him no trace of his late anger. On the contrary, his manner was suave and bland, and his countenance wreathed in smiles.

He had just learned of the presence of the Lady Geraldine Summers.

He advanced into the boudoir, greeted the maiden very politely and cordially, bowed coldly to Walter, thus completely ignoring their late episode, and seated himself quietly near Lady Rosenbury.

A silent embarrassment fell upon the little group.

"Don't let me interrupt your conversation," remarked his lordship, with barely perceptible chagrin. "I am glad to see you looking so well to-day, Lady Geraldine. I thought you looked a trifle anxious last evening, and rather pale, too—that is, during the early part of the evening."

The colour that now vivified the maiden's clear olive cheeks seemed to make amends for the late paleness to which he alluded.

Rosenbury glanced from one to another of the little group, and his keen glances seemed to recognize the relations that had now become firmly established between the young couple.

They sat near each other, and he observed that at his entrance they had unclasped hands. There was a proud, protecting tone in Walter's manner towards his betrothed, and she exhibited a gentle dependence

upon him, while there was a mutual deference that marked them as lovers.

Rosenbury bit his lips with chagrin. He had been very angry at Walter the previous evening for appearing in the Rosenbury box at the theatre and monopolizing the attention of Geraldine, and that anger had now increased to positive hatred, not unmingled with fear.

Walter had gained the love of Lady Rosenbury and of the Lady Geraldine, and might he not end by regaining his usurped rank and honours?

Alarmed at the position in which he found himself in the esteem of these two ladies, Rosenbury exerted himself to be agreeable and fascinating, in order, if possible, to awaken the pride of the one and the affection of the other.

In the midst of an elaborate speech, a knock sounded upon the door, and a liveried servant entered the room.

"If you please, my lord," he said, addressing Rosenbury, "a person wishes to see your lordship."

Rosenbury turned around with a scowl that caused the footman to pause instinctively.

Without deigning a word to the servant, his lordship waved his hand imperiously as a signal to him to be gone.

"But, if you please, my lord," persisted the footman, in a trembling tone, "your lordship gave orders as the person was always to be admitted—"

Rosenbury made an imperative gesture, before which the man retreated.

But before he could close the door, or indeed quite reach it, the "person" to whom he referred entered the boudoir with a swaggering air.

He had followed the servant to whom he had stated his wishes.

As the reader probably guesses, the "person" was Colte Lorraine.

His personal appearance was decidedly convivial, his hat being, as usual, upon the back of his head, one eye being screwed closely, while the other beamed with a decidedly jolly expression, and his red necktie streaming across his chest, the heat rendering it uncomfortable when properly adjusted. In other respects, his attire was quite fashionable and his jewellery was good.

As he elbowed himself past the servant, the latter seized the opportunity of gliding from the room, in the hope of escaping his master's wrath.

"Can't see me, my lord?" ejaculated Lorraine, with a beaming smile. "How do? How do?"

Lord Rosenbury and Walter simultaneously arose.

The thought of the latter was that his supposed father had followed him to the mansion of the Rosenburys, and his first impulse was to get him away quietly before he should have disgusted or annoyed the Lady Geraldine.

"Come away, father," he said, advancing towards him. "Come home with me!"

"Walter here!" exclaimed Lorraine, holding out his hand. "Glad see you. Pleasant but expected meeting! Hope see you well, Walter. B'liged invitation, but really can't 'cept!"

He paused, looked around, touched his forehead to Lady Rosenbury and the Lady Geraldine, and then said:

"Girl make up, eh, Walter? Greatest grief my life 'cause I made her mad that time lookin' at picture. But all's right now, eh? Feel 'self again. Walter's treasure, young lady," he added, addressing the maiden. "Walter's good 't' me, good everybody, though pictures nowhere 'ordin' rules art."

Geraldine could not help smiling at this opinion, delivered too with such a dictatorial air.

"Come, father," repeated Walter.

"Mus' 'fuse, my son. 'Nother time. To-day came to see my lud. Seems to me ludship rather cool!"

He made the remark with such a suspiciousness in his manner, that Rosenbury, concealing his annoyance, replied with great apparent condescension:

"Not at all, my good fellow—"

"F'l'a, f'l'a!" interrupted Lorraine. "Not a f'l'a! Am a gentleman!"

"Very well, Mr. Lorraine," said Rosenbury, forcing a smile. "You came, I suppose, to me about the advancement of your son? You have been here once before with the same object."

Lorraine looked surprised, then meditative, and then burst into a sudden laugh, winked at Rosenbury in what is popularly termed a "knowing" manner, and said:

"Very good, indship. Came see 'bout son's 'vancement! Like private 'n'view!"

"Not on my account," said Walter, haughtily. "I desire no advancement that I cannot gain for myself."

Lorraine's countenance fell and he looked disconcerted at this remark. Brightening up, however, at the remembrance of the brilliant specimen he had just received of Rosenbury's capabilities of invention, he looked inquiringly at his lordship.

"Your pride may tempt you to refuse my kind offices, Mr. Lorraine," observed Rosenbury; "but I cannot so soon forget my promise to your dying mother. I will therefore listen to what your father has to say!"

Lorraine glanced triumphantly at Walter. "Thank you," replied the artist, coldly. "I will absolve your lordship from the promise to which you allude. I positively decline accepting any favour whatever at your hands!"

Lorraine's countenance fell again.

"Well, do as you like," said Rosenbury, nervously. "As I promised to see your father again on the subject, however, I will do so. Be kind enough, Mr. Lorraine," he said, addressing the former gardener, "to proceed to the reception-room at the end of the hall. I will see you as soon as I have leisure!"

Lorraine smiled, winked expressively at his lordship, abruptly changed his expression to one of great solemnity as he encountered the glances of the ladies and Walter, and retreated from the apartment.

The artist made no further attempt to prevent an interview between Lorraine and Rosenbury—indeed, he made no further allusion to Lorraine's visit.

Envy the ease with which Walter dismissed the subject, and annoyed that the appearance of Lorraine had made no difference in the manner of the ladies towards the artist, Rosenbury assumed an air of great condescension towards him, but it was not even noticed by its object.

The ladies both noticed it, however, and Rosenbury fell to a still lower position in their esteem.

After half an hour's talk, his lordship arose, declared that the sooner his disagreeable task was over the better, and with a bow and a smile left the boudoir, hastening to the reception-room.

Once there and alone in the presence of Colte Lorraine, his countenance changed with startling rapidity.

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" he exclaimed, catching his smiling parent by the arm. "How dare you come again so soon to see me? Why did you not write, if you wanted anything? I've a good mind to have you kicked into the street!"

"Better not, Raymon," said Lorraine, somewhat sobered by his son's gust of passion. "Better treat me better. Remember, I'm your father!"

"Hush! Walls have ears," said Rosenbury, more coolly. "Just explain why you came here to-day! Didn't you promise to stay away?"

"Well, what if I did?" whined Lorraine. "You don't make 'lowance for paternal 'fection—"

"Stuff!"

"I could live here all time if I wanted to!" declared Lorraine, plucking up courage.

"Tell me what you want!"

"I say, Raymon, you's 'tended for business f'l'a! What I want's this. Weather's 'ot, lodgin's 'ncomfortable. Want invitation to Rosebur'y."

"But you know I can't invite you there without exciting suspicion," said Rosenbury, the perspiration breaking out on his forehead at the thought. "If you are going to intrude upon me in this manner, coming here to see me, and demanding to visit Rosenbury, you may as well give up all hope of ever getting any more money from me. The secret will leak out, I shall be kicked out of my position, and you will be transported for life!"

Lorraine was startled at this picture.

"True," he muttered. "Was foolish. Don't want lose money, nor don't want be transported. I'll be careful, Raymon. I won't come again, present."

"London is warm now," said Rosenbury, in a conciliating tone. "Why don't you go off somewhere? Suppose you travel. I'll give you plenty of money. You might visit Paris—"

"But Paris is 'hot too," interrupted Lorraine, with melancholy. "Like to travel well 'nough in own country, but ain't goin' round foreign ones, where don't know language!"

"Why not return to Australia?"

"Too far off! Paternal feelin's mus' be 'sidered!"

Rosenbury bit his lips. "Tell you what I'll do!" said Lorraine, convinced that he had gained a brilliant idea. "I'll travel over own country—'Nited Kingdom. Like know something manners an' customs of own people. Give me plenty money, Raymon, an' I'll start to-morrow!"

Devoutly hoping that some of the many accidents to which travellers by rail and steam are liable might put an end to his troublesome father's existence, Rosenbury hastened to bestow upon him a sum which he deemed adequate to his needs.

"Shall start in morning," remarked Lorraine, as he proceeded to count the sum allotted him. "Money'll do. May be gone sevral months—I'll write if need more yellow boys. Don't look very well, Raymon. Sorry see you so poorly!"

"Oh, I am well enough, thank you. One of these

days you shall live with me, just as you used to picture, but at present, out of consideration for what people will say, we had better not see each other. You see," added Rosenbury, with assumed kindness, "as long as Lady Rosenbury lives, we must be very guarded."

Loraine assented.

"Should you ever wish to see me, you have only to drop me a note," continued his lordship. "Wherever you are, I will come to see you. In that way, we shall avoid all suspicion, and possess the Rosenbury estates to live upon. Of course, I shall always share what I have with you?"

Loraine was not imposed upon by the pretended friendliness of his son, but he was convinced by his arguments and quite alarmed at his late imprudence in visiting Rosenbury so openly.

He readily agreed to do as his son directed.

"An' now my goin's settled," he observed, "you'll be kin' to Wal'er, Ray'mon? Jes' think—he's the real lud Roseb'y an' you're, by rights, on'y my son. Think of the real lud Roseb'y a paintin' sixpenny pictures to sell. It's no'void to make late ludship rise out of his tombston. Don' infer with Wal'er an' the girl, Ray'mon. She's more fitter for him'n you!"

"Very well," responded Rosenbury. "And now, if you have nothing more to say to me, you'd better go, or Wal'er and Lady Rosenbury may grow suspicious."

Loraine immediately arose, preparing to take his departure.

"Good-by, my son," he said, with maudlin tenderness, clasping his hand. "Hope my little tower 'll do me good. I'll write often. Be kin' to Wal'er. Good-by!"

He wrung his hand and departed, chuckling to himself at the thought of Rosenbury's feigned kindness and evident anxiety to get rid of him by sending him abroad, while Rosenbury returned to his mother's guests.

(To be continued.)

MASTER AND SERVANT.—A carpenter in the employ of the Vale of Neath Railway Company, was going up a ladder to a scaffolding erected close by a turntable, when an engine, which was being turned round on the turntable, struck the ladder, and he was thrown to the ground and much injured. The accident was owing to the negligence of the porter who had the management of the turntable. The carpenter brought an action against the company, but the Court of Exchequer Chamber has decided that the plaintiff and the porter were servants in a common employment, and that therefore the case came within the well-known principle that a master is not liable to one servant for injury done to him by another who was engaged in a common employment with him.

A SCOTCH DIVORCE.—A case of interest with relation to the marriage law was heard before Vice-Chancellor Sir R. Kindersley. A man and woman residing in England were married according to English law, but never lived together. The lady went to Scotland, and in consequence of an arrangement between the parties, the husband went to Scotland too, resided there for forty days, and then they were divorced by the Scotch law. The lady married again, and had children, and the question now was whether the children, as legitimate, could inherit certain property left to the legitimate children of that lady. The Vice-Chancellor held that a foreign court could not dissolve an English marriage, that the divorce was null, the children illegitimate, and the property must go to other persons.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.—John Naylor, of Hilgay, died October 30, supposed to be 110 by his eldest son, who is 69, but would seem to have been 117 from a baptismal register at Welney (where he said his own would be found, although he was born at Lakenheath), and which is dated the same month (May) as that from which he used to calculate his age. He appears to have been servant to Dr. Bayfield, at Downham Market, some time before 1780, and the same to Mr. E. W. Manby (the sailor's friend), at Woodhall, Hilgay, about or immediately before 1794. In 1811 he was keeping the Crown, at Downham; in 1821 the George and Dragon, at Hilgay; and about 1825 retired to live on a small property of his own in that village, and in which he died. He was always a smart, clean, active man, and constant in taking his walk up to October, 1860, on which day he was forced to content himself with a short one to and from the cottage of a neighbour, with whom he sat down and chatted. From this time he was confined to the house, but not to his bed, and used to sit up in his chair for some portion of the day, until one day, in June, 1864, when he did so for the last time, and talked with his grandson, who had come to see him. He had the faculties of his mind until within six weeks of his death, in 1863 asking Mr. Canon Wray, of Manchester, after the clergyman of the parish, and his wife and children. In April, 1865, he showed much affection for one of his

daughters during a call, and a rational interest for her welfare, by very sensible questions. In September, 1865, he spoke to one of the ladies from the hall about Captain Manby, and the unfortunate match which his old master had made in his first wife. His sight was good enough to recognize his grandson on the occasion mentioned, but failed him in the interview with his daughter; and his hearing was so good (though strangers had to speak loud to him), that until very lately he could distinguish the voices of those with whom he was acquainted. Annexed is an extract from the register of Welney:—"1748. May 29. John, the son of John Naylor."

BACHELOR ROGERS' NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

PERHAPS you can tell as well as I why Bachelor Rogers sighed, as he pushed away his half-empty glass of best Madeira, and his solitary dinner done, took his station beside the fire.

Bachelor Rogers, as he did so, cast a glance outside, where the snow was slipping whitely a-down the December twilight, tapping with a crisp, clear tinkle against the window-pane.

A poorer man might have shrunk from the outlook, but the man of whom I write had no need. The fire underneath the sculptured lilies of the marble mantle showed the clear red of the costlier anthracite, and silken curtains interposed a purple shimmer between the firelight and the falling snow.

Yet Bachelor Rogers, thus looking without, sighed again; not a casual, passing sigh, that comes and goes unheeded, but one showing a secret pain and uneasiness, that perhaps would never have confessed itself in words.

For this Bachelor Rogers of ours was a manly fellow; had wrestled with hard fortunes in his day; had conquered against heavy odds; and now, youth past, had a right to sit down and take his ease.

I call him Bachelor Rogers, because that was the name he was apt to go by, especially in the neighbourhood.

I do not know why he should thus have been distinguished above the rest of his fraternity, ticketed and labelled, as it were, with his misfortune, unless, indeed, that being such a manly fellow, people had come to the conclusion that bachelorhood was his misfortune rather than his fault, and gave him the title to show that in his case they pitied and forgave.

"To-night is New Year's Eve," soliloquized our friend, looking hard at the fire. "Well, well, the years come and go, and somehow every year gets duller. The gold rubbed off of life a long time ago, the silver is going fast, and now, I suppose, I must soon look for the iron age."

The prospect seemed doleful enough certainly, and to cheer himself our friend looked into the fire, gazed at it very hard indeed, as if those cheerful, leaping, crackling flames were guilty in the matter, and could help if they only would.

You all know the magical influence attributed by the modern mind to brilliant substances gazed at steadfastly? Some who wish to be learned call the magnetic power "odyle," and insist that that costly crystal, the diamond, is its favourite abode. But I affirm—and call the genius of the hearthstone to ratify the declaration—that there is no such odyle in nature as that which rays out from the clear sparkle of a glowing fire, just as the twilight closes in with its drapery of mystical grey, bedded all over with the white fall of snowflakes.

You may call that other genius, Shakespeare, to your aid against me, quote:

From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive.

They sparkle still the true Promethean fire.

and declare that in them resides the true odyle force.

But I am not crushed yet, for the light that streams from them is dearest and best when it blends with the sweet firelight of home, to which it is ever and always akin.

Bachelor Rogers, however, having no woman's eyes beside him, was fain to look hard into the fire—very hard, indeed.

The pastime proved a dangerous one. This was a New Year's Eve fire, mind you! Shifting pictures began to come and go. Like these: First, a little child in bare feet and a night-dress, reached out a dimpled hand to hang up a dangling stocking—borrowed from mamma for the occasion—in an old-fashioned chimney corner.

Then the little child, grown older, danced around tall Christmas-trees, resplendent from top to bottom with glancing lights, and the sparkle of bonbons, and the glitter of trinkets and toys—danced around the festive Christmas-trees that bear such charmed fruitage from the fairy-land of Santa Claus—with other children as joyous as himself. And the boy-child made love to the girl children. Oh! such

beautiful girl children! with floating curls, and dancing eyes, and rosebud mouths. And the boy child played "pillows-and-keys" with the girl children. But there was one he kissed shyly in the corners, when no one was looking, and she was the bluest of all. Her curls were longer and more shining, her eyes clearer, and her rose-bud mouth had a tempting little pout born with it, that said: "Kiss me! kiss me evermore!" And the boy child was fain to comply with the request—only, as I have said, he did it shyly in corners; and if detected in the act, blushed exceedingly, much more so than the girl, indeed; but then she was used to be kissed.

Was it Bachelor Rogers, sitting now beside the fire, bronzed with the weather—he had been a sailor before now—worn by hard fights with hard fortunes? Could it be Bachelor Rogers that had blushed so once?

More pictures! The boy child, grown older now, dragging the girl child—a demure little maiden now, but the same mouth still—over the crisp snow in a famous crimson sleigh barred with gilt, and on it written for a name—Alice. That was the name of the demure little maid, you see, who sat upon it. And the boy was very tender of the girl, and wrapped her closely in her cloak and furs, when he started for a run, for above the stars shone clear with the cold, and the winter winds blew keenly.

Then came a sad picture with tears in it. The boy and the girl, both very young, were parting. He was going to sea—coming back rich, you know. "Will you marry me then, Alice, dear?" Oh! no one else—none but him? How fast the tears flowed! She, too, was going away for the first time from home—to school.

"I will learn to sing and play so sweetly, just for you," promised Alice.

"Will you, dear—just for me? Remember!"

Then Alice gave the boy one of her longest curls, and he hid it in his breast, and went away. And the girl cried sorely at parting; but the boy was too manly; only, when out of sight, he covered the curl with tears and kisses, then laid it away in his breast.

Afterward there was a storm at sea, and a shipwreck. But the boy floated ashore with the curl clonched fast in his hand. A foreign shore it was; strange sight, and sounds, but he would stay there, and come home rich to Alice.

Then there was a wedding. Alice was the bride fairer and sweeter than ever. But the boy she had parted from did not stand beside her. He was lying fathoms deep, she thought. And her lips trembled when she spoke the solemn words. He was lying fathoms deep—"all on board perished." She did not know, with her curl on his heart, he worked and waited in a foreign land, guarded by pure thoughts of love and her.

Two great round tears fell down the bronzed cheeks upon the bronzed hands that had handled ropes in their day, and showed for it yet.

Bachelor Rogers started to his feet, muttered, with one bronzed hand plunged in his bosom, "It's there yet," and began to walk up and down.

"How thick the snow falls! And to-night is New Year's Eve. To think that I used to be a little fellow, and hang up stockings in a chimney-corner! And, oh! sweet face that shone out upon me from the fire to-night, where are you now? Alice! Alice! Alice!"

Bachelor Rogers sat down, and buried his bronzed face in his bronzed hands for a moment; then raising his head, shook it like a man who refuses to be submerged by recollections of the past.

"Every New Year's Eve I get the dolefuls!" exclaimed he. "But it won't do. I'll write to my friends, and to-morrow we'll have a regular old bachelor's New Year's party. Yes, yes, a jolly—old bachelor's—old fashioned New Year's party!"

Our friend dwelt on these words, protracting each one as if trying to believe the prospect a delightful one; then sat down and scribbled off this invitation:

"MY FRIENDS,—I shall of course expect you to take dinner with me to-morrow, New Year's Day. Six o'clock, sharp. ROGERS."

Our friend's heart not being in the invitation, he made it as succinct as possible; then he touched the bell.

"Ring, sir?" said a stalwart servant man, opening the door, and letting a stream of yellow light into the red radiance of the room, chasing the shadows into the corners.

Blessed genii of the firelight! ye are dearer than ever on New Year's Eve!

"John, take this note and leave it at ———. Shut the door."

John only lifted an eyebrow at the quick yet broken tone, quite unlike the mellow cadence in which his master gave orders; for all the rubs and hard thumps Bachelor Rogers had got in his contest with life

couldn't knock the sweetness out of his temper, nor the mellow ring out of his voice.

John was new to his place; had never, in fact, "taken orders" till now; but said below stairs that a man might be Bachelor Rogers' servant "all the days of his life and never feel it."

John took the note and went, closing the door behind him; and the New Year's Eve shadows all came back again, glided to and fro; old memories came with them; a soft touch fell on Bachelor Rogers' hair; a tender, clinging palm slipped in and out of his, and again the cry of "Alice!" startled the silence.

John set his teeth when he got outside, and walked briskly, for it was nipping cold.

"Third house from the corner. 'Tain't quite close enough directions for a fellow."

And John, drawing the note from his pocket, stopped under the corner lamp-post to read the address; blank whiteness, nothing more.

"Whew!" said John, "I suppose he forgot the direction. Well, I'll trust to my wits; won't go back and bother him, for I see he's got a mood, and when a man like him gets a mood on to him, better leave him alone. Third house from the corner."

John took a view, then marched up the steps of a little brown cottage nestled in between two aspiring mansions of brick.

The door opening, showed as trim a vision of a servant-maid as one might expect to find anywhere—demure-eyed, smooth-haired, a touch of coquetry breaking forth in a wicked little apron braided at the corners.

I am shocked to state that John, in view of this vision, nodding his head approvingly, remarked:

"For your folks, my dear."

"Oh!" ignoring the dear "Will you walk in and wait for an answer."

"With pleasure," quoth John.

He had not expected to wait for an answer; neither had he expected such a vision of a servant-maid to come to the door.

John walked into the hall, and servant-maid into the parlour—a small room, very plain, but altogether homelike; here, also, a fire burned brightly; but it was under a wooden mantel, not one of marble carved with lilies.

A lady sat there knitting a pair of scarlet snow-shoes, just small enough and dainty enough for a child, with a flower-soft face, that lay fast asleep on the rug beside her, her head resting on a great Angola cat purring away with all its might.

"Well, Jenny?" questioned the lady.

"A note, ma'am, for 'our folks,' the young man what brought it said it was. And he's waiting an answer, ma'am."

"Take him down in the kitchen, Jenny, and let him get warm."

Jenny vanished.

"My missus says you're to come down in the kitchen and get warm, sir."

A very saucy "sir" that last word was, for the coquetry that lurked in Jenny's wicked little apron, with its braided corners, had dictated it.

"So your name's Jenny, is it?"

"How did you know?"

"How? Oh, Jennies always wears aprons like yours, and has smooth hair, and nice eyes, like yours."

"Do they?" asked the damsel, demurely, as if the fact were a new and astonishing development in the matter of names; then added, "Since you know my name, what's yours?"

"Plain John, at your service. You see both of our names commence with a J, and has a's in 'em."

In consequence of this coincidence, John shook hands with Jenny, then followed her lead kitchen-ward.

In the meantime, Mrs. Lee, glancing at the note, had found the envelope blank, and surmising patent needles, or a petition for charity, drew out the folded sheet within, and read:

"MY FRIENDS,—I shall of course expect you to take dinner with me to-morrow, New Year's Day. Six o'clock, sharp.

ROGERS."

These were the words that met the eye of the reader.

"Alice! Alice! come here and tell me what this means," said Mrs. Lee, in flurried accents.

The window-curtains parted, and from behind them came out something between a young lady and a very sweet princess—out of some sweet fairy-tale that ripples like music through our remembrance of childhood.

"Did you want me, dear? I was only—only looking to see how fast the snow fell."

This seeing "how fast the snow fell" must certainly have been a very doleful process; for the young lady made this statement in a voice that quivered oddly, and the long-lashed eyelids were wet, not with casual tears; and rubbing her hands hard, gave a wet little laugh; then dropping on one knee before

the fire, held out pink palms toward the blaze, murmuring:

"It was very cold work seeing the snow fall."

Yet for all this pretence, a very sorrowful little princess looked Alice kneeling there—the tender mouth in a quiver of mute distress.

Mrs. Lee forgot the note with its curious invitation, and leaning forward, took Alice's hand, saying:

"Oh, my child, you have been worrying about Cuthbert. What shall I do with you?"

It was a mother's voice that spoke, yearning, loving, longing to shield her darling from the rough winds of the world's highway. Until then you had fancied them sisters.

The mouth gave way—then the eyes rained tears.

"Oh, I had fancied that Cuthbert would have done with this miserable business of travelling for other people by this New Year's Eve. He said last year it would be so; and we were not to part ever any more; and you and May were to live with us, and we were to be as happy as the day is long. But now I could cry my eyes out, for New Year's Day will be here to-morrow—and, oh! not Cuthbert!"

Mrs. Lee drew Alice in her arms, and nestled there, she sobbed out her grief.

Happy, happy eyes, however, ye weep that have a mother's heart to weep on!

Not for long did Alice yield to this distress. Lifting her head, she smiled and chid herself, saying:

"Selfish girl! I know that Cuthbert loves me, wherever he is! And I have you, my best, sweet darling, and little May."

Then the princess, very much cheered up, fell to kissing the sleeper on the rug beside her, and she woke up with scarlet cheeks laughing, prepared for a game of romp with "sister Alice."

"But you wanted to show me something, dear," said the latter.

"Oh, my! we're all dreaming here! And the young man waiting for an answer, too!"

And Mrs. Lee handed the note to her daughter.

"How queer! And who is Rogers, pray?" asks Alice, all the woman alive in her face now. "Let's ring the bell for Jenny. Who brought this, Jenny? And who is Rogers? Is it meant for us, I wonder?"

Jenny, thus questioned, acquits herself with credit.

"Bachelor Rogers' man brought it, miss. Bachelor Rogers is a gentleman what lives in a be-au-tiful house, and his man says there never was such a master. He said the note was for 'our folks,' when I let him in. Shall I bring him up, miss?"

"Decidedly."

John being brought up and questioned, declared in the most decisive manner that there was no possibility of "mistake." But that "master had an odd way of doing things sometimes," and that "somehow or another people always did get confused-like and do out-o'-the-way things at Christmas."

And John finished up his statement by glancing at Jenny, who stood attentively examining the braided corner of her apron.

"Alice," said Mrs. Lee, thoughtfully, "I think we had better accept the invitation. Suppose you write a few words, and say we should be happy to come. Perhaps Mr. Rogers is going to have a Christmas-tree, and wants May to come. You know we are strangers here, and maybe it's the custom to invite one's neighbours."

Alice, nothing loath, did as she was told, and little May, catching the magic words "Christmas-tree," danced about meanwhile in a childish effervescence of delight.

Now John—arch-traitor that he was—whatever doubts he had had on the subject kept them to himself.

If this were the wrong house, he had no objection to calling back and rectifying the mistake. Indeed, John, remembering who would be likely to open the door, contemplated the same as a very desirable contingency.

John, with solemn demeanour, took the delicate missive Alice tendered him, put it with devout care in his breast-pocket, having carefully wrapped it in his handkerchief first, then started homeward.

John found his master still plunged in reverie before the fire, whose attendant geni—the shadows of home flitting to and fro around him in a mystical dance—seemed to promise—for even shadows grow prophetic on New Year's Eve—something strange and sweet for Bachelor Rogers' New Year's gift.

Poor, lonely Bachelor Rogers! to whom no one brought gifts on New Year's Eve!

So the friendly-hearted phantoms took compassion on his evil state, and danced in prophetic glee for the "good time coming."

"I think," said the master, "you've been gone a long time—haven't you, John?"

"Waited for an answer, sir," handing the note.

A little waft of perfume, stealing out from the same, took our friend by surprise.

A strange, pleasant sensation—was it odyle?—seemed to fly out from the missive as he touched it, and tingle along his nerves.

"Light the gas, John,"—the tone brisk and alert. John complying, lingered.

A rose-coloured seal, a spice of perfume, a fairy sheet of satin paper delicately characterized.

"Ha! ha! ha! Why, John, upon my word, it's a woman's note!"

Oh! the mellow ring of Bachelor Rogers' laugh! the concentrated emphasis upon the words, a woman's note—they spoke a volume of yearning, of chivalrous, deep-hearted deference, that only a man, "tender and true," could have kept pure and unsullied through all these years of hand-to-hand encounter with life and destiny.

The words that our friend found inscribed on the satin paper, with its scent of spice, were briefly these:

"Mrs. Lee accepts, with pleasure, Mr. Rogers' invitation for herself and daughters."

"Why, John, bless your heart!" cries his master. "you went to the wrong house. It was gentlemen I expected—not ladies!"

The tone of deference again.

"Well, sir," says John with solemn demeanour, "I can call back, sir, and say it's all a mistake."

"Call back again and say it's a mistake! Are you wide awake, John? Take back an invitation to ladies! Not if I know myself. No, John, they're coming—actually coming to brighten up these cold rooms with their presence. Coming in the place of dull jokes, and stupid wine-draughts, and empty hilarity, that leaves the heart and soul empty. God bless them for being willing to come! and bless you, John, for being the means of bringing them! It's the luckiest mistake you ever made, John."

Bachelor Rogers threw back his head and walked up and down, alert, vigorous, rubbing his bronzed hands in an effervescence of good-humour and delight.

"Yes, yes, John, we'll get ready for them. Oh! I'll have a New Year's dinner, I'll promise you! How many are there of them, John?"

"Well, there's a lady, you can't call her old, but she's older than the other one, which is her daughter; and there's a little one likewise, the daughter of the older lady, and her name is May."

"A little child coming, too?" says our friend, with reverence in his voice.

"Yea, sir; and her mother mentioned that maybe you was going to have a Christmas-tree."

"Well, so I am, John, of course. And if you think of anything else, just let me know."

"I will, sir. Good night, sir."

"Good night, John—good night. I think—at least something seems to tell me, that it's going to be a lucky New Year for you, John."

And the master contemplates his man with such an expression of complete benevolence, that John retreats in a frame of mind sufficiently bewildered for New Year's Eve; his last words being, as he takes a thorough warming before the kitchen fire:

"She certainly is the smartest specimen I've seen this one while."

"Who's that?" inquires cook, briskly waking out of a doze, and rubbing her eyes.

"Not you, cook—not you," says John, stalking off to bed.

This assertion is not difficult of belief, as cook weighed somewhere near two hundred pounds; and, in the way of figure, gave the general impression of a stout feather pillow slightly compressed in the middle.

Cook, not at all nonplused at the retort, chuckles, says, "Not me! Oh, no, of course!—though I did have a figger once upon a time," and relapses again into slumber.

The house falls asleep. The fires burn deep into the night, and their tall, genii shadows come and go, weave mystic dances, while to and fro through the brain of one sleeper wander thoughts of long-ago, joining hands with something strange and sweet that was to be, yet never was—that yet shall be, the shadows promise in their mystic dance.

Once or twice, Bachelor Rogers wakes and ejaculates aloud in accents of remorse, "If my invitation had only been less brusque. They'll think I'm a snappish snarling old curmudgeon. And if I had only left out 'six o'clock, sharp,' and signed myself, 'yours faithfully,' or 'yours until death,' or something of that sort, you know."

And then our friend falls asleep and dreams like a child, of Christmas-trees, and holly berries, and mistletoe, and something strange and sweet yet to be.

The little brown house where the mantels are wooden, and not marble, falls asleep also. And Alice, that was sorrowful when awake, is very happy in her dreams. Oh! lovely dreams she has, wherein Cuthbert, her lover, comes home, and holding her fast in his arms, says he will go away no more.

The mother dreams also—far back into the years

of childhood. A slender stripling, who wears a girl's blouses on his cheek, over-rose-red when in her company, draws her, a demure little maiden, on a vermilion sleigh, barred with gilt, over a crisp expanse of snow-golden lights in the horizon.

Waking, Mrs. Lee hears the tinkle of snow-crystals against the window-pane, and whispers to her heart:

"Yes, he never came back. How could he, when all on board perished?"

As for child May, it would be useless to undertake her dreamings. The story of Aladdin were tame beside a child's dreams on New Year's Eve.

Ten minutes before six our friend, entering his drawing-rooms, was almost satisfied with the result. Not quite, you know, for as Bachelor Rogers had remarked a number of times to John, as they prosecuted their labours, "I am expecting ladies, you know, John!"

"At six o'clock, sharp!"—with what utter contempt did our friend now repudiate that odious phrase, as he called it, to himself—the ladies came.

Jenny, demure-eyed, smooth-haired Jenny, was with them. John led the way upstairs, and watched her, as she, intent on business, deftly removed wrappings, set away over-shoes, etc.

When her task was accomplished, the result was radiant. Mother, Alice, and child May, seemed the lovely and loving spirits bringing hope and gladness wherever they might come.

When John, throwing open the door, announced to his master the arrival of his guests, Bachelor Rogers came forward to receive them with the air of a knightly Paladin. Sir Grandison himself never made a bow half so profound, or so devoutly deferential.

When he lifted his eyes, and the winsome vision of the three stood completely disclosed, our friend became the victim of a bewilderment, so profound and complete, as to be beyond words. He seemed like a man walking in a labyrinth, perplexed, however, not by fear, but by some strange, delicious happiness.

"Your invitation was a surprise to us," murmured Mrs. Lee.

"Oh! I've been acquainted with you all this long time," declares our friend; and his laugh rang out joyous and mellow as the chime of New Year's bells.

Though no one disputed this extraordinary statement of Bachelor Rogers, yet it was noticeable that after that he seemed incapable of uttering one coherent sentence until— His guests, discreetly unconscious of our friend's unnatural wrappings with his mother-tongue, from which he always retired worsted, having said the very thing he didn't mean, proceeded to admire everything with the most naïve and bewitching enthusiasm.

And truly master and servant had acquitted themselves with credit. Festive garlands swung everywhere, the scarlet shine of holly-berries lighted them all with its brightness; but no one guessed, not even child May, of the stately Christmas-tree that stood enshrined behind the purple shimmer of the silken curtains.

It were idle to tell of that day's dinner, or of all the singular feats perpetrated by our friend during its numerous courses. How he called familiar dishes by the most perplexing epithets; how he began a story in the middle, and forgot the ending; and how he persisted, at times, in behaving as if he had been acquainted with his three guests all his lifetime, instead of seeing them for the first time to-day.

When they came back to the drawing-room, there was a brilliant surprise for little May.

There stood a famous Christmas-tree, resplendent with lights, and bearing abundantly the fairy fruitage of the season.

"That is for you, mignonnette," says our friend.

"For me!"

May stood transfixed, hands folded on her breast, large eyes coruscant, lips apart. Glancing from the tree to our friend, she made a little run into his arms, gave him a squeeze of untold delight, then pounced upon her treasures.

Alice came to the rescue, and turning herself into another child with laughing and amazement, plundered the willing tree.

The elder couple stood apart. Then Bachelor Rogers, putting forth his hand, led Mrs. Lee to a seat, and took his place beside her.

"I have a New Year's story to tell you. Will you listen?"

Bachelor Rogers' manner was quite coherent now; but his eyes were wet, and his voice trembled strangely.

"I will listen willingly," murmured Mrs. Lee. What strange vibration was it that quivered along every nerve?

"I remember a lovely little child, then, much like your May here—eyes the same, curls the same, rosebud mouth just the same. She used to let me kiss her then—an innocent little child, you know! She grew older, Mrs. Lee. Your Alice looks like her, only

not quite so beautiful—at least I think not. I used to draw her then—we grew up together, you see, Alice. Is that your name, dear lady?"

Mrs. Lee was trembling now. A strong arm closed around her—a voice that held the music of youth said, "Do not tremble, the end is coming."

"The boy almost a man, the girl very near a woman—but she was always that with her gentle, loving ways—parted. He went to sea. The curl she gave him at parting he keeps still."

"They said all on board perished," sobbed Mrs. Lee; "but I never forgot him—never, never!"

"Do you love him still? Oh, Alice! Alice! Alice!"

Alice and little May turned to look at the outcry.

What strange spectacle is this? Their mother sobbing on Bachelor Rogers' breast. At that moment there is a tap at the door.

That excellent fellow, John, fearing Jenny was lonesome, had felt it his duty to take a run up to the little brown house and escort her to his master's house. To his amazement, he found her setting forth with a young man so handsome, so self-possessed, so altogether at home with her, that John was posed.

"Oh, Jenny," whispered poor John, "you never told me you was keeping company—"

"No more I am," retorted that damsel, saucily. "He's Miss Alice's husband that is to be. Do you think I'd lift my eyes to the like of him?"

"Oh!" said John, a load taken off his heart.

So Jenny and her escorts arrive, and she opens the door. She vanishes with one of them to the realm beneath. Alice, somewhat decorously shocked at the mysterious conduct of her mamma, opens the door, cries, "Cuthbert!" and follows her mother's example.

Poor little May, sorely puzzled, looks from one couple to the other. Then, discerning in the last arrival a person upon whom she had a decided claim, precipitates herself upon him and insists upon sharing in his embrace.

Then they all come back to the room.

Bachelor Rogers tells his story, winding up with:

"And you never knew me, Alice? I knew you at once. Little May is your childhood, Alice here your girlhood, and the woman beside me your own dear self—my wife that is to be."

Mrs. Lee denies not. Alice, her tender mouth in a quiver, cries:

"Are you going to leave me, Cuthbert, when they are so happy?"

And Bachelor Rogers answers for him a resonant decided:

"No."

That settles the question, and makes the lovers happy. Look forward a little—Bachelor Rogers loses his title and wins the hope of his youth. Cuthbert and Alice find that a wedding is just as joyful on Twelfth Day as it would have been on New Year's Day. In fact, the best beginning in the world for the New Year, especially when Cuthbert is partner in the famous shipping-house of Rogers and Co.

As for John and Jenny, John's master was as good as his word—made it a lucky New Year for him—for the twain found themselves "setup" in housekeeping, and John his own master, as in times past, before a run of misfortune had befallen him, and driven him defeated, but not conquered, into service.

Having thus looked forward, come back again, and be content to linger a moment in the happy room, where the lovers sit.

Firelight was pleasantest, they all said; so they sit in the sweet light of home, and talk of the beautiful future.

May, the discreetest of children, has wisely gone to sleep—her hands full of treasures, her head in her sister's lap.

Our friend and the elder Alice sit hand in hand, and again he says:

"You never knew me, Alice!"

"Ah! how I find in the bronzed, broad-chested man the boy who blushed so! But I shall learn to find him now, and love them both in one."

Here the shadows that have been dancing feebly, mutely suggesting:

"Are we not fine shadows that keep our promise truly?"

Here these fire-side geni show two shadows bending towards one another, kissing one another, as those who have remembered through years and trials have the best right to do.

Happy, holy, blessed New Year's time, when even the very shadows love one another, and prophecy only of hope and joy!

I have written you a New Year's story. There are tears in it, but it ends happily, as such stories should. Yet I forget not how lonely many a heart will be this year at New Year's time. I forget not how sad the memories we must entwine with our

garlands and berries of the holly. But, oh! hearts that suffer, ye must not be too sad at this holy season! Look up where the Star of the East is shining. Its lustre is falling even upon the graves of our beloved, and we dare not sorrow as those without hope!

G. L.

HOW PAPER COLLARS ARE MADE.

At the end of the first room are piles of pure white paper, awaiting their turn to be guillotined in a machine furnished with twenty-two shear blades, which cut the paper into the requisite strips for the collar, on precisely the same principle as a gigantic pair of scissors, thus leaving no rough edge.

The product of two paper mills is consumed in this factory, at the rate of a ton to a ton and a half per day, the average production being about 100,000 collars per day, which find a ready sale, despite the numerous imitations with which the market is flooded.

From the hands of the attendant, who turns out the pure, even strips of paper, they pass into the hands of another fair executioner, who brings the incipient collar nearer its birth, by passing it through another pair of knives, by which it acquires shape in an instant. Still another machine marches relentlessly up and down, and as the collar leaves its iron embrace, the three button-holes are visible—large, clean cut, firm holding, and easily handled.

The collar is now placed between two dies or clamps, passed under a quick, heavy pressure, and emerges again, stamped with that close imitation of stitching, which renders it so perfect an imitation of its linen brother, that the difference can hardly be distinguished; it is stamped also with the size and corporate mark.

Next comes the crimping-machine, which draws the curved line on which the shape of the collar turns, and which, by allowing space for the cravat, insures a smooth fit. They then pass through the mangle of a damsel, who, with a lightning-like rapidity, turns the collar over, as no machine has yet been able to do.

From these hands it passes to the moulding machine, where it is bent round into perfect shape, and finished as a perfect collar.

This process is an important one, requires skill in the operator and strength in the paper, which must be of the best, to resist the immense strain required to mould the collar into perfect shape.

The collar is now, as it were, born—shapely, trim, and elegant, and ready to adorn the neck of the most fastidious—having passed through seven distinct processes in its manufacture. It is once more taken in hand by women, and packed into boxes by the 100, or in the well-known little boxes of a dozen each.

Our readers may remember that during the last session of Parliament a bill for a direct railway between Greenwich and Woolwich was thrown out in committee, chiefly on the objection of Professor Airey, the Astronomer Royal, that the passage of trains through Greenwich Park would produce a vibration unfavourable to the operations at the Royal Observatory. It was at the same time intimated that by a deviation in the proposed line, this objection might be obviated, and plans have now been prepared, which will not be opposed on the part of the Admiralty. The new line will pass through the grounds of the Royal Naval Asylum, at such a distance from the Observatory as to obviate all inconvenience from vibration, and will connect the present London and Greenwich Railway with the North Kent line near Charlton.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales will remove from Marlborough House to Kensington Palace. Marlborough House was built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1709, for John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough. In 1817 it was bought for the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, and was afterwards held by Queen Adelaide until 1849. There can be no doubt that as the family of the heir to the throne increases, it will be a matter of health as well as necessity to move the younger branches from the low situation of St. James's Park, to the higher and more airy grounds of Kensington. Here in former days was established a royal nursery for the benefit of his children by Henry VIII.; here Queen Elizabeth grew up awhile, as well as our gracious Queen Victoria; and here health was in vain attempted to be given to the sicklier temperaments of Edward VI., who died young, and his sister, Queen Mary, who lived only to be an unhappy bigot. Of course, great alterations would have to be made at the Palace to render it a fit and proper abode for the Prince and Princess of Wales. A clever architect might be found to alter the interior and much of the exterior, and yet keep part of the south front—supposed to have been designed by Wren—and a portion of the east, built by Kent, a man famous in his time. As a popular

writer has said, it possessed a Dutch solidity, and can be imagined full of English comfort; it is quiet, in a good air, and though it is a palace, no tragical history is connected with it; all which considerations give it a sort of homely, fireside character, admirably suited for the domestic life of a young married couple. Windsor Castle is a place to receive monarchs in; Buckingham Palace to see fashion in; and Kensington Palace, with judicious alterations, might combine the comforts of a private home with sufficient rooms to entertain a large and distinguished circle, such as now is seen in grave Marlborough House. As the house and site of the present residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Pall Mall is most valuable, no objection could be made in Parliament to dispose of both, and vote a sum to be expended upon Kensington Palace and Gardens. The taste of the present day would soon produce a royal domain, and get rid of the remark of the hypercritical observer, that Kensington has a palace which is no palace, gardens which are no gardens, and a river called the Serpentine which is neither serpentine nor a river, but an angular piece of water made out of some ponds, which ponds were filled out of a brook which rises in West End Lane, Hampstead.

WATAWA.

CHAPTER IV.

THE afternoon was like a dream of heaven, as Thomas Lincoln rowed down the river, it was so calm, so full of brightness so serene and peaceful. The shore on either side was a continued panorama of verdure and beauty. The young hunter kept to the middle of the river of course, in accordance with pioneer customs, so as to avail himself of the full force of the current, but with the more important object of avoiding the bullet of any prowling redskin on either bank.

He soon came within sight of the settlement of Lincolnville, whose history and appearance we must now present to the reader.

It had been founded by Abraham Lincoln ten years previous to the time of which we are writing, and for a year or two he and his family had been the sole white inhabitants permanently established within ten leagues.

It was built on a gentle elevation sloping back from the river, from which all the woods had been cleared, save a few shade trees, and the ground far and near had been broken up by the assiduous settlers, who had transformed the whole scene from a wilderness to a flourishing picture of civilization.

The settlement was built on two streets, one running parallel with the river, and the other parting from it at right angles.

It was enclosed by high palisades, and was guarded at night by a watchman, the inhabitants taking turns with one another in this duty.

It contained seventeen dwellings, the majority of which were built of logs, but four or five of the number were handsome frame houses.

The grand total of the inhabitants was seventy-seven, including the Lincolns, who were considered as living within the settlement, although the hardy scout had taken up an advanced position on the island, which was about a mile distant, the better to watch over the safety of his people.

There was an old parson among the people of Lincolnville, and they held meetings every Sabbath at the largest house in the place, at which he presided; but almost any of the settlers could take the lead in the simple exercises and devotions of these occasions, and even discourse profitably upon the great truths of mundane and immortal existence.

There was no regular physician in the settlement, but almost every one of the parents and grandparents of the place had sufficient knowledge of medicine and surgery for all the demand of the population.

There was no sort of prison in Lincolnville, no lawyer, no grocery, even; no court-house, no judge, no civil officer of any description, and no need of any of these possessions.

The nearest post-office was thirty-five or forty miles distant, but the settlers took turns in going to it for their letters and papers, weekly or oftener, so that they were kept well informed of affairs.

There was no such thing as want or destitution in Lincolnville, for if any one lacked anything, his neighbours vied with one another in coming to his assistance.

There were a few standard books in each house, and these went the rounds of the settlement, exchanged from family to family, so that they were all very well supplied with entertainment and instruction.

The surrounding country, as we have said, was well-cultivated, and now gave every promise of a plentiful harvest.

The early days of the settlement had been filled with dangers and trials, but for three years the settlers had been at peace with the savages, and only a few cases of individual aggression had marred the general tranquillity.

In the centre of the cross formed by the four streets of Lincolnville, there was a large block-house, three stories in height, and each storey overhanging the other, built in the strongest manner, and well supplied with weapons of defence.

It was large enough to receive all the settlers of the vicinity, and having been prominent in the former wars, its continued existence was doubtless one cause of the peace which had reigned during the period we have mentioned.

Under these circumstances, the manners and customs of Lincolnville were quite patriarchal, as simple as affectionate, and as happy as honest.

Near the block-house stood a log cabin, distinguished from the rest by the profusion of vines that climbed its sides. In front a well-worn path led from the threshold to the little wicket-gate, and this path was bordered with beds of flowers, such as our grandmothers loved. There were pinks and bachelors' buttons, "Johnny-jump-ups," and double butter-cups, prince's feathers, and hosts of others, including hollyhocks, sunflowers, and wild rose bushes in profusion.

The door was open, and the long beams of the afternoon sun fell slantingly on the floor. The furniture of the room revealed was neat and simple, being almost precisely similar to that of Mr. Lincoln's dwelling. A fire glowed in the huge fire-place, and near it, on a cushioned chair, lay a huge cat, blinking lazily her great, sleepy eyes.

The centre of the room was occupied by a table, which was spread with the evening meal.

The table, a plain but substantial piece of furniture, was covered with an ample cloth of home-made linen, and laid for tea, with dishes of the pink and white ware that used to delight our grandmothers.

A pot of golden butter occupied the centre of the board, and was flanked on one side by a plate of snowy biscuits, and on the other by a platter of freshly-broiled birds, which sent forth a savoury odour. Two cut-glass dishes, which had evidently been brought from a civilized community, when the family emigrated to the wilderness, occupied prominent places. One was filled with a clear amber-hued jelly, made of wild grapes, which were plentiful every season in that vicinity, and the other was heaped high with wild strawberries, freshly plucked from their stems. By the side of the latter dish was a glass pitcher, filled with thick yellow cream.

By one of the windows, which were large and furnished with glass panes and neat curtains, sat a young girl, who was looking anxiously down the road, towards the river.

She was Jenny Hale, the sister of Robert Hale, the young girl to whom Bessie Lincoln had alluded when bantering her brother.

Of the same age as Bessie, she resembled her in many respects, but was essentially different in others. She possessed the same purity of heart and soul, the same quickness of intellect, the same generous sympathies; but having had more educational advantages, it was not strange that she should be more quiet and thoughtful.

Her face was sweet in its expression and beautiful in its youthful freshness and bloom, and her mouth, when she smiled, showed bewitching little dimples at its corners. There was at times a gentle gravity in her expression, and a womanly thoughtfulness in her manner, that made her inexpressibly charming.

In regarding her countenance, one almost forgot to notice that her hair was of a soft brown hue, glossy and fine, and drawn smoothly away from her face into a braid at the back of her head, and that her eyes were of a deep dark grey, full of soul and intellect, and that her form was lithe and slender, and her movements full of grace.

Suddenly a deep colour shot into her cheeks, as she looked down the street, toward the river, and she started up, exclaiming:

"Clarissa, he's coming!"

She had hardly uttered the words, when the door of the inner chamber opened, and a woman made her appearance.

She was Clarissa Jones, a faithful dependant of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hale, and on account of their lifelong kindness and protection extended to her, she conceived herself now bound to exercise a mother's care toward Jenny, whom she tenderly loved.

She was an angular woman, with no pretensions to good looks, although she fancied herself irresistible. Her hair was arranged smoothly against the sides of her thin face, and drawn away into a prominent knot at the back, which knot was presided over by a formidable looking comb.

She was a maiden still, although past forty-five; but at times she was disposed to relate to sympathising listeners, the particulars of a "disappointment."

She had once had "a disappointment," which had for ever seared her heart against the blandishments of peridious male creatures, as she invariably declared on these occasions by way of conclusion.

In spite, however, of Miss Clarissa's efforts to the contrary, Jenny, gentle and unassuming as she was, was the real, as well as nominal mistress of the little household.

"Master Lincoln will find the tea waiting for him," observed Clarissa, in a strongly nasal voice, "and real, too, for the first time in a year. Ah, there he comes!"

Jenny seated herself on the lounge, with her face turned away from the door, and seemed absorbed in contemplating the fire, while Miss Jones hastened to make the tea.

The next moment a timid knock sounded on the open door. Jenny arose to answer it, and exclaimed with the most innocent tone and manner imaginable:

"Ah, is it you, Mr. Lincoln. Come in, you are quite a stranger."

Young Lincoln entered the room with some embarrassment, and sank into the chair the young girl extended to him, saying, as he twirled his cap:

"I—I said I should call to-day, Jenny. Is Miss Jones well?"

"Very well, thank you," responded Jenny, taking his cap and resuming her seat. "How are your father and Bessie?"

"Bessie's well, and father's off scoting. We expect him home to-night."

A pause fell between the couple.

Jenny, glancing shyly at her visitor, encountered his earnest gaze, and both immediately blushed, as if detected in some heinous offence.

Miss Clarissa broke the silence:

"Well, Master Lincoln," she said, "how'd you leave all the folks at home?"

"Very well, indeed!" replied the young man. "I didn't see you before, Clarissa!"

"Very likely not," responded the ancient maiden, drily. "I wish you'd ask Bessie to come over to-morrow, Thomas, for we're going to have a berryin'. Them fields o' Springer's has got the beautifullest lot o' strawberries I ever did see, an' we can just as well have the fust pick as the leavin's. But set by, Thomas, we've got a treat for you—real tea. Jenny sent for it to the settlement the other day."

Thus invited, young Lincoln took a seat at the table opposite Jenny, who sat at its head, while Clarissa sat at one side.

"Do you take your tea with sugar, Mr. Lincoln?" asked Jenny, timidly.

The young man assented. The tea was distributed, and young Lincoln asked:

"Is there any news, Jenny?"

"Yes, Mrs. Rugby's got a pair of twins—the cunningest little boys in the world. Everybody's been in to see them," said Jenny, forgetting her embarrassment in her enthusiasm. "You musn't forget to tell your father of the fact, Thomas. He will be so pleased. These babies make the seventy-eighth and seventy-ninth inhabitants of Lincolnville."

"Yes, he will be pleased," returned Thomas. "Father regards every new-comer almost as a member of his own family."

"They have been making a great fuss over these babies," continued Jenny. "Mr. Rugby's smithy's been crowded with folks, so that he has found little time to shoe horses or mend ploughs. And everybody's suggested names for the boys, and offered their father land-titles for them. It reminds me of the fuss they made when the first child was born in this settlement!"

"Strange, folks will be so silly!" remarked Miss Clarissa. "I see nothing so extraordinary in a baby; and as for their mother, she's a poor martyr, and serves her right for getting married! Them's my opinions! And laws, Thomas, the fuss they do make about them young un's names! You'd think there never was a pair o' twins before! Springer wants 'em named Joshua and Josiah, and Parson Peabody, he says, 'Name 'em Methuselah and Sampson, that they may have length o' days, and be strong to fight the redskins!' But Mrs. Rugby wants her own way, and is goin' to name 'em Joseph and Benjamin, and shows her sense, so I say. 'Though, to be sure,' she added, "they might have named 'em both Abraham Lincoln, seein' your father takes such an interest in every baby born in Lincolnville. But for my part," she added, as if the thought had suddenly occurred to her, "I don't think it looks well for young folks like us three to be talking of babies!"

Thomas Lincoln bent over his plate to conceal a quizzical smile, while Jenny was obliged to stoop as if about to pick up something, in order to hide her sudden risibility.

"Isn't it most time your brother was here, Jenny?" asked Thomas, after a brief silence.

"Yes, I look for him every day," was the response.

"I am getting quite anxious about him, lest he should

have fallen into the hands of the savages. I read his last letter to you, Thomas, you know."

"I wish he'd come," observed Miss Clarissa, sipping her tea. "The house is lonely enough as 'tis. There's no time like youth for gaiety and such like frivolities, an' I shall enjoy myself I can tell you! Soon's Robert comes, we're goin' to give a tea-party. Thomas, so he'll get acquainted with the neighbours. Tell Bessie about it. She must bring her work, an' come early—say one o'clock. The neighbours 'll be in by two. We'll have tea at five, so as all can get home before dusk."

"You are going to be quite gay, Miss Clarissa," observed Thomas.

"Yes—now's the time. But, dear me, Thomas. Why, you don't eat nothin'."

Young Lincoln had eaten very heartily, being blessed with a backwoodsman's appetite, but Miss Clarissa was simply carrying out her ideas of true hospitality in making her assertion.

The repast was finally concluded, and the party arose from the table. Thomas took his seat by the window, Jenny withdrew to the sofa, and Clarissa proceeded to wash the dishes and restore them to their places.

When the tea-things had been put away, Miss Clarissa rolled down her sleeves and donned a huge gingham sun-bonnet, which hung on the wall, remarking:

"Seem as you seem so sociable like, p'raps you'll excuse me if I go out a little while. I want to go round to Perkins' and see how things is comin' on there. Mrs. Perkins is dead, you know, Thomas, and her eldest darter is only thirteen, so I hev to run in often, or Perkins 'd hev poor livin'. I can tell him! Though, to be sure, folks do send in a good deal, and he's well-to-do. But there's no one like a mother, even if she ain't an own mother! A step-mother, even if young and giddy, like me, goes a wonderful ways with a pack of children. Not that I'd marry Perkins! Not if he was king o' Chinay, an' could give me tea to every meal! I scorn men!"

"You are quite right, Miss Clarissa," returned Thomas, laughingly.

"Don't call me 'Miss,'" exclaimed the spinster. "I despise that formality. Between young people there should always be a freedom, so to speak. Call me Clarissa, as Jenny does. I wonder if Perkins is at home now?"

"Yes," said Thomas. "I saw him on the doorstep as I came along."

Clarissa gave a glance at her neat homespun dress, and with a light remark, tripped with assumed coquettishness down the path and along the street towards the residence of the widower Perkins.

When she departed, Thomas edged his chair a little nearer the lounge, making some remark about the fine weather.

The subject must have been embarrassing, for Jenny blushed and ensconced herself in the further corner of her seat.

Little by little young Lincoln edged his chair nearer, and finally, with a boldness to be commended, seated himself in the opposite corner of the same lounge, and within three yards of Jenny. And then he blushed to the roots of his hair. Jenny was not a whit less confused, toying with her apron and drooping her eyelids.

Another silence followed, broken only by the ticking of the tall Connecticut clock in the corner. Love-making in the days of which we write, was not the facile thing it now is. It was generally preceded by a long courting, in which the eyes generally said more than the tongue, and it was therefore an adventurous feat when Thomas, from an apparently uncontrollable impulse, edged a little nearer Jenny, and stretched out his hand towards hers, which lay carelessly beside her.

The next moment her little brown palm was in his clasp. Then, startled at his own audacity, he coloured and glanced at the maiden. She was blushing too. Fearing that his temerity had extended too far, Thomas hastily withdrew his hand, exclaiming:

"I—I must go now. It's near sundown."

"Don't be in a hurry," faltered the maiden. "You make yourself too much a stranger, Thomas."

Another pause succeeded, which was broken by the young man, who said:

"I promised Bessie to come home early. I—I think I'll go now."

"Well, if you must go, Thomas," said Jenny, "I hope you'll come again soon."

"I—I think I'll come to-morrow," was the reply, as young Lincoln arose and secured his hat. "I'll come to see your brother if he should have arrived."

Jenny sent various messages to Bessie, and young Lincoln ventured to hold the maiden's hand a moment in his own, while his eyes spoke the language his bashful tongue dared not utter.

The next moment he took his departure, and Jenny stood in the doorway watching him as he passed down the street towards the river.

CHAPTER V.

WE must now return to Abraham Lincoln, the scout, attended by Robert Hale, our hero, and the latter's hired man, Socrates Miffin, whom we left at the instant when they were attacked, while on their way to the scout's home, by ten or a dozen Indians.

It will be remembered that the pioneers were advancing in an open plain, at the moment of discovering the savages, and that they had beaten a hasty retreat to the edge of a densely-wooded covert, where Lincoln announced his intention of making a stand.

"Yes, my children," he repeated, in the calm and grave tone which had already inspired Robert with so much respect and confidence, "I will put my foot down here. I am too old and slow to think of running a race with these light-footed neighbours. Besides, you can say of an Indian, as of the evil one himself, that the more you give way to him the more aggressive does he become! Say your prayers, therefore, my children, while you look at your powder; and we'll fight!"

In obedience to the scout's injunction, Robert and his attendant had promptly dismounted, the former cool and active, but the latter despairing and helpless.

The savages continued to approach, brandishing their tomahawks and yelling like demons, and their appearance was truly terrific, particularly to eyes unaccustomed to it, their faces being streaked with war-paint, their heads plentifully decorated with feathers, and their rifles and other arms glittering in the sunlight.

"Five, eight and three make eleven," counted Lincoln, as he surveyed the approaching Indians more particularly. "They are clean-heeled, double-fisted fellows, and appear to be the flower of Scalp-Robe's flock. They must have been selected especially for this little operation. Let me see if I can stop them."

As he finished speaking, he took a few steps toward the Indians, to the great horror of Socrates, and even Robert uttered an involuntary plea for him to come back.

"Peace, my son!" the scout responded. "They cannot fire upon me conveniently while they are running."

With this, he brought his rifle to his shoulder, with another ringing shout of defiance.

The effect of this demonstration upon the savages was magical.

As Lincoln had said, they knew him!

They knew that two of their number would inevitably bite the dust, if they continued to advance, and it is not surprising that none of them were ready to sacrifice themselves in that manner.

They accordingly turned aside, partially retracing their steps, and hastened to place themselves under cover, each behind a tree or a rock, in a small clump of woods, a dozen or fifteen rods from that in which the pioneers had taken refuge.

Their yells died out, of course, while they were sheltering themselves, and during the time they were thus employed Lincoln returned deliberately to his chosen position.

"I thought they could be checked," he said, with a smile expressive of his satisfaction. "The truth is, it is not in an Indian's nature, as in a white man's, to hurl himself unflinchingly upon the muzzle of a rifle. They knew that you and your man were strangers in these parts, and fancied that a few howls would drive you away from me. Failing in that little scheme, they will proceed in a more crafty manner. Let what will happen, we have secured a breathing spell of at least a few minutes."

There was something sublime in the simple self-possession and self-confidence in which these words were spoken by Lincoln, and Robert's brave and manly spirit was deeply touched by them.

His eyes rested admiringly, and even appreciatingly upon the noble face and figure of the scout, and then and there his soul commenced looking up to the deeper and grander soul before him, as to one in whom he could place the utmost trust, and as one who was worthy of all reverence and honour.

"I am glad our position is no worse," he said, as he placed himself, rifle in hand, beside Lincoln. "What shall we do next? I am new in this business, Mr. Lincoln," he added, "and shall leave the direction of affairs entirely to you."

"Yes, yes," gasped Socrates, who had fallen on his face, "we leave all to you! Oh, woe to the day when I left my happy home! Well would it have been for me if I had been born blind, or been a cripple, or a dwarf, or even died o' the measles, in the sweet innocence of childhood! In any o' them cases I never should have exposed myself to this doom! Oh, Lord! there they are! a hundred of them at least! We shall be killed—scalped—burnt at the stake! Oh, if I could once more see England again, I'd never be caught out of doors so long as the breath of life is in me!"

Lincoln seemed more amused than surprised at the cowardice of his Socratic companion, as he turned to him and said:

"Come, come, my son—this 'll never do! You must be a man—you must fight!"

"What! me?" rejoined Socrates, as he burrowed more deeply into the leaves among which he had fallen; "me fight all them Injuns!"

His vacant look of terror attested that no assistance could be expected from him, and the scout accordingly said:

"Well, friend Miffin, if you cannot fight, you must fly for your life."

"Oh, if I only could!" gasped Socrates, arising, with his knees aching back and forth treacherously under him. "Is there any chance for me? Where—what—which course shall I take?"

"You had better beat a retreat through the bushes behind us," replied Lincoln, with a look of half pity and half good natured indulgence. "There is a path, but if you lose it you must go straight toward the sun, and keep moving until we overtake you. Take the horses with you, and be sure that you do not lose them. Go!"

Trembling like a leaf, Socrates hastened to take his departure, leading the horses, and he soon vanished in the dense bushes at the back of the ridge behind which the pioneer had taken shelter.

While speaking to him, the scout had kept his eyes upon the savages, who had been settling themselves in their new quarters, and he now turned to our hero, and said, smilingly:

"Take it coolly, Robert. There is no reason to be excited. If Providence has permitted these savages to have a desire to destroy us, He has none the less given us the instincts and the means of protecting ourselves from them."

"But they are so many!" exclaimed Robert, with a pardonable apprehension.

The scout shrugged his shoulders.

"Their number does not signify anything," he quietly responded. "Having driven them under cover, I see my way clearly. The Indian is a sneaking enemy, who delights in creeping up behind your back, or in surprising you asleep; but he has a mortal dread of a fair stand-up fight. Take away his rocks and his trees, and he is like a cripple without crutches. These fellows, for instance, know that several of them must fall if they come up boldly to the work, and that is why they will resort to all sorts of tricks and dodges, each in his own way, to save their precious bacon. See!"

He again raised his rifle, and every Indian's head was instantly withdrawn behind cover.

The position secured by the two men, although so hastily selected, possessed some natural advantages worthy of mention.

The trees around them were large and numerous, standing like sentinels along the border of the plain across which the pioneers had been so recently proceeding, and the ground was broken with rocks and ridges, including the ridge which, at the instant of the appearance of the Indians, had struck the experienced eye of Lincoln as offering a favourable place in which to make a stand against them.

Behind the pioneers, in the direction taken by Socrates and the horses, a rude path led down a narrow valley between two densely-wooded hillocks, running parallel with each other, and stretching away on each hand toward a higher range of ledges.

This path was hidden from the view of the savages by dense growths of bushes, so that the disappearance of Socrates had not been seen to be a withdrawal, and it did not seem to occur to the savages that any member of so small a force would separate himself from his beleaguered companions.

Had the case been otherwise, however, they could not have flanked the position without a long detour, and they were too eager, with their intended prey immediately before them, to have thought of making such a movement.

There was still another fact—the principal fact in the case, perhaps—that strengthened the defence of Lincoln and his companion.

The covert of woods in which they had taken refuge was divided by an open space of twelve or fifteen rods, as we have stated, from the shelter secured by the savages, and the two men knew that they could shoot down several of their enemies in this open space, should they make an effort to cross it.

Thus placed, with a grassy Rubicon between them, the pioneers and their assailants exchanged watchful glances.

It is scarcely necessary to add that they all kept closely under cover, and maintained the most watchful and unremitting look-out possible.

"A bad boy, that, of yours," said Lincoln, after a pause. "He reminds me of a little story that is told by an old Deacon Gray we used to have at the settlement. The deacon had a theory that God is the creator and father of all white men, and that the evil

one is correspondingly the father of all the Indians. One night the deacon detected an Indian, as he supposed, getting into his cabin, with the evident intention of securing a scalp, and he accordingly laid wait for him, poker in hand, and gave him a blow that knocked him senseless. On striking a light and looking at the intruder, it was found that he was a white man, a worthless fellow, in the garb of an Indian, who had entered to steal a jug of the deacon's whiskey, and one of the bystanders accordingly demanded, 'I say, deacon, who made this fellow—God or the evil one?' The deacon scratched his head a moment, but soon responded, 'Well, neighbour, I think that God furnished the material in this case, but that the evil one put it together.' A similar thing, Robert, may be said of your Mr. Miffin. He has material enough for a man, but it's badly put together."

Robert laughed, despite the Indians, deriving strength of mind and coolness from his companion, and the scout soon continued:

"I saw at once that young man could not aid us, and I had a double object in sending him away—namely, the hope of saving him and the effects you have brought with you. If your horses had been fresh, I should, of course, have sent him and you away on them, in the direction from which you came; but they are too tired to stand the slightest chance, for a short run, with these swift-footed rascals. You could not have spurred them into a smart trot before your saddles would have been emptied. Take care, Robert," he added. "One of the savages has found enough of you to draw a bead on, and—"

The report of a rifle interrupted the sentence, and a bullet whistled within a few inches of Robert's head.

"Shall I reply in kind?" he asked quietly.

"No, no—not for worlds! Once empty our rifles, and the Indians will rush in upon us; but if we retain our fire, and keep ready for business, why they'll think twice before they leave cover. The fact is, it is an awkward bridge to get over—this little bit of space between us and them. It goes against the grain for an Indian to present himself deliberately as a mark for a bullet, as they must do, if they attempt to rush in upon us. In our last campaign, three years ago, I kept half a dozen of them at bay several hours, having an open space between me and them much like the one now before us, and being in a position which they could not flank."

"And who fired first, finally?"

"Oh, they fired occasionally, one at a time, as these fellows are doing, but they did not draw my fire. As night approached, they reflected that the darkness would favour me, and became desperate to such an extent that they at last made a dash at me simultaneously. Of course, I took two of them on the wing, and succeeded in getting away from the others uninjured, although their bullets whistled near me. Can you shoot well?"

"I have done well at our peaceful shooting matches," replied Robert; "but that is not a proof that I shall be of any service here."

"Perhaps not. A man may be a good marksman without being sure of bringing down his Indian the first time trying. Like every other business, this must be practised, if you would acquire proficiency in it. Ah! see that fellow on our right. He makes a pretence of uncovering himself. He wants to draw our fire."

Another bullet whistled near Robert, and it seemed to set the scout to thinking. His brow became contracted with thought, as his glances, darting rapidly here and there, took in every feature of the scene.

"I think I can keep the rascals at bay a little while without your assistance," he observed, in a whisper.

"They seem to be getting impatient."

"Yes; and they are slowly but surely coming nearer, first one and then another. You had better slip into the path behind us, proceed thirty or thirty-five rods, turn to the right, and go to the foot of the ledge which will then be visible to you. At the foot of this ledge you will find a cave—"

"Ah! We are to hide there!"

"By no means. What for? To be smoked out like a couple of rats? No, no—you are not to hide in the cave, but must hasten to close its mouth with stones. The entrance is small, the stones close at hand, being those fragments fallen from the face of the ledge, and the task will be easy. You are to make it appear that we are hid there. I give you ten minutes in which to accomplish the task."

"And when it is finished?"

"Wait for me there, just to the right of the cave. Keep a sharp look-out, but do not leave till you see me. Down on your hands and knees, now, and crawl away from here undetected. The redskins must not know of your withdrawal. Go."

(To be continued.)

The American hotels show what stupendous establishments Brother Jonathan requires. Six to eight hundred bedrooms under one roof; three hundred

servants; a steam laundry that will wash four thousand articles in a day (a shirt washed, dried, ironed, and delivered in fifteen minutes!); the beef of a thousand oxen cooked and served up in a year; bell-telegraphs to every room; five and twenty omnibuses, and other carriages, to convey visitors to and from the hotel; a mile and a half of verandahs and balconies in front of the several ranges of rooms; hot and cold water baths to every bedroom; a hundred miles of gas and water pipes; a bridal-chamber so gorgeously furnished and served that ten guineas a day is charged for its use.

AHAB THE WITTY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THIS remarkable interview had a cheering effect on the depressed spirits of Sir Raoul. He was rejoiced to discover manliness and nobility of soul even among his enemies.

In due time, the phlegmatic Ahab came, bringing the garb of a santon and a dagger for his master. Having the ring so well known to the guards, they dared not dispute his passage.

Mornay put on the garments over his own, and with the dagger in his hand, the point concealed in his sleeve, submitted himself to the guidance of the youth, whose sagacity and attachment he had no reason to distrust.

Ahab described to him as well as he could the passages to be traversed, the sentinels to be passed, the flights of steps to be ascended, and the conduct to be observed when outside the town.

He also gave him the ring.

Mornay, invoking the Divine protection, addressed himself to the perilous attempt. Ahab followed a few yards behind.

The first guard, who was stationed not far from the knight's prison, eyed him suspiciously. He had seen no santon pass that way, but the ring in a measure satisfied his misgivings, and Sir Raoul moved on. Ahab, who had gone in and come out frequently, was not questioned.

Turning a corner, he came rather abruptly upon the next sentinel, who was not so easily satisfied. He glanced at the ring, held Mornay by the sleeve, examined his features minutely, and said:

"Fellow, I have no remembrance of thy features. Besides, no santon has passed me during my watch."

Mornay spoke the Moorish language fluently, but knew little of the mummery of the class he was personating. He answered, quietly:

"Friend, your memory is short. It is scarcely a half-hour since I gave you the blessing of the Prophet, and went on my errand, which led me by thy post."

"Now, thou art a false knave!" exclaimed the Moor, unsheathing his scimitar, and attempting to seize the knight by the throat.

"Die!" muttered Sir Raoul, and with the swiftness of lightning plunged the dagger into his breast.

He sank to the earth, and Mornay, concealing his weapon beneath his flowing garments, hurried on. Ahab came up with him.

"There is one more," he said, "whom you have to fear; pass him, and all will be well. If you see suspicion in his eyes, strike! After this, go up the first winding steps you come to, at the top of which you will find an aged Moor, sitting in a chair, with a sabre across his knees. Place in his hands as many pistols as you can spare, and say 'Shibboleth.' This is all that you need do. He will see the sparkle of your ring, nod, smile, and the thing is done. Should you meet the Magician, do unto him as you have but now done to the one behind us."

The knight observed these instructions, and advanced with much dubiousness upon the soldier of whom Ahab had warned him. As it chanced, he was sleepy, and in a mood not to be very particular; so, glancing at the ring, he permitted the knight to go on. Still following the directions of the youth, he ascended the winding steps, came upon the old Moor, put five pistols in his hand, held up the signet, pronounced the word "Shibboleth," and moved forward. He was now in a hall more frequented by those who came and went and attended upon the king. He had walked but a short distance, when, to his dismay, he beheld El Zagal pacing to and fro with slow step and thoughtful brow. At first he was disconcerted; but, seeing but one course left, went boldly forward.

The Moslem leader heard his footsteps, and with the instincts of a warrior, laid his hand upon the handle of his scimitar; then, falling back to the wall, and folding his arms upon his breast, said, with a peculiar smile:

"Pardon me, holy dervish! My mind was on the field of battle as you approached. I hope you have no reason to complain of your treatment in the tower of Comares?"

"My son," answered Mornay, "I complain of nothing. The will of Allah determines all events."

"Most true, pious santon. He predestinates who shall come and go, who shall live and who shall die, who shall love and who shall hate, and who shall languish in dungeons," returned El Zagal.

"Even so, warrior. Thou art most wise. The Prophet has unquestionably enlightened thy mind, and given thee the pearl of wisdom for the dross of ignorance. But I must not tarry. The inspiration within me calls me hence," added Mornay.

"The inspiration within you will peradventure tell you to keep to your left hand as you pass out of the tower, and to avoid the knot of men-at-arms at the right-hand exit."

El Zagal looked steadily before him. No change came over his iron visage. Mornay was too quick and apprehensive not to perceive the friendly meaning of the Moor.

"Allah has indeed instructed me," he answered, in a subdued and grateful voice. "I have learned a lesson this night that I shall not soon forget; which is that generosity is the noblest gift of heaven."

El Zagal smiled; that smile was like light breaking upon darkness. Mornay lifted his basinet and passed on. Turning to the left, as El Zagal had hinted, he soon found himself in the Court of Lions, where he paused for Ahab, who presently appeared.

"It is all well, my master! It was written that you should escape. The will of fate must be fulfilled. But we must away. Two splendid horses, saddled and bridled, and ready to mount, await us on the green bank of the Darro. All that remains for us to do is to hasten from this accursed spot. Yet we should not complain; everything is as it should be, and it is all the same!"

"Lead the way, in heaven's name!" answered the knight. "Hamet is on the road, and Boabdil and his sister are in danger."

"True, your worship. We have business enough on hand. Unleavened bread will do the mischief if we tarry by the way; although I suppose it amounts to just nothing in the end. None of these give recompense. The wisest person is he who exerts himself the least. Were all the world of my way of thinking, nothing would be done."

Hastening on, they came to descend a steep and rocky hill to the Darro.

When about half way down, the knight saw a figure moving slowly toward them. The darkness prevented immediate recognition. Mornay kept his hand on his weapon. When within a few paces of the person he beheld in him Abaddon the magician.

Quicker than it can be related, he called to mind the arts and hypocrisies of this singular man; how he had tempted him at the Vermilion Tower, how he had attempted his life with a matchlock, how like a stealthy leopard he had come to him in his dungeon, and lastly his appearance and conduct in the torture chamber. When he remembered these things his indignation was great.

Seeing Ahab, the magician stopped, and eyeing him and the false santon, keenly asked:

"What is thy name, youth?"

"It is anything, mighty magician, that people please to call me. You can call me Mahomet, Eazar, Beelzebub, Belial, or Belphegor, and it will be all the same."

"You had best give me a civil answer. Methinks I have seen thee about the palace," answered Abaddon, drawing still nearer to Ahab.

"Very likely!" said the latter, coolly. "I have a great deal of business with the king and the sultan, and they would find it hard to get along without me; for I have nimble feet and nimble wit."

"I doubt thy wit, but not thy impudence. But this,"—he turned to Mornay—"by his garb should be a santon!"

"The most extraordinary santon in Granada!" said Ahab. "So great is his holiness that he has wrought miracles, almost without trying. His power nearly equals your own."

"I should like to see him work a miracle or two," retorted Abaddon, bending his cold, blue eyes on Sir Raoul, who cared not to endure this scrutiny.

He put out his hand to thrust him aside, when Abaddon caught him by the wrist.

"This," he cried, sarcastically, "is a remarkable hand for a santon! It is not thin with fasting, nor unnerved by painful ordeals. It is like the hand of a warrior."

"Stand aside! My business is urgent!" said Mornay.

"Pardon my curiosity, holy man, but I would see more fully the features of one who must be so inspired as thou undoubtedly art!"

The magician spoke with that composure which usually distinguished him, but his bearing was resolute. Sir Raoul could restrain his anger no longer. Seizing Abaddon by the shoulders, he lifted him from the ground and shook him fiercely.

"Why should I not fling thee from this battlement of stone?" he cried, springing to the edge of a jutting rock, and holding Abaddon over an abyss of some fifty feet in depth.

"May heaven have mercy on me!" shrieked the magician.

"Then mayest well ask the aid of Heaven," said Mornay, "for I have but to unclothe my fingers to drop thee to perdition in an instant!"

In his struggles, the old man's turban had fallen off, and with it a wig of white. Looking down upon his agitated face, the knight recognised Muley Aben Hassan, King of Granada.

"Drop him, my master, drop him!" said Ahab.

Sir Raoul was so astounded by the discovery, that he came near following the discovery. He snatched him hastily from the dangerous position in which he had placed him, and setting him upon his feet, for a brief space remained speechless.

"King of Granada," he said, presently, in a husky voice, "thou hast been near death this night."

Aben Hassan's white lips moved, but no sound escaped them. He raised his eyes upward, and seemed inwardly returning thanks for his escape.

"An hour ago, I was in thy power; now thou art in mine!" he continued.

"Thou art Sir Raoul Mornay!" faltered the king.

"I am that injured knight. I have escaped from your dungeons, and fate has delivered you into my hands."

"It is the will of Allah!" sighed Hassan.

"Most true, great king. All this was written," interposed Ahab.

"King of Granada," said Mornay, "we part not thus. Your life shall be sacred in my eyes; but you ascend not again the throne of Granada!"

"Proud Englishman," returned Hassan, with dignity, "remember that I am a king, and that Allah protects the persons of kings."

"If he protects thee, it is well; I will not complain." Then to Ahab: "Youth, bring yonder turban and those white locks that lie on the stones."

Ahab obeyed in silence.

"Aben Hassan, once King of Granada, be pleased to assume your disguise. You are about to take a journey in my poor company to yonder mountains, and I would not have you recognized by those whom we may chance to meet."

"To the mountains!" exclaimed Hassan, full of consternation. "Wouldst thou put upon me this indignity?"

"Talk not of indignities! Am I not even now reeking from thy dungeons? Are not my joints swollen and painful by thy tender mercies? Be thankful that I do not strike thee to the heart!"

"I acknowledge that I did thee some wrong, Sir Knight, but it was because thou wert leagued with my apostate son. Do no violence to my wishes, and I will make ample amends for what has passed. Thou shalt return to Ferdinand laden with riches and honours. Thou shalt hear letters from me to thy king, accrediting thee the bravest, and most courtly and puissant knight in his service; and that there fight not under his banners so meritorious a cavalier."

"I trust thy faith no more. Were I so infatuated as to return with thee to the Alhambra, my head to-morrow morning would be seen grinning from the battlements on the point of a lance!" replied the Knight of the Red Cross, sternly.

"I swear by my religion, by Allah, and by the Prophet, that I will fulfil my promise that I here make, to the very letter and spirit of the same!" protested Hassan.

"And more than this I will do," he added, sinking his voice and speaking hurriedly. "Thou shalt wed the Princess Leoline! I swear it!" The blood flew like lightning to Sir Raoul's face. For a brief interval his emotions were painfully intense.

The old king perceived his advantage, and would have followed it up had not Mornay waved his hand imperiously.

"Nay, nay, old man, it will not do! Thou hast broken faith with me once, and did I trust thee a second time, I should deserve to be betrayed. Take my arm and let us descend to the Darro! Fear not for thy life; I will guard it as my own. But attempt to escape, or raise thy voice, or practice any device to that end, and king as thou art, I will sever thy head from thy body!"

"It is just!" murmured the king.

And refusing the proffered arm of Sir Raoul, he walked with bowed head and frequent sighs down the hill.

Reaching the verdant bank of the river, Mornay saw two horses tied to a fig-tree, pawing the ground impatiently.

"There are the steeds I spoke of, my master," said Ahab in a more deferential tone than he had ever used in addressing Sir Raoul.

"Ah," muttered Aben Hassan, "it is to thy treachery that I owe this!"

"Father of Boabdil, for once in your life thou hast spoken the truth. And this is not the only good turn for which thou art indebted to Ahab the Witty. I have done something for thy son, and something for thy sultans, but no more than was written. And whatever thou mayest think of it, and whatever may come of it, it is all the same!"

"Irreverent and false varlet! I may yet hang thee from the loftiest turret of the Alhambra!" retorted Hassan, with a flash of his old fierceness.

"After I am hanged," answered Ahab, "it will make no manner of difference how I died."

"Aben Hassan," said Mornay, holding the stirrup, "you will mount this horse."

"There is no choice," answered the king. "Circumstances and physical strength give thee the advantage."

The old king vaulted into the saddle, and in obedience to a gesture from the knight, Ahab leaped up before him, and grasped the bridle-rein.

The betrayed monarch began an angry and vehement expostulation, but Mornay checked him by a determined look.

"Search him, my master, lest it be written that I be stabbed from behind," said Ahab.

"If it be written, Ahab, according to your own showing, nothing can prevent it; nevertheless, your advice is good. Great Abaddon, I will search thee. There may be on thy person some of the mysterious implements of thine art."

"Be not too familiar with the person of a king. I will spare thee the trouble."

The king drew a dagger from his bosom, and with a haughty glance, gave it to Mornay.

"It is well," said the latter. "The first sign of treachery will be the signal of thy death. Ahab, thou art acquainted with the country. Ride on; I will follow. Conduct us to the castle of Sadoc the Jew."

A malignant expression passed over Aben Hassan's face; he was thinking of Hamet and the poisoned dagger.

Sir Raoul mounted, and Ahab, giving the impatient charger the rein, swept away with welcome speed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MOUNTED on his horse, and chained to Hamet, with his feet smarting from punishment, Sadoc began to think seriously of his conduct.

The ten pistoles that had been paid him before starting to the mountains jingled in his pockets, and in his rage and mortification he would have gladly cast them into the Darro or flung them into Hamet's face. But this was no time for the manifestation of his feelings. It was better for himself to dissemble, and hypocrisy came somewhat naturally to the Israelite.

To lead Hamet and his followers to his stonecastle, where he kept his daughter and his treasures, was a thing he did not mean to do. But he was placed in a situation so precarious, that it would require consummate art to extricate himself from the difficulty in which he had indiscreetly become involved.

As he rode along across the vega, or plain, that lay between them and the foot of the mountains, he taxed all his craft for a subterfuge by which to evade the conditions imposed. He recollected, finally, a spacious cavern inhabited by banditti, and to this cavern he resolved to lead Hamet and his ten followers. This expedient appeared a most clever one to the Jew, and his spirits immediately began to revive.

Being compelled to guide the movements of Hamet, he wisely resolved to make as long a journey of it as possible; so wound about strangely through valleys, passes, and defiles, keeping, however, every locality fixed in his memory. He tried to beguile Hamet into conversation, but that dark Moslem was not easily beguiled. He either remained entirely silent, or indicated that he heard, by a movement of the head. Sadoc as a last resort, drew a small wicker flask from his doublet, and after tasting its contents, proffered it to the glum Hamet, who shook his head and gravely declined the favour.

"Thou art most temperate, Hamet, and I commend thy prudence. Thou art young, but my old blood needs occasional warming."

"Thy blood," answered Hamet, with unchanged countenance, "but recently got a most thorough warming!"

The Israelite winced, for his feet every moment reminded him of the bastinado. Yet he did not regret this retort, for he had gained an advantage with his surly companion.

"He might have spared his cudgel and my feet," he said; "for I would have betrayed this Boabdil out of mere hatred, if there had been no money in the case. But having an eye to mine own interest, I thought it best to drive a bargain if possible; yet the choleric monarch was shrewder than I."

"Faith, I think he was!" snarled Hamet.

"It may be so, but if he had hearkened to me to the end, he would have been greatly the gainer. The cavern I have mentioned is sometimes frequented by robbers, and there are vast treasures concealed in one or more of its secret recesses."

"What might be the number of these robbers?" inquired Hamet, beginning to be interested.

"Not less than six, nor more than ten, according to the best of my knowledge," replied Sadoc, with much seeming simplicity.

Hamet rode on in silence, thinking of the concealed treasure.

The Jew's chain jingled on his doublet, and the pistoles jingled in his pocket. Both reminded him of his disgrace, and both whetted his desire for vengeance.

"If the prince," he added, "was not protected by those fellows, he could be easily taken."

"I care not," replied Hamet, gruffly, "for six or even ten such varlets. With those sturdy warriors at my back, what have I to fear? Yet," added the Moor, with characteristic distrust, "I scarcely credit thy tale."

"I ask not credence," returned the Jew, humbly.

"I do but speak that you may understand the true state of the case, and practice such strategy as you may think proper for the capture of him you are in search of. The treasure which I mentioned was foully come by, being plundered from travellers and merchants, together with five bags of gold taken from my own person, with much abuse and violence."

Hamet watched the countenance of Sadoc some time without speaking. The Jew, feigning not to see him, kept his eyes dejectedly bent on the ground.

"Thou lovest not these robbers, I should say," said the Moor, anon.

"They are to me as swine's flesh, which is abominable. May the curses of heaven light on their heads!"

The Israelite glanced slyly at the poisoned dagger which Hamet wore in his girdle.

"Swear to me," he resumed, with much earnestness, "that if you secure the unlawful gains of these despoilers, you will restore to me my own, or, at least, the fourth part of my loss."

"It is not my business to bargain with thee, as thou knowest, and therefore say no more of the matter."

Being forbidden to converse on the subject he most wished to press, the Jew rode on, revivifying his chances of escape in his mind, and contriving new wiles.

Having guided Hamet till long after dark, and penetrated far into the labyrinth of the mountain, a halt was ordered, Sadoc protesting all the while that he feared misleading them if they went farther. He was taken from his horse, and chained like a wild animal in a menagerie to a small tree, near which the Moor stretched himself in his blanket, his followers doing the same thing at a little distance. This, like the other position, the Israelite could not have anticipated when he set out on his traitorous errand.

With the dim sky over him, and the blurred mountain-ranges around him, with escape apparently impossible, he had ample time to reflect on his folly.

He had talked of robbers in the afternoon, the whole tale being a coinage of his own brain; but those lawless gentlemen by-and-by proved nearer than he had supposed.

A little after midnight, Hamet and his ten men were furiously attacked.

The latter, thinking discretion the better part of valour, after striking a few blows and losing some of their number, turned and fled. Not being able to secure and mount their horses, they fell into the hands of the banditti.

Hamet fought like a lion, but, finally, perceiving that his friends had deserted him, and that courage could not avail against numbers, seized the Jew, and hurried away with him on foot, which greatly increased his sufferings, his feet being swollen from the bastinado.

He complained bitterly of his tortures, but received no sympathy from the stern Moor.

"If thy feet" quoth he, "are sore, it is thine own fault. Hadst thou told the truth, there would have been no need of a cudgel; and if thou triest to escape, that poisoned dagger is in my belt!"

In this wretched plight Sadoc was led, or rather dragged, along by Hamet, who, seeing that the undertaking had thus far failed, was strongly inclined to make an end of him at once. When the Israelite could endure this rough treatment no longer, he sank to the earth, protesting that he could go no farther. Casting his eyes about hopelessly, he descried at a short distance, the ruins of a castle, and made a last effort to reach it. Having, with slow and painful steps, arrived at the ruins, he entreated Hamet to stop, and, sinking down like a dead man, in the first sheltered spot, slept more soundly than he had ever done in his life.

When he awoke, he saw Hamet stretched across the only way of egress, reposing like a weary warrior. It was nearly morning. A few pale stars gleamed upon the shattered turret, fallen tower, and tottering walls, a silvery moon, too, shed its mild glories upon the melancholy and deserted spot, revealing Hamet as he slumbered. The Israelite arose to a sitting posture and contemplated his unrelenting master. He had placed the poisoned dagger in his bosom; Sadoc saw the hilt protruding. His hatred and his vengeance took a tangible form.

Was not the opportunity before him? Had not the God he served delivered his enemy into his hand? He began to warm and glow with the thought. His aged limbs felt new strength, and his feet, he fancied, lost half their smart. The chain on his wrist rattled; Hamet had gone to sleep with it in his hand, but it had just dropped from his unnerved fingers. The Jew softly drew it in, winding it about his arm. He got upon his knees, then upon his hands and knees, then crept craftily toward his terrible custodian. The Moor, stretched on his back, breathing deep and regular, was peradventure dreaming of his dark-eyed wife and tawny-cheeked babes; faithful to the king, his master—faithful to them.

Sadoc's thin, tremulous hand descended silently upon the weapon, clutched it, and drew it forth from its silver sheath. The white moonlight played with it; it shimmered like pale flame. With a muttered curse the old man drove it into Hamet's bosom.

The fierce Moor, with a soldier's instinct, started to his feet. His hand fumbled an instant for his scimitar, he staggered, threw up his arms, and fell back heavily. But life was not extinct, nor was reason gone. He opened his eyes in a little while, and, casting them upon Sadoc, said:

"Thou hast made a widow, Jew! But I cannot blame thee; the blow was for liberty. Yet 'hou hast been false, oh Sadoc, to every principle of honour. Thou wouldst, for gold, have betrayed the son of a king, with whom thou hast eaten salt."

The expiring Hamet paused.

"It pains me most," he added, mournfully, "that I leave the black-eyed woman and the unprotected babes. But thus I was doomed, oh Sadoc! Withdraw the dagger, and let me die. I never feared foe in battle field, nor will I shrink from this foe, pale and hollow-eyed."

"Thou hast been cruel, fierce Moor, and this is thy reward. Thou wilt perish in thy heathen darkness, without one true appeal to heaven!"

Sadoc slowly withdrew the dagger, and the features of Hamet gradually fixed into the rigidity of death.

Wiping the fatal blade on the Moor's garments, he returned it to its sheath, and concealed it on his own person.

(To be continued.)

HOW THEY TREAT LADIES IN SPAIN.—At Madrid the Custom House rules that ladies must enter that capital with folded dresses only, and that whatever new and fresh female *chiffons* they have with them must be heavily taxed. The other day the traffic from Paris to Madrid was delayed nearly an hour whilst the Custom House officers squabbled with a passenger about a single silk dress she had in her trunk. The lady vowed she had worn it once, but the officers triumphantly pointed out that it was neither stained nor torn, and that, if not new, it was as good as new, and must be taxed as such. At last the lady had to give way, and to pay 150 reals duty on the garment.

PNEUMATIC RAILWAY UNDER THE MERSEY.—Recently Sir Charles Fox met at Liverpool a number of the local magistrates, town councillors, members of the Dock Board, Birkenhead Commissioners, and other influential gentlemen, for the purpose of explaining his plan for constructing a pneumatic railway between Liverpool and Birkenhead, under the river Mersey. Mr. E. Lawrence, ex-mayor, presided. Sir Charles Fox explained that the principle of a pneumatic railway had been successfully tried on a large scale at Sydenham, and was being constructed under the bed of the Thames, between Charing Cross and the Waterloo Station. The proposed railway from Liverpool to Birkenhead was a mile and three-eighths in length. There would be two stations in Liverpool and one at Birkenhead. The cost was estimated at £300,000, with borrowing powers to raise the capital to £400,000. This estimated cost would, however, be much reduced if the bed of the river were found to consist of rock instead of quicksands. It was estimated that on £360,000 the traffic would produce £50,000 a year, to pay a two per cent. dividend, and £10,000 for working expenses. The speed would be at the rate of 20 miles an hour, and each train for goods and passengers could carry at least 500 passengers, who would be charged 3d., 2d., and 1d. according to class. In answer to

numerous questions it was explained that there would be no danger of collision, and the carriages, luxuriant and well-lighted, would always be in plenty of fresh air. It was also explained that no opposition from "vested interests" on either side of the Mersey was anticipated. Ultimately a vote of thanks to Sir Charles Fox was moved by Mr. Robertson Gladstone, seconded by Mr. Harold Littledale, and carried unanimously, several gentlemen resident on both sides of the river expressing their high approval of the scheme.

TEMPTATION.

By J. F. SMITH.

Author of "The Will and the Way," "Woman and her Master," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

There is a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. *Shakespeare.*

Miles had recognized Little Fanny on the night of her appearance at Covent Garden, and had little doubt that the innocent victim of his cruelty had been equally aware of his presence. The discovery at once delighted and embarrassed him.

On one hand there was the prospect of a large reward from Martha, in the event of his restoring her adopted child; on the other, the danger of being punished for the dastardly attempt he had made upon her life.

Fortunately, the illness of the child gave him time to reflect and lay his plans accordingly.

Although he ceased to haunt St. Martin's Court himself, he contrived, either by the agency of Bet, or of friends whom he employed, to have a pretty shrewd idea of what was passing in the locality.

When he heard that Fanny was sufficiently recovered to leave the house with Sally and Barry, who were the constant guardians and companions of her walks, he rubbed his hands with an air of quiet satisfaction; but when assured that she went nightly to the Opera House—where, by the kind influence of Madame Garrachi, she was re-engaged—his joy manifested itself in a positive grin of delight.

In imagination he already counted the large sum which Martha had promised him in the event of success.

He had well matured his plans, and prepared to carry them into execution. His first care was to write the letter which caused the sudden departure of Martha from the Grange.

"Well!" said the lady, in an anxious tone, as Miles entered the private office of Mr. Foster, on the day appointed for their interview, "have you any intelligence of the captain?"

"She thinks more of him than the child!" mentally observed the ruffian.

"No, miss!" he replied. "My *pension* is, he has left the country! It is unknown what pains I have taken to hunt him out—but all of no use: not one of his old pals but has lost the trail."

Martha felt satisfied of the truthfulness of his response. She had her own reasons for believing that he was right in his conjecture, and had merely put the question in order to test his veracity.

"Why have you written to me," she demanded, "if you have nothing but disappointment to communicate?"

Miles gave a knowing wink.

"Speak, man!" she added, impatiently. "Do not trifle with me!"

"I ain't a-go'in'" replied the fellow, in an apologetic tone—for even he felt how much the difference between them had increased since he saw her last.

She was then rude and uninformed—almost as ignorant as himself; she now appeared an elegant, self-possessed woman of the world.

"If I've missed the captain," he added, "I've caught sight of the young 'un."

The affectionate creature could scarcely conceal her joy. The prospect of once more clasping her adopted child—the only being she loved on earth—in her arms, caused her heart to beat with the most blissful emotion.

"Where is she?" faltered Martha. "Oh, where is she?"

"Can't exactly say, miss," answered Miles; "because I don't exactly know myself! But I knows some one who does, and he has promised to bring her back, *perma-d*—"

"Not a snilling—not a penny," interrupted Martha, "ill I see her!"

"He don't ask it, Martha—that is, miss."

"What does he require, then?"

"Three hundred pounds the instant he brings her back, and no question asked. He is one of those curious sort of critters," he added, "as does not like to be questioned!"

"Willingly!" exclaimed Martha; "willingly!"

The fellow bitterly regretted, when he found how readily the pecuniary part of his demand was complied with, that he had not asked for more.

"Three hundred pounds!" he slowly repeated. "I think I said three! Of course that is without any expenses," he added; "which are rather considerable!"

"They shall be paid!"

"Look you!" said the ruffian, in a firmer tone than he had hitherto ventured to employ in his answers with the grand-daughter of Peter Quin; "money is all very well; but money without safety is good for very little! I couldn't sleep on a pillow of bank notes, even if they were all my own, and know that there was a halter hanging over my head: so you must promise me—nay, for that matter, take an oath—never to employ any knowledge you may have obtained of by-gones against me! You know what I mean!"

Martha shuddered—she guessed too well.

"After all," observed Miles, "he was your grandfather; and you couldn't hang me without bringing shame upon his name and your own!"

In her anxiety to recover Fanny, the affectionate woman took the oath he proposed, although her heart recoiled at the fearful imprecations it invoked upon her head should she ever break it.

"When am I to embrace my child?" she demanded, as she slowly rose from her knees.

"Perhaps to-night!" replied the man; "perhaps to-morrow! She is of great use, I suspect, to those who have got hold on her—they won't like to part with her!"

Again his employer urged him to be as expeditious as possible, at the same time reminding him that the oath she had taken was only contingent upon his fulfilling his promise.

"I can't make occasions," he said; "I can only profit by 'em! I am as anxious to get rid of the affair as you can be! Where am I to bring her to?"

Martha gave the address of Mr. Foster's private residence: for many reasons she did not choose to let him know her own.

"Still suspicious of me!" he muttered; "but I can trust you, if you can't me! Be ready with the money when I arrive: no matter whether it be night or day, the fellow I spoke of will expect it counted down; and, above all, remember your oath to me!"

With a confident air he left the office, satisfied that he had taken every precaution necessary not only to obtain the reward, but to shield himself from the consequences of Fanny's recollection of the attempt upon her life, which, from her agony on recognizing him, he could not doubt.

"No bad day's work!" he muttered, as he quitted the Inner Temple. "I have made the bargain all right; now, then, to consider the means of carrying it out."

With a self-control very unusual with the speaker, he returned home to mature his plans without dropping into a single public-house on the way.

That same night, Barry, as usual, was waiting near the stage-door of the King's Theatre to escort Sally and Fanny home. The young man was lost in thought: probably some sunny dream of the future possessed him—for a tall, rakish-looking personage, about his own age, had twice pronounced his name before he started from his reverie.

"What! Lee Strange!" exclaimed the painter, shaking him by the hand.

"I began to think you had forgotten me," replied the gentleman, with a smile, "since you have become a great personage! Oh, never look so modest! Peter-gill declares your last picture a triumph, and predicts the most brilliant success for you at the approaching exhibition! and painters, like poets, you know, are never flatterers of each other's works! By-the-bye, you must let me see it!"

"Willingly," said the artist; "but what are you doing at such an hour? At the old work, I suppose—dissipation—dissipation! With your talents, too!"

"How!" interrupted Lee Strange; "suppose I refused to demand what brings you here? But I am too generous: life is a game in which the trump cards are emotions—adventures! Scarcely an incident one meets with in the busy streets of London but might serve as a theme for an epic or a burlesque! Look at that old man!" he added, pointing to a beggar near them; "what a head—the grey beard—the deep-sunken eye! On canvas it would figure in the gallery of some *old* man—be admired—estimated at heaven knows what fabulous sum! On the shoulders of its possessor," he continued, with a certain degree of bitterness, "it scarcely attracts a second glance, unless from dreamers like ourselves!"

"You are philosophising to-night!" observed Barry, with a shrug.

"And why should I not," continued his friend, "if such is my humour? 'I tell you that in my walk from the top of the Haymarket to this spot I have encountered food for a month's meditation! You re-

member Dick Careless, and Jane, the girl whom he seduced and abandoned?"

"Perfectly."

"I passed them both!" continued the speaker; "he was in Lady Mary's chariot, whispering flattering lies into the ears of a woman old enough to be his mother, and her ladyship appeared to believe him!"

"But Jane?" said the painter, who, knowing the sad story of the poor girl, began to feel interested.

"Oh, she was on foot," replied Lee Strange, "dressed in the tawdry relics of her former finery. I saw her laughing with two simpletons from the country, who doubtless took her for a person of quality. At the sight of Dick she staggered and would have fallen, had not one of the rustics caught her in his arms!"

"And Dick?"

"Passed on: the poor girl had spent her little fortune—more—had toiled to support him. A richer dupe presented herself, and the rest is soon told."

"Material for an epic, indeed!" exclaimed Barry, with a sigh; "but I cannot see the burlesque!"

"Oh, the burlesque had not been wanting!" continued the narrator. "Would you believe it, I heard a low, ruffianly-looking fellow offer a hackney coachman five guineas for permission to drive his vehicle for as many hours? The fool had doubtless succeeded to an inheritance, and the time appeared long till he had squandered it!"

"Are you sure that was his motive?"

"What else could it be?"

"Some act of rascality," observed the painter, "which may end either in a broken head or a broken heart—I trust to heaven the former!"

"If you are curious," whispered his friend, "you may see how it will end—for, by Jupiter, here is the very fellow!"

As he spoke, a hackney-coach, driven by a sturdy-looking man, whose features were concealed in a large shawl, wrapped loosely round his neck, drove up to the colonnade, a few yards beyond the stage-door. No sooner had he taken his position, than an active fellow, who had been lounging near, opened the door of the vehicle, without, however, letting down the steps.

"All right!" said the coachman, who did not attempt to quit his box.

"Just in time!" replied his confederate; "they are on the move!"

The two young men exchanged glances.

"I think," said Lee Strange, grasping his cane, "that one of your predictions is likely to be accomplished."

"Which?"

"The one touching the fellow's head! He has nothing else sensitive about him!"

Most of the audience had quitted the theatre, but the colonnade was still thronged with idlers of both sexes, many of whom did not know where to procure either a supper or shelter for the night. So anxious was Barry to observe the end of the adventure, that he forgot for an instant Sally and her young charge.

The stage-door opened, and Fanny came bounding forth, fully expecting to find herself, as usual, caught up in the arms of her protector; instead of which, a shawl was thrown rapidly over her head, and she was hurried away by some rude hand, which seized her.

Despite her terror, she shrieked out the name of the painter, who rushed to the door, where Meg and Sally were waiting for him.

"The child!" he exclaimed.

"Is she not with you?"

"An instant!" he exclaimed, in a tone of distraction. "Don't stir till I return, for heaven's sake!"

Just as he reached the spot where he had lately been standing, the hackney coach drove off at a rapid pace. Heedless of his danger, he followed—for in those days, when the protection of the streets was confined to a few decrepit watchmen, it was no prudent undertaking to pursue on foot, amid the bustle and confusion of an Opera night, a vehicle driven furiously. As it turned down Parliament Street, the painter succeeded, though almost out of breath with his exertions, in jumping up behind.

"That you, Mat?" inquired the coachman.

The painter made no reply.

"Don't play the fool—this ain't no time for larking!" "All right!" muttered Barry, imitating as well as he could the style and tone of the speaker.

The fellow drove on, pretending to be satisfied that it was one of his confederates that had taken up the place on the foot-board behind; instead of which, he was silently winding the lash of his heavy whip round his hand, so as to give additional force to the blow he meditated.

Just as they reached Whitehall, he raised himself up, and struck at the young painter, who fortunately avoided the stroke. Before he could aim a second—which in all probability must have been successful—a second person had mounted behind the coach.

"Strike away, old fellow!" exclaimed the new comer,

interposing a heavy cane; "It's a long time since I had a bout of single-stick! Rap for rap—all fair."

To his inexpressible relief, Barry recognized the voice of Lee Strange.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" demanded the driver, in a surly tone.

"Can't you see?" said the latter, in a mocking tone; "we want to ride!"

"But I am not going far!"

"All the better—it will sooner be over!"

"Ruffian!" said Barry; "whom have you inside?"

"A gentleman and lady!"

"It is false!" replied the painter. "It is a child whom you have carried off from her friends—whom, if I err not, you have already tried to murder; but heaven, which once interposed between you and your fiend-like purpose, will defeat it now! Villain!" he added; "its eye and hand are upon you!"

By way of reply, the driver commenced lashing his horses, which started at a furious rate towards Westminster Abbey.

(To be continued.)

THE WESTMINSTER CHAPTER-HOUSE.

WESTMINSTER is at once the glory and the shame of England. The Abbey Church is, under certain conditions, one of the finest religious edifices in Europe, if not the finest; and, with certain shortcomings, the New Palace of Westminster takes the first place among those revivals of the ancient spirit of architecture in combination with modern appliances which are an especial characteristic of our times.

And yet Westminster must present an amazing and puzzling spectacle to the intelligent foreigner, who appears now as an Assolant, now as an Esquiro.

For example; that London should have such a river as the Thames, that in the whole length by which it traverses London, from the Horseferry to Blackwall, its shores should be totally and entirely appropriated by private owners, and that the very sight of their river should be denied to all Londoners, is odd. But it is characteristic. It is the old story. As the English law has grown up, nobody knows how, a thick brushwood of cases and precedents, and still awaits the codifying and systematizing intellect, so it had been reserved for the nineteenth century to await its Thwaites and the Thames Quays. The ill-usage which the Thames has met with is common to London and Westminster; and, after all, is only a case of leaving undone what we ought to have done.

But Westminster presents at least one instance of a great and positive abuse and wrong. We are speaking of the Chapter-House. When the Abbey was built, or rather reconstructed, by Henry III., its royal founder aimed high. He meant to build a church to which the epithet "incomparable" should apply. The adjuncts and accessories of such a church were planned in accordance with the main structure; and first among the necessary entourage of a large minster is its Chapter-House.

As everybody knows, a Chapter-House in a monastery is the common hall and solemn place of assembly for the brethren. It is an essential of an Abbey Church. The Chapter-House at Westminster was, in its way, one of the noblest pieces of mediæval art. Built at the very culmination of that glorious period of Christian art, the Westminster Chapter House must have fully realized its founder's ambitious aim. It was incomparable, if beauty of proportion, sumptuousness of material, and stately propriety and completeness in its decorations—of marble, painting, gilding, and coloured glass—can realize perfection in art. An octagon presents the notion of mathematical completeness, while a single central shaft supporting a vaulted roof gives that happy suggestion of grace and strength which was the ideal of the Hellenic Apollo.

But the history of the Chapter-House is very curious. It was built by a king, and close to the seat of Government. It is difficult exactly to understand the way in which the State and Church were in those days interpenetrated, to use Dean Stanley's happy phrase. No sooner was the Chapter-House completed than the royal founder wanted a use for it, not exactly in accordance with its original purpose. That its design and purpose was an ecclesiastical one, and that it was built solely for the use of the monks of Westminster, there can be no question. The Westminster Chapter-House is only a fine example of the Chapter-Houses of the period, and differs but little from the nearly contemporaneous Chapter-House at Salisbury.

But the completion of the structure witnessed the first faint struggling entrance into the world of what was destined to overshadow and control royal palaces, royal minsters, and all that the world of that day considered most stable in things civil and ecclesiastical.

The Commons of England came into being. The king wanted money, and knights and burgesses—so

we may roughly state it—came together for an end which could certainly have been foreseen by few members of the first House of Commons. We can scarcely suppose that this was, in the thirteenth century, a very august or imposing assembly, but it wanted a place of meeting at the seat of Government in Westminster.

The Chapter-House was close by and convenient, and it was the manner of the times that assemblies, secular or religious, should meet in religious houses. In point of fact, there were no other public buildings for public purposes. Churches in those days were often used for other objects than divine worship. The formal notion of isolating a church for religious services is perhaps a growth of time and reverence. But there was nothing strange in those days for a Parliament, or lay Assembly of the State, to meet in a cathedral.

It does not, however, follow that because the ancient Parliament met in the Chapter-House, the ecclesiastical use of the building sank into immediate abeyance. Dean Stanley seems to think that the Chapter-House was never used by the monastic body. Be this as it may, the Commons of England, having once got possession of the Chapter-House, kept it. It is characteristic of that body that it seldom does relinquish a privilege or an acquisition won or wrangled from Church or State. And so the Commons met regularly at the Chapter-House of Westminster, and their last sitting there was that at which the death of Henry VIII. was announced. They then moved over to the more convenient lodgings in St. Stephen's Chapel, vacant by the general oppression of religious houses.

From that hour grief and desolation settled on the deserted Chapter-House. The public records and state papers were stowed away in what was now only valuable as a lumber-room, and for the last three centuries the Chapter-House has been gradually but persistently consigned to ruin. The noble windows have been blocked up, the vaulted roof has been taken down, the frescoed walls have been whitewashed, the tessellated floor has been hidden, the whole exterior has been utterly destroyed, and the interior has been be-floored and be-galleried and be-cupboarded by huge ranges of boxes and presses and shelves, which are now entirely empty, as the records have been removed to the new Record Office in Fetter Lane.

It will have been observed that though the original purpose of the Chapter-House was ecclesiastical, its use, for the first three centuries of its existence was certainly secular. And at the time of the Reformation it was not reconveyed or assigned to the Dean and Chapter; that is, to the new foundation which superseded the old monks. The Crown retained the Chapter-House entirely in its own hands; and the building has never been the property of the Dean and Chapter. They have never had any control over it, and have never had even the right of entrance to it.

By usage, occupancy, law, and prescription, the Chapter-House at Westminster is as much and as solely the property of the Crown as the Castle at Windsor. Whatever its condition may be, the Crown is responsible for it; whatever disrepair attaches to the owners of the Chapter-House for such condition attaches to the Crown. The Crown received it, or appropriated it, new, beautiful, stately, and complete; the Crown has held it ever since; and the Crown retains it at this moment—a monument of decay and neglect, a national scandal, and a reproach to the whole country and to our age.

It is scarcely needful to say what any other country would do if it possessed such a gem of art as this Chapter-House at Westminster. It is scarcely necessary to say what any other body or corporation would in these days do with the Westminster Chapter-House were it not State property. The Sainte-Chapelle at Paris is an instance one way; the restored Chapter-House at Salisbury is an instance in another direction. Were the Westminster Chapter-House in Paris, or did it belong to the Dean and Chapter, it would at the present moment be one of the chief ornaments, as now it is one of the chief disgraces, of the seat of government.

A PUNT RACE OF NEGROES.—One of the Tetis slaves, who wished to be considered a great traveller, gave us, as we sat by our evening fire, an interesting account of a strange race of men whom he had seen in the interior; they were only three feet high, and had horns growing out of their heads; they lived in a large town, and had plenty of food. The Makololo pool-poohed this story, and roundly told the narrator that he was telling a downright lie. "We come from the interior," cried out a tall fellow, measuring some six feet four; "are we dwarfs? have we horns on our heads?" and thus they laughed the fellow to scorn. But he still stoutly maintained that he had seen these little people, and had actually been in their town;

thus making himself the hero of the traditional story, which before and since the time of Herodotus has, with curious persistency, clung to the native mind. The mere fact that such absurd notions are permanent, even in the entire absence of literature, invests the religious ideas of these people also with importance, as fragments of the wreck of a primitive faith floating down the stream of time.—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries. By David and Charles Livingstone.*

SCIENCE.

DR. ANGUS SMITH, when travelling in a railway carriage, collected some of the particles of dust which floated in the air, and which seemed to shine with a metallic lustre. On examination, Dr. Smith found that the larger class were in reality rolled plates of iron, which seemed to have been heavily pressed and torn up from the surface. Another and smaller class were less brilliant, and when looked at with considerable power, showed many inequalities of surface. Probably these were the particles which were not torn up but rubbed off.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER ON PATENT RIGHTS.

THE first sessional meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh was held on Monday evening, December 4th. Sir David Brewster, as President, delivered an inaugural address, in the course of which he showed himself to be a warm defender of patent rights. We extract the following from his well-timed and truly pertinent remarks:—

"The present raid against the patent laws is the direct and acknowledged result of the ungenerous influence of trade. The shortness of the tenure of patent rights, and the heavy tax levied from inventors, are expressly maintained in order to diminish the number of patents; and the avowed reason for thus diminishing them is, that from their number and frivolity, they interfere with the operations of tradesmen and manufacturers, by exposing them to actions for infringement."

"That there are many patents not remunerating, and not immediately beneficial, is painfully true, when we consider how much they have cost the sanguine inventor. That there are any patents really frivolous or useless, in the true sense of these terms, can be maintained only by ignorant or interested parties."

"There is no patent that does not contain a proposal to do something that is new, or to make some improvement on what is old; and there are many examples of apparently useless patents containing the germs of future and valuable inventions. There are cases even in which the invention stigmatised as useless has proved to be an essential element in a future patent, where the new patentee has piratically used it, and dared to complain that he has been prosecuted for infringement."

"But there is a still more intelligible reason why no patent can be called useless. In bringing it into the market, workmen are employed and materials purchased; and even if the process, instrument, or machine thus offered to the public has no sale and no useful application, the hapless patentee has given liberal fees to several functionaries of the State, and contributed nobly to the patent fund. That any patent is frivolous and injurious, in the sense of interfering with the functions of honest traders, is simply untrue."

"If an invention which has been patented at the cost of £175, and produced nothing in return, is a necessary part of an important invention subsequently patented, it is a positive proof that patents apparently frivolous may be truly valuable. The first invention is, therefore, neither an obstacle to improvements nor a ground for litigation. It has, on the contrary, led to a greater invention; and whether the second patentee has used it ignorantly or advisedly, he ought to pay for the use of it, instead of pleading in a court of law, as he generally and dishonestly does, that the original specification is defective."

"But even if the cases of interfering patents were more numerous than they are, and more fertile in litigation, it is the lawgiver, and not the inventor, that is to blame. If Parliament, in its wisdom, cannot reconcile the interests of patentees and honest tradesmen but by robbing the former, they overlook the fundamental law in social economy that no great improvement can be made in the arts of life, and no true reform in our institutions, without interfering with a variety of interests."

"In proposing to abolish patent rights, its promoters seem to have wholly overlooked the international interests that are at stake. If we have no patent law, we deprive every foreigner of his existing right to a British patent. Foreign Governments may therefore adopt a policy of retaliation, and refuse to our countrymen the patent rights which they now so freely enjoy; or, what is more probable, they may hold out additional privileges to our ingenious artisans, and

thus obtain the first-fruits of their skill. Inventors will follow their inventions, and in the exodus to foreign countries—to the United States, especially, with its cheap and judicious patent laws—we shall lose, more rapidly than we have yet done, the most ingenious of our inventors, and the most useful of our citizens."

"A policy like this, so Bæotian in its character, and so injurious in its results, is as politically unsafe as it is socially unwise and personally unjust. Rights that have been firmly established and long enjoyed are not readily abandoned. Illiberal and oppressive as the patent laws are, they are still the Magna Charta of the common-wealth of inventors, and in an age tending to democracy they will not be surrendered without a struggle. Rights hitherto unquestioned, and not more sacred, may be exposed to the same scrutiny, and social interests endangered which all classes have been accustomed to respect and defend."

"If these views of patent rights be just, and if, as moveable property, they are as sacred as copyrights, there can be no just reason why they should not be granted equally cheap, given to every applicant, and enjoyed during at least the life of the patentee."

M. NIEPCE DE SAINT-VICTOR has been astonishing the photographic world by announcing the discovery of several methods of producing perfectly black tints. Black, he says, may be produced by four distinct processes:—The first is of most interest, because by it pure blacks may be obtained either in the camera or by contact; it consists in the action of alkaline liquids in chloride of silver. The second consists in developing a black but slightly indicated, which he terms black by the reduction of chloride of silver. The third consists in submitting a slight black to the action of diffused light, which he calls black by the alteration of exposed chloride. The fourth method is used to produce a dark tint approaching black, by acting successively on a sensitized plate with the complementary colours, as blue and orange, or green and red.

POPULAR SCIENTIFIC TEACHING.

THE following are quotations from the second of two lectures, "On the Chemistry of Nature," delivered at Lyde, to the Isle of Wight Philosophical and Scientific Society, by G. F. Harrington, Esq., I.D.S.:—

"I have already explained that a large proportion of the earth's atmosphere consists of compound inflammable gas; indeed, some philosophers have gone as far as to say that if the nitrogen were to be withdrawn from the atmosphere, the remaining portion would combine with the earth's surface in a general state of violent conflagration. This being the case, it is reasonable to suppose that the earth is dependent for light and heat upon the sun, which is 95,000,000 miles away when it has all the materials necessary for its own illumination and warmth within a few miles of its own surface? I trust I have advanced a sufficient number of facts, and deduced a sufficient number of arguments from them, to prove that philosophers are mistaken in supposing that light and heat come from the sun in mechanical association with the 'actinic' chemical rays, which I call chemical or ignipotent power. Surely, if it be admitted that active chemical power (alone) comes from the sun, as I am contending for, there can be no great difficulty in understanding that such power, while passing through the earth's atmosphere, excites the inflammable matter contained therein into a state of combustion to supply the earth with the light and heat it receives."

"If this be admitted, all further difficulty in understanding the chemistry of nature is at an end. Instead of the wasteful, destructive consequences involved in the received theories, which I have endeavoured to expose, each heavenly body would supply the proper fuel, at the proper time, and in the proper quantity for its own illumination and warmth, they depending on their suns, and their suns depending upon them for an exchange of chemical power to excite and govern the combustion necessary for their respective requirements; in which case Mercury, instead of being in an incandescent state, and Venus in a boiling state, the surfaces of those planets may possess the same degrees of temperature as the earth possesses; and instead of Mars, the asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, Herschel, and Neptune existing under the influence of insufferable cold, their supply of fuel may return them suitable temperatures for the existence of similar descriptions of animal and vegetable life with those existing on the earth; and the same with the sun itself."

"Permit me to invite you, on the first clear, bright day, to satisfy yourselves that combustion is actually going on in the earth's atmosphere continually. This may be done as follows:—

"If you will stand with your backs to the sun, and look in a vacant manner for a minute or two towards the cerulean sky, you will discover an infinite number of infinitesimal but very distinct meteors, constantly igniting, travelling a short distance, and then expend-

ing themselves by combustion. They are so numerous and their movements are so eccentric as to resemble illuminated miniature flakes of snow during a violent snow-storm."

"These small meteors result from the combustion in the atmosphere of minute streams of compound hydrogen gas, which inflame as they are produced, and supply the light upon which the descending rays of light feed during their descent from their infantile source, till they impinge on, and are absorbed by, the earth's surface."

"For the information of the existence of these infinitesimal meteors I am indebted to the late Professor Mawerly, who for fifty years was astronomer and natural philosopher at the observatory attached to the Royal Naval Academy at Gosport. He was one of the first to oppose my views, as contained in the paper I have been reading, but after six years of opposition he became a convert, and was the first to acknowledge himself as such in the public newspapers in the year 1857."

If it were possible to separate the globe at its centre, in the same way as an orange or cheese is frequently divided, and to stand at the base of the division, the chasm would represent a height of 1,456 times higher than the Himalayas; or if Great Britain were reared on end from the Solent to Cape Wrath, it would reach but about one-twelfth of the distance."

ROSIN IN LARD.

IN the Scientific Convention at Newhaven, Professor Olmstead stated that rosin added to lard gives it a degree of fluidity not before possessed by the lard, and also prevents the latter from forming those acids which corrode metals—copper and brass for example.

Several important practical applications result from this property. Its use for lubricating surfaces of brass or copper has already been alluded to. It is equally applicable to surfaces of sheet-iron. I have found a very thin coating, applied with a brush, sufficient to preserve Russia iron stoves and grates from rusting during summer, even in damp situations."

I usually add to it a portion of blacklead, and this preparation, when applied with a brush, in the thinnest possible film, will be found a complete protection to sheet-iron stoves and pipes. The same property renders the compound of lard and rosin a valuable ingredient in the composition of shaving-soap."

The quality of shaving-soap is greatly improved by a larger proportion of oil than is usually employed, so as completely to saturate the alkali; but such soap easily becomes rancid when wet with water and allowed to remain damp—as it commonly is when in use."

If a certain proportion of this compound is added to common Windsor soap (say one-half of its weight) the tendency to grow rancid is prevented."

A very soft and agreeable shaving compound, or cream, may be made by steaming in a close cup a cake of any common shaving-soap, so as to reduce it to a soft consistency, and then mixing intimately with it half its weight of our resinous preparation, adding a few drops of some odoriferous substance. The same compound forms an excellent waterproof for leather."

USE OF AMMONIACAL LIQUOR TO REMOVE SULPHUR FROM GAS.—Professor Anderson gives the following summary of the results of some experiments made at the Taunton gas-works:—"1. That in the experiments conducted at Taunton gas-works, when the sulphur was reduced by 'scrubbing' (with ammoniacal liquor) from the proportion 19.8 grains to 12.92 per 100 feet, the illuminating power of the gas so treated underwent no deterioration of illuminating power. Further experiments, made with all the precautions which such operations on the large scale would admit of, contribute very much to show that the illuminating power of the gas is actually increased by the operation. 2. That the results obtained at Taunton gas-works are confirmed by other experiments, in which, whilst it was found that over 50 per cent. of the sulphur in the form of bisulphide of carbon was removed by the 'scrubbing,' the illuminating power of the gas was somewhat increased." The above results, we may say, understate the results obtained at other gas-works—Nottingham, for example—where we believe it has been found that nine-tenths of the sulphur is removable by scrubbing with ammoniacal liquor."

M. BODRY sent a paper "On Deaths by Lightning, and their Division between the Sexes." In a former paper the author showed that more men than women were killed by lightning in France. He now adds statistics for 1864, in which year 87 people were killed, 61 males and 26 females. Putting together his figures, and making a guess for the three next departments, he calculates that in the period of thirty years there have been in the France of to-day 2,431 deaths by lightning. He adds, that the total number of

individuals injured is at least four times that of the number killed outright. Thus, the whole number struck from 1835 to 1864 inclusive must have been 12,000, or 400 a-year. From 1854 to 1864 inclusive, 967 people were killed in France, 698 being males and 269 being females. The females, therefore, only constitute 28 per cent. of the victims. In England, Boudin adds, the proportion of females is even lower, being only 22 per cent. Referring to the circumstance that when lightning has struck a group composed of individuals of both sexes the men have been killed and the women escaped, M. Boudin is at a loss how to account for this comparative immunity of the female sex.

FACETIE.

DID the man, who ploughed the sea and afterwards planted his foot on his native soil over harvest the crops?

SIR JOHN HAMILTON, who had severely suffered from the persecutions of the law, used to say that an attorney was like a hedge-hog, it was impossible to touch him anywhere without pricking one's fingers.

A PARSON once prefaced his sermon with, "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

It is said that "waterfalls" are prohibited by the game laws. The clause which applies to them runs as follows: "Netting the hare shall be punished by fine and imprisonment," &c., &c.

THE POST.

ABSENT OLD GENTLEMAN: "Oh! Ha! Postman, eh? My name is—er—is—er—"

RURAL POSTMAN: "All right, sir! Mr. Robinson. No letter for you this morning, sir!"

ABSENT OLD GENTLEMAN: "D-e-o-ar me! Do you think there will be one—this afternoon?"

A MILKMAN has been arrested in Paris for adulterating the lactical fluid. He excuses himself by saying that the milk was too strong to be wholesome, and his regard for the health of his customers induced him to water it.

A STUPID person one day seeing a man of learning enjoying the pleasures of the table, said: "So, sir, philosophers, I see, can indulge in the greatest delicacies."—"Why not?" replied the other, "do you think Providence intended all the good things for fools?"

COUSIN'S TALK.

"No, Amy, you're quite wrong. I never was refused in all my life."

"Oh, Tom, how can you say so? Why, there was Louie Simpson."

"I tell you again, you're wrong, completely wrong. It's true I was 'declined with thanks' once, but I never was refused."

A LADY wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript: "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

"I SAY, old fellow," cried a city dandy to a farmer, past whose house he was riding, "these trees of yours are growing rather tall, it seems to me." "Well, they've nothing else to do," was the quiet reply.

AN UROBIN, not quite three years old, said to his sister, while munching a piece of gingerbread, "Sis, take up half dis cake to keep to afternoon, when I get cross." This is nearly as good as the story of the child who bellowed from the top of the stairs, "Ma, Hannah won't pacify me!"

NOR A DOUBT OF IT.—We often hear people debating on the origin of croquet, and wondering by whom and where the game was first introduced. As to the locality, we have no means of forming an accurate idea, but we think the frogs were certainly among the first to croak—eh?

SOMEBODY asked somebody else to look at a fellow whom he called "the sculptor." "What! such a looking chap as that a sculptor! Surely you must be mistaken." "He may not be the kind of one you may mean," said the informant, "but I know that he chiselled a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

ROYAL SPORT.—There was once upon a time a king of Prussia who was very short-sighted, so much so that he could scarcely tell the number of the regiment that passed before him in review; but he was nevertheless a passionate sportsman, and loved to kill hares, and in good company, so that they might talk over their exploits during luncheon. He was always followed by the grand veneur, who told his short-sighted majesty after each shot what was the result, and in a grave tone, as implacable as though he were

a supernumerary in a tragedy. The king fired, for instance—"What is that," said his majesty, "which I have killed?" "A goat, your Majesty." The king fired again—"What was that?" "A horse, your Majesty." A third shot—"What was that?" "A pheasant, your Majesty." A fourth shot—"A pig, your Majesty." A fifth shot—"His Highness the Duke of Schwarzenburg, your Majesty." A sixth shot—"A man, your Majesty." A seventh shot—"A child, your Majesty." "Horrible! if it had only been another duke! But a child?" "Your Majesty, it is nothing. Here is the game, wounded behind slightly." The king put down his gun, and searched in his pockets. In the confusion he produced an order of knighthood from among the many trifles, and, at last, recovering his senses, thrust it back, seized ten Frederick d'ors, kissed the child with all the heart of a good king and a good man, thrusts the gold into the child's hand, and goes to lunch with his friends, and to relate the capital day's sport he had had.

A CARD-SHARPER IN COURT.

AT Port Glasgow, a man named George Thomson, who had "fleece" an Irishman of £55, was charged with gambling in a railway carriage between Paisley and Port Glasgow. A colloquy between Thomson and the bench is thus reported by the *Glasgow Herald*:

UPON the indictment being read.
PROVOST READ said:

"Well, what have you to say to the charge?"

PANEL: "Well, your honour, I have just to say that I am guilty of gambling in the train."

PROVOST: "What is your business? Are you a general dealer in cards?"

PANEL: "No, your honour, I am a dealer in flats."

PROVOST: "Did you make any money that night?"

PANEL: "Yes, a few pounds—the matter of a £10 note—but that is nothing."

PROVOST: "The man who lost the money has said you got a £50 note instead of a £5."

PANEL: "There is some talk about it being a fifty, but I do not think it was anything of the kind. Man are not so foolish as to hand out a fifty instead of a five; however, I will soon know what it was."

PROVOST: "I suppose you could show it now! We will be able to tell you what it is."

PANEL: "Indeed, I cannot, because I lost it almost as soon as I got it. A party in the carriage won it from me—one of the gentlemen who travel with me has it; but the fact is, on my word of honour—ah! you may smile, but it is a fact, I have such a thing, and I pride myself on my honour—it is all a fib about it being a £50."

BAILIE LANG: "The dupes that are taken in by you are to blame as well as you. They play to win, and, to a certain extent, are deserving of what they get."

PANEL: "Now, that is the right way to put it. Whoever heard of a man playing to lose? And when a man plays he is just as bad as we are. There is a saying that an Irishman is very witty and pretty wide-awake, but for my part I never found it so. They in reality are as green as the island they come from, and should all be termed the 'green 'uns'."

PROVOST: "This poor Irishman left his wife at home, and took his purse with him. You know that, I suppose?"

[Fined 40s. with 80s. expenses, which was at once paid.]

PROVOST: "Now my advice to you is to give up this line of business and become an honest man. You must feel very much being placed in this position. Although you don't look like a flat, still, if you have any of the honour you talk about left, you must feel to face a man after you have done him out of his money."

PANEL (putting his hand in his pocket and taking out three cards): "Is there no possibility of me getting as much as will take me to Glasgow. I don't like to walk."

PROVOST (laughing): "There is no chance of doing anything in that line here. The walk will do you good, and possibly you may meet with a few flats on the road."

PANEL: "I dare say the only flats I would meet would be the soles of my boots, and I am not flat enough to walk them off my feet. This town has a flat appearance, so there must be a good many here, and I will just wait for an hour or so."

[The card-sharper then left the court.]

A BRIEF correspondence recently took place, in which a Londoner took the Lancashire folks to task for calling Lord Derby as his name was spelt, instead of "Darby." The cockney was annihilated by the question, "Why he did not call the Thames as it was spelt, instead of the Teme?"

WHEN the Rev. Cornelius Winter was delivering a sensible discourse to a crowded assembly, his gravity was disturbed, on casting his eye to a window next the causeway in the road, by a countryman staring

into the meeting with a live pig on his shoulder, that also presented its vacant countenance and appeared equally interested in the gaze with its master. The amiable divine said, "That nothing in his whole life ever so unhinged his ideas, or spoiled his discourse, as this serious, but ludicrous and unconscious man and his pig."

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU BARGAIN.

THERE is an amusing story afloat touching a transaction in onions; whether true or false we cannot decide—we simply chronicle what has reached us.

A few evenings since, at an hotel not a hundred miles from Chippenham, were a few persons enjoying the social glass and fragrant weed. Among the company was an individual who was stated to be a contractor.

Conversation freely flowed, and all was good fellowship. The talk turned upon the enterprise and energy of tradesmen, and the individual whom we will call the contractor, stated in a rather bumptious manner that he could supply anything that might be ordered of him.

A worthy tradesman, who was present, with a view of settling the bounce of the contractor, said:

"Could you supply a ton of onions?"

"Yes," answered the contractor, "four tons if you wish."

"Make it six," said the tradesman.

"Very well," answered the contractor.

The order was duly committed to paper, references exchanged, and the goods promised in a couple of days. All this was regarded by the company as fun, and the worthy tradesman thought he was having a little "chaff." The social party broke up, and with their departure ended all thought about the contractor; who, by the way, left ere the convivial assembly dispersed.

Two days afterwards the contractor again returned, with the information that he had six tons of onions at the station of the Great Western Railway Company for delivery to the tradesman. The latter heard this news with dismay, and felt that he had been "done" rather the contractor. What could he do with six tons of onions? All the geese, ducks, trips, and best-steaks in the locality would never require so many onions for seasonings or trimmings. However, he put a bold face on the matter, admitted that he was "chaffing," acknowledged his liability, and gave a £5 note to be off his bargain.

The contractor endeavoured to dispose of the surplus onions by auction, but without success, and conveyed them to Bristol in search of customers. Of course, the worthy tradesman was quizzed by his friends, but what is a quizzing compared with having six tons of onions on one's hands?

It having been found that the "crossing" of crossed cheques may be removed by chemicals, a London firm of eminence has written to the papers to say that they have adopted a new plan. They cross their cheques by perforation, using a small machine similar to that by which sheets of postage stamps are "holed." This must be a swindling age indeed, when such precautions have to be taken against refined chemical roguery.

THE Rev. Mr. Gillfillan was one winter night sailing from Liverpool to Glasgow, when a foppish youth resolved to enjoy some light conversation with the Scottish parson. "Pray doctor," said the youth, pointing in the direction of the luminary, "can you tell me why that is called the dog-star?" "Because it's a Skye-tarrier, I suppose," was the reply.

AN "ANAGRAM."—"What is an anagram?" writes "Juvenis," a question that any dictionary would answer for him. But as we happen to have a good one *apropos*, and, we fancy, not generally known, we step down to reply to the question. The word anagram, then, Master Juvenis, compounded from the Greek *ana*, back, and *gramma*, a letter, signifies a transposition of letters so as to form other words:

"Live, vile, and evil have the self-same letters, He lives but vile whom evil holds in fetters."

But the curious example we would give is this—that the letters in "Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston," make exactly these words—Only the Tiverton M.P. can help in our mess!

OUR RAILWAY TYRANTS.

IN the case of an assault by the Director of a Railway upon one of its clerks, the Secretary of the Company the other day put forth his "solemn opinion" that—

"A railway servant was bound to obey an individual Director in regard to any act he might direct, even to the extent of compelling him to step a train."

If this be so, poor Jones, who lives a score of miles from London, and daily travels by quick trains, is at the mercy of directors who happen by ill-chance to have their houses on the line between himself and town. How jolly it must be for Jones, when coming

hungry home to dinner, to have his fast train stopped to set down a director at some paltry by-way station, where no one else gets out. No doubt, also, a contrary command will be obeyed, and a director may direct an engine-driver not to stop, although a stoppage be distinctly announced in the time-bills. Suppose a director live a dozen miles from town, and be rather late for dinner, perhaps he will desire the driver not to stop until that distance be accomplished. We think that if this privilege be generally acted on, the time-bills should announce that they may be depended on, "provided no director give a contrary command." Indeed, people would do well, before paying for their ticket, to ask if a director be travelling by the train; and if so, they would do wisely to defer their journey until the next day.—*Punch*

SIR S. GARTH, physician to George I., was one day reminded by Steele, at the Kit-Kat Club, that fifteen patients were being neglected through their medico's absence and dissipation: to which the doctor replied, "Never mind: nine of them have such bad constitutions that no physician in the world could cure them."—"And what about the other six?" said Steele.—"They," was the answer, "have such good constitutions that no physician in the world could kill them."

DUTIES ON RIDING-HORSES.

The first duty when you are on a riding-horse is to look as if you liked it.

The second is to sit with your knees in and heels well down, and to hold on tight by anything that presents itself.—*Punch's Almanack*, 1866.

DUTIES ON LEGACIES AND SUCCESSION TO PROPERTY.

To cut all your poor relations.
If your legacy is £1,000, to give all countenance to the notion that it is £10,000.

Take care as you rise in the world that all the ladders are kicked down behind you.—*Punch's Almanack*, 1866.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

Dark-haired Maiden: "Oh, Mr. Irons, can nothing be done for my unfortunate black hair?"

Mr. Irons: "Well, we might wash it red, miss; but what's the good of having the k'rect coloured hair, if you a'ven't got the k'rect order of feature?" *Punch's Almanack*, 1866.

OUR BUS-DRIVER ON INDIRECT TAXATION.—"Malt dooties!—don't believe in 'em! What's the good of 'em if they don't attend to 'em? If I call for a glass o' ale, I don't want to swaller dye-looted bitters. That ain't my notion o' malt dooties, mind yer."—[The subject dropped.]—*Punch*.

VERY RUDE!

Dumpy French Officer: "Eh! Vos Volunteers dey do not make demzelves ver' fierce! Are you of dem?"

Long Britisher: "Were once; but I and my friend here had to leave because they raised the standard!"—*Punch*.

QUITE THE REVERSE.—We learn from a contemporary that medals commemorative of the Schleswig-Holstein war are being struck at Copenhagen. They bear the inscription, "Nothing noble is forgotten." Yes, but the Danes having had a reverse, should give the obverse to the Prussians, and should inscribe on it, "Nothing base will be forgotten."—*Fun*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mistress: "Now, Biddy, you are rushing away without knowing the name of the street you are to go to!"

Biddy: "Arrah shure, won't I know when I get there!"—*Fun*.

"WHICH IS THE PROPEREST DAY TO DRINK?"—Many to whom this question is addressed will follow out the Shakespearean quotation by replying, "Saturday, Sunday, Monday." But such answer is extremely feeble and inconsequent; for Saturday, Sunday, Monday are three days, and there appears no especial reason for preferring either of them to Tuesday, or to Wednesday, or to Friday. We should rather be inclined to suggest, as by far the properest day for bibacity Thursday.—*Fun*.

HIPPOPOTAMUS TRAPS.—Both banks are dotted with hippopotamus traps, over every track which these animals have made in going up out of the water to graze. The hippopotamus feeds on grass alone, and where there is any danger, only at night. Its enormous lips act like a mowing-machine, and form a path of short-cropped grass as it feeds. We never saw it eat aquatic plants or reeds. The tusks seem weapons of both offence and defence. The hippopotamus trap consists of a beam five or six feet long, armed with a spear-head or hard-wood spike, covered with poison, and suspended to a forked pole by a cord, which, coming down to the path, is held by a

catch, to be set free when the beast treads on it. Being wary brutes, they are still very numerous. One got frightened by the ship, as she was steaming close to the bank. In its eager hurry to escape it rushed on shore, and ran directly under a trap, when down came the heavy beam on its back, driving the poisoned spear-head a foot deep into its flesh. In its agony it plunged back into the river, to die in a few hours, and afterwards furnished a feast for the natives. The poison on the spear-head does not affect the meat, except the part around the wound, and that is thrown away. In some places the descending beam is weighted with heavy stones, but here the hard heavy wood is sufficient.—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries*. By David and Charles Livingstone.

FROST-WORK.

THESE crystal pencillings upon the pane!
This frosted moisture sparkling in the light!
Touches of magic art without a stain
Of earthly colouring; how pure and white!

Such strange designs! yet true to all the rules
That science teaches in each separate part;
Artistic, yet confounding all the schools
Of old or modern masters in the art.

Landscape and mountain, woodland, rocks and cave,
The stately palace, with its fairy queen,
The distant sail careening on the wave,
All blended in a wild, fantastic scene.

The fairest things on earth are ever fairest,
The loveliest flower will soonest droop and wane,
And this bright gem, of all bright gems the rarest,
Will soon dissolve, in drops of falling rain.

S. B.

GEMS.

THE human mind is like a vast firmament lighted on all sides by stars of different magnitudes.

A TITLE may be a diamond to the possessor, but nine persons out of ten will put very little value upon it unless it is polished and set.

VIRTUE, like vice, does not always descend into a right line, but often goes in zigzag. It can't be willed away like the family spoons.

A MILD answer to an angry man, like water cast upon fire, abateth his heat, and from an enemy he shall become thy friend.

SUCCESS.—The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.

GOODNESS is goodness, find it where we may. A vineyard exists for the purpose of nurturing vines, but he would be a strange vine-dresser who denied the reality of grapes because they had ripened under a less genial soil and beyond the precincts of his vineyard.

It is in the power of every man to preserve his probity; but no man has it in his power to say he can preserve his reputation while there are so many evil tongues in the world ready to blast the fairest character, and so many open ears to receive their reports.

STATISTICS.

CHILI furnishes our chief supply of copper; thus, out of 66,916 tons of ore imported last year, 20,664 were imported from Chili, while of copper regulus, the quantity from Chili was 22,659 tons, the supply from all other sources being only 3,729 tons. Of pure copper, wrought and unwrought, Chili also sent us 340,380 cwt., out of an aggregate of 498,750.

DECAT of the male sex is much more rapid than the female. In three years ending June 30, 1840, the total number of deaths among males throughout England and Wales was 518,096, while the deaths among females were only 499,058; an excess of male deaths in three years of 18,408. It cannot be surprising, then, that the number of females in any country should notably exceed the number of males. In London there are 996,600 females to 878,000 males, an excess of 110,000. Coupled with this fact, and obviously depending on it, is the superior longevity of the female sex. There died throughout England and Wales, between June 1, 1830, and June 30, 1840, 5,847 females, aged 85 and upwards; whereas of the same age there died only 3,954 gentlemen, leaving a "balance" in favour of old ladies of 1,893. Among the females who died, seventy-one had passed the age of 100, but only forty males. There are only three diseases common to both sexes which carry off more females than males—consumption, cancer, and dropsy. The deaths by childbirth turn out a very small fraction of the mortality of the female sex. The propor-

tion is only eight per one thousand of the total mortality; and as half a million of children are annually born in England and Wales, and scarcely 3,000 deaths take place in childbirth, so there is only one death to one hundred and seventy births.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

RHEUMATISM.—Five drops of cajepout oil on a lump of sugar, dissolved in a tumbler of hot water, taken at bed-time, and once besides in the day, and persevered in for a few days, will often cure rheumatism, if the complaint is real rheumatism.

CURE FOR A COLD.—A method for curing coryza (cold in the head) with rapidity. It consists in inhaling the tincture of iodine, a phial of which is to be held in the hand and placed under the nose. The warmth of the hand causes the vaporization of the tincture. The inhalations are to be made every three minutes, and soon all symptoms of the malady will disappear.

TREES ON WHICH MISTLETOE GROWS.—Dr. Harley communicated to the Linnean Society, in his paper on the "Parasitism of the Mistletoe," the following trees upon which it grows spontaneously, or may be grafted:—Maple, Walnut, Plum, False Acacia, Cherry Laurel, Portugal Laurel, Hawthorn, Apple and Crab, Almond, Lime, Olive, Ash, Poplar, Willow, Pear, Elm, Fir, Larch, Oak, and Beech.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Governor of Richmond Bridewell, Mr. Marquis has been suspended by the Lord Lieutenant until the close of the inquiry respecting the escape of Stephens.

TEN or a dozen pistols have been stolen from the Belgian collection in the Dublin Exhibition. One of the weapons was worth £40.

THE future wife of the heir-apparent of the crown of Italy, the Princess of Leuchtenberg, is the niece of the Emperor of Russia. The young princess has been brought up as a member of the Greek Church.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Shipping Gazette* says that General Scholefield, of the United States army, now in Paris, has been sent by the Washington Government to propose or demand the evacuation of Mexico by French troops.

THE Bonn University has fallen into some disfavour, as the latest statistics would seem to infer. There is a falling off of 100 students in comparison with this and last year. The Ott affair must make parents look askance at the once-favoured University. Prince Alfred will not return.

WHAT is the reason of the potato disease, and the vine blight, and the silk worm disease? Are all things wearing out? Is the world growing old and near its end? God grant it may, and a better, and a happier and fairer world arise from its ashes!—*Over the Pyrenees into Spain*. By Mary Eyre.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS.—A wedding took place last month in the Temple Church, Fleet Street, where weddings have not been solemnized for the last hundred years. It was the marriage of Miss Robinson, daughter of the Master of the Temple, with Mr. Hornby, of Hampshire.

It is stated that the rinderpest has broken out in the Jardin d'Acclimatation of Paris, whither it was brought by two infected gazelles imported from London. These two gazelles died of the disease, having first communicated it to six yaks or zebras, which it has been thought prudent to kill and bury in deep ground.

AFRICAN BELIEFS.—Some Europeans aver that Africans and themselves are descended from monkeys. Some Africans believe that souls at death pass into the bodies of apes. Most writers believe the blacks to be savages; nearly all blacks believe the whites to be cannibals. The nursery hobgoblin of the one is black, of the other white. Without going further on with these unwise comparisons, we must smile at the heaps of nonsense which have been written about the negro intellect. When for greater effect we employ broken English, and use silly phrases as if translations of remarks, which, ten to one, were never made, we have unconsciously caricatured ourselves and not the negroes; for it is a curious fact that Europeans almost invariably begin to speak with natives by adding the letters s and e to their words "Give me corno, me gives you biscuito," or "Looko, looko, me wante beero mucho." Our sailors began thus, though they had never seen blacks before. It seemed an innate idea that they could thus suit English to a people who all speak a beautiful language, and have no vulgar patois.—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries*. By David and Charles Livingstone.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. F. and J.—The word *corps* is French, and pronounced *cort*: it is used either as singular or plural.

EVA.—Newcastle coal was first imported into Paris in the year 1520.

DON CARLOS is assured that, opportunity serving, we will comply with his request.

LAURE.—The merit which the little poems possess is so entirely elegant, that we cannot avail ourselves of them.

H. B.—The difficulty is one which we cannot obviate, the matter resting entirely with the parties themselves.

X. Z.—More than 500,000 ounces of silver are annually obtained from British lead ores by Pattison's process.

LADYBIRD.—We will comply with your renewed request with pleasure, that being the only way in which we can now assist you.

J. A.—We cannot avail ourselves of the lines to "A Mirthful Maiden," which are declined with thanks; as are also those entitled "The Mariner's Grave."

ELLIE ANDERSON.—We must frankly state that we have failed to perceive any marked literary ability in the effusion. (The handwriting requires practice.)

MALNEUR.—We consistently refrain from giving our opinion of such practitioners; nor can we reply through the post to general correspondents.

A. R. C.—There is certainly extant a work giving the desired sartorial information; any bookseller will procure it for you to order.

G. C. F.—In 1776, McCurt constructed an iron railroad at the Sheffield Colliery. The rails were supported by wooden sleepers, to which they were nailed.

NOMEX.—It has been laid down frequently that a surname may be legally changed or another assumed at will. (The handwriting is a very fair specimen of commercial calligraphy.)

LOVING CONSTANCE, who is twenty-one years of age, has light brown hair and blue eyes, and is considered pretty, would be glad to correspond matrimonially with a steady and industrious young tradesman.

FRANKIE is desirous of forming an acquaintance, with a view to matrimony, with a gentleman of comfortable means. Is twenty-four years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, of fair complexion, with blue eyes and brown hair.

W. S. K., a blonde, twenty-four years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, with brown hair and grey eyes, wishes to form the acquaintance of a gentleman who is seeking for a thoroughly-domesticated wife.

CLAUDIA.—Obviously we could not publish the personal information you require; but a letter addressed to the manager or proprietor of the theatre in question will doubtless attain your object.

L. G.—The site of the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch Street has been sold at the rate of 283,000 per acre.

SARAH and MAT, twenty-three and seventeen years of age respectively, wish to correspond with two young tradesmen. The former has brown hair and blue eyes, and is considered pretty; the latter has black hair and eyes.

WILLIAM G. BARKER.—The volumes of THE LONDON READER can be forwarded to Gibraltar at a postage rate of 1s. 4d. per volume. There are five volumes now published, the price of each being 4s. 6d.

LILLY DAWSON.—The best means of obtaining a situation as nursery governess is to place your name on the books of a governess institution. The duties are as much domestic as educational, and not well paid.

GEORGE D. wishes to correspond with a young lady having a good temper and an affectionate disposition. Is nineteen years of age, handsome, good tempered, and very respectably connected.

THOS. FINLAY.—The lines have reached us too late, for "Christmas" will not only have come, but passed, long before they could appear; they are therefore declined with thanks; as are also the lines entitled "The Feelings of the Heart."

ELIZABETH, who is twenty-nine years of age, prepossessing, fair, and tall, is well informed, very domesticated, and a member of the Church of England, would like to form a matrimonial engagement with a gentleman about forty, who is in comfortable circumstances.

A. E. C. (a widower), an Italian of about forty years of age, in a respectable position, wishes to enter into a bond matrimonial correspondence with a lady of an age somewhat similar to his own, and who is good tempered, and also possessed of some means.

CROIX D'OR asks if there is a sensible bachelor willing to bestow his heart on her. He need not be handsome, but he must certainly be tolerably well educated, from thirty to

forty-five years of age, and of average height, and either dark or fair. "Croix d'Or" is twenty-six years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and inclined to embonpoint; has brown hair and blue eyes, is very domesticated and cheerful, and can play and sing well. ("Alphonse D. D." or "John W." it is suggested, might respond.)

A. E.—The first cast-iron rails were made at Colebrook Dale, in 1767.

R. EDWARDS.—If the will was registered in London, you can inspect it at Doctors' Commons for a charge of one shilling. You can also obtain a copy of it, the expense depending upon the length of the will; but being generally about 14.

Z. O.—If the tenancy be yearly, and you have paid the rent and taxes, you must have a year's notice to quit, the notice to expire at the quarter corresponding to that on which your occupancy commenced. You cannot, of course, be turned out without legal notice.

FRED. A. G.—who is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and dark, and is in comfortable circumstances, would be happy to open a matrimonial correspondence with a pretty and amiable young lady about nineteen or twenty years of age.

GEORGE.—The first successful application of iron to the construction of bridges, was made in 1775, in the case of the bridge across the Severn at Colebrook Dale.

MAUD, who is nearly nineteen years of age, with brown hair, blue eyes, a cheerful disposition, has good expectations, is an orphan of good family, and whom of age will possess some fortune, would like to form a matrimonial engagement with a gentleman possessing a little property.

LILLY and ALICE, both of whom are pretty and quite domesticated, wish to open a matrimonial correspondence with two gentlemen. "Lilly" is eighteen years of age, of medium height, with auburn hair and soft brown eyes. "Alice" is seventeen years of age, 5 ft. in height, of fair complexion, with blue eyes.

THE COQUETTE.

"Tis true, she's grand and beautiful—

Front, and unapproachable—

'Tis true that grace is centred

In her lovely sweet form;

'Tis true her eyes would luring—

Pensive glances unending,

With their thrilling fascination,

Lure the soul with hope forlorn.

But when a lover pleads,

When he humbly to her kneels,

When he tells that burning passion

That is thrilling through his soul,

See how her proud eyes flasheth—

How her hand from him she dasheth—

How her cutting taunts, like lightning,

On his sorrowing spirit fall.

Aye unhappy be that false one!

Ever loveless be that maiden!

Who looks with pleasure on the wreck

Of her own wicked wills!

It is a holy passion—love!

It was ordained by God above;

'Tis wicked to play false with it

By treacherous luring smiles.

J. A.

NIL DESPERANDUM, who is twenty-seven years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and holding a comfortable appointment in London, would be happy (with a view to a matrimonial engagement) to hear from and exchange *cartes* with some musical young lady, from eighteen to twenty-two years of age, who is possessed of moderate means.

HARRIETT B. and BERTHA C., each of whom is in her seventeenth year, and tall—the former having brown hair and blue eyes, and the latter dark hair and eyes—each being well educated and respectfully connected, would like to correspond matrimonially with two gentlemen in a respectable position, who must be tall, dark, good looking, and not more than twenty-five years of age.

F. C. G., a Frenchman, thirty-four years of age, tall, with dark hair, moustache, and whiskers, master of eight languages, well educated and accomplished, and having a moderate income, desires to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes de visite* with a highly-respectable lady or widow from twenty to thirty years of age, possessing good means.

P. Y.—The first turnpike road was established by law in 1653, on the northern road, for taking toll of all but foot-passengers.

HARRY and THOMAS, who are tired of single blessedness, would like to correspond with two ladies, with a view to matrimony. "Harry" is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and of fair complexion. "Thomas" is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, and of dark complexion; both are in a respectable position, are good tempered, and fond of home, and not considered bad looking. (They would be glad should "Bessy" and "Amelia" respond.)

W. K., a gentleman, twenty-five years of age, is desirous of entering into the estate of matrimony. Is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, of dark complexion, considered rather handsome, and has a yearly income of from 700l. to 800l., and does not therefore care much for money on the part of the lady, stipulating only that she should be good looking, of medium height, not exceeding twenty-one years of age, and good tempered and affectionate. *Cartes* to be exchanged.

LIZZIE and ESTHER are disposed to venture on matrimony with two eligible gentlemen between twenty-two and twenty-four years of age respectively. "Lizzie" is in her twenty-first year, tall, and considered good looking; "Esther," who is in her nineteenth year, is also tall and distinguished. Both are thoroughly domesticated, good singers, are highly connected, move in good society, and will, when of age, have respectively incomes of 200l. a year. *Cartes de visite* to be exchanged.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

EVENING STAR responds to "Alphonse D. D." in all sincerity and good faith. Is twenty-six years of age, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, inclined to embonpoint, has brown hair and blue eyes, and just a passable sort of person, belongs to a very respectable family, is an orphan, fond of home, experienced

in housekeeping, and can attend equally well to the duties of the house as to those of the drawing-room; has received a good plain English education, and is able to sing and play tolerably well; and altogether would make "Alphonse D. D." a true, dutiful, and devoted wife. Further particulars and *cartes de visite* requested.

JENNIE will willingly exchange *cartes*, &c., with "H. R." Bessie would like to correspond matrimonially with "T. D." Is fair, rather petite, and just turned twenty.

C. C., who is tall and extremely prepossessing, would be pleased to receive a matrimonial billet from "Julius Caesar."

THORNTON offers himself to "Red Rose." He says some very pretty things in rhymes, for which we cannot find space.

G. W., who is twenty-two years of age, tall, and not bad looking, would like to correspond matrimonially with "Lizzie," if she is in earnest.

MARCELLO is willing, with "Flora May's" permission, to escort her to the altar of Hymen. Is 5 ft. 10 in. in height, and a gentleman; age nineteen, complexion fair.

L. G. C. will be most happy to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "Heleen," with a view to matrimony, and will supply full particulars if favoured with a response.

A. G. H., who is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, with light brown eyes and hair, will be happy to correspond with "H. R." with a view to matrimony.

E. S. responds to "Frederick." Is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 2 in. in height, with brown hair and grey eyes, possesses "common sense," a loveable disposition, and a small anxiety.

PATNESS wishes to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "Emily," with a view to matrimony. Is twenty-one years of age, with fair complexion and hair, possesses an annuity of 500l., and has a handsome country seat.

A. GEMMA offers herself to "L. C." Is thirty-two years of age, and a widow (without children); is not bad looking, above the medium height, and of a very kind disposition.

W. N. E. will be most happy to correspond, with a view to matrimony, with "Flora May." Is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, of dark complexion, very steady, and good looking. An exchange of *cartes* desired.

LONNY EMMY is much disposed to accept "J. F. B." and intimates that she would like to receive a letter from him, enclosing *carte*, or without it. (Or will be happy to bar from and exchange *cartes* with "Ralph Moreton.")

BIRDIE thinks she would suit "A. D." admirably. Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. in height, of dark complexion, loveable in disposition, duly qualified in domestic duties, and of respectable family.

F. J. B. would be happy to exchange *cartes* with "Clara." Is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, has dark brown hair; is in a good and respectable business, and very fond of home.

SCANNAN M. wishes to be introduced to "Edward J. B." whom she informs that she is rather dark and tall, a good figure, and highly respectable, and will be glad to exchange *cartes*.

DELIA G., who is a schoolmistress, twenty years of age, good tempered, domesticated, and considered good looking, would be willing to become the wife of "T. D." after exchange of *cartes* and preliminary correspondence.

GRETRUDE GORDON would be very happy to correspond and exchange hearts and *cartes* with "Dick." Is sixteen years of age, rather petite, with dark hair and eyes, is highly respectable, and considered good looking; and will have (on her marriage) 3,000l.

NELLY and LOU—the former of whom is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. in height, with light hair, grey eyes, and a good figure; the latter twenty years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, with brown eyes and hair, and slight figure; both being thoroughly domesticated and good tempered—would like to correspond matrimonially with "H. B." and "T. C." (No. 120.)

P. C. H. T. will be very glad to commence a *bons âids* matrimonial correspondence with "Flora May." Is twenty-eight years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, has dark brown hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion, is very fond of music, has travelled in nearly all parts of the world, having just returned from India, and wishes to marry as soon as possible. (It is suggested that other ladies may respond.)

ALEXANDER places his heart and hand at the disposal of "Flora May," with whom he will be happy to exchange *cartes* and effect a matrimonial engagement. Is thirty years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, of fair complexion, with dark blue eyes, light brown hair, and heavy dark brown whiskers, gentlemanly in appearance, and engaged in mercantile pursuits at a salary of 1800l. per annum, with fair prospects.

ALBERT and AUGUSTUS would be most happy to correspond matrimonially with "Lilly" and "May." "Albert" is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes, and considered very good looking. "Augustus" is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, with black hair and dark blue eyes, and is also considered good looking. Both hold Government appointments, and have comfortable incomes.

C. S. pities "from her very heart" the forlorn condition of "T. D." and as she has no desire to exist in single blessedness any more than the gentleman has of dying a bachelor, will be happy to correspond with him, so as to make a matrimonial arrangement. Is not beautiful, even in her own estimation, although frequently told so; is eighteen years of age, rather above the medium height, with pretty figure, black curling hair, dark complexion, laughing blue eyes, and as ladylike, good tempered, *spirituelle*, and highly respectable. *Cartes* requested.

PART XXXI, FOR DECEMBER, IS NOW READY. PRICE 6d.

* * * NOW READY, VOL. V. OF THE LONDON READER. PRICE 4s. 6d.

Also, the TITLE and INDEX to VOL. V. PRICE ONE PENNY.

N.B.—CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER."

†† We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts as they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

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